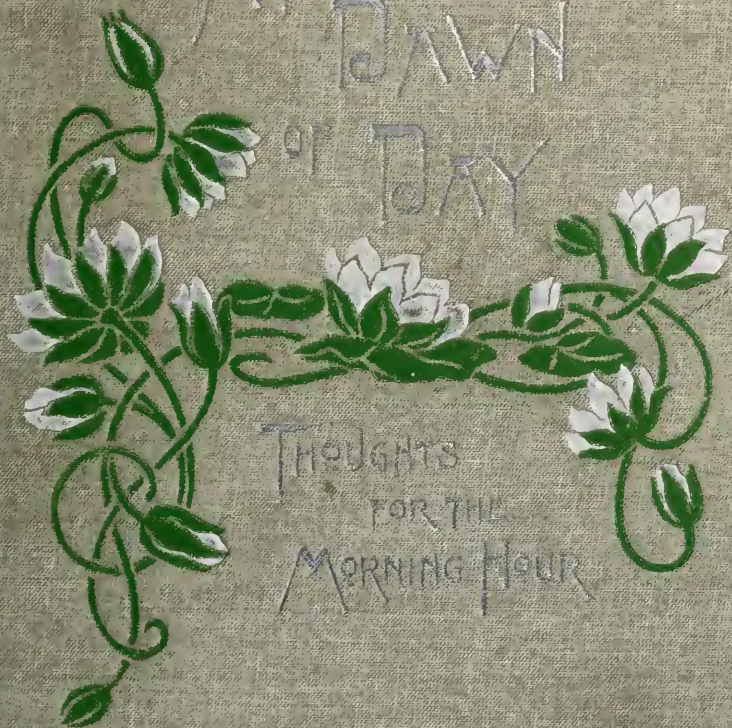


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AT DAWN  
OF DAY



THOUGHTS  
FOR THE  
MORNING HOUR



W . G . Johnston .

28 July 1915.

Greenough

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AT DAWN OF DAY

## A Companion Volume.

**BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.** Thoughts for the Quiet Hour. Compiled and arranged by FANNY B. BATES. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25. White cloth, gilt edges, with jacket, \$1.75.

A religious day-book of extraordinary quality. Its value is not transient, nor is its possession more useful at the beginning of a year than at any other point in its course. It is compiled and arranged on the familiar plan of "Daily Food," but magnified; giving for each day a Bible passage, a bit of prose, and a poem, at such length as to escape scrappiness, so that 425 octavo pages are filled, and an index is provided. It is in every respect superior to other compilations of the sort that we remember; it may be said that it contains scarcely anything which is not well worth reading for its thought as well as its devotion, and this is rare praise for a work whose purpose is devotion. . . . The character of the utterances chosen is in a measure indicated by the title of the book. It is that of trust, courage, hope, in repose on the unshakable sustinment of God's love. There is no supine ease in the quiet hour; it is the rest of the laborer, the pause of the soldier; the task will be taken up, the march or the battle will be resumed, with a higher spirit and a sterner strength, because of the communion with divine help.—*Springfield Republican*.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

182 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

# AT DAWN OF DAY

Thoughts for the Morning Hour

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

By Jeanie A. Bates <sup>cc</sup>Greenough

"Lo, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,  
And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn;  
Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,  
And pray at early dawn."

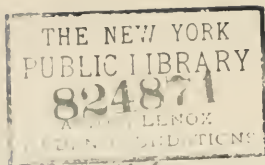
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D. R.



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To My Sister,

FANNY BEULAH BATES,

WHO HAS PASSED FROM THE EARTHLY SHADOWS "BETWEEN  
THE LIGHTS" TO THE FULL GLORIES OF  
THE ETERNAL DAY.





## NOTE.

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IT is fitting that a sister of the compiler of "Between the Lights" should prepare its companion volume. Our scrap-books were enjoyed together, and every treasure of prose or poetry found in our reading each shared with the other. It has been a delight to feel that she is glad to have me take up the work which she laid down, and try to bear to others the same help and comfort. "Between the lights," at *close* of day, we seek "rest and refreshment" of soul. At *dawn* of day, we need to seek strength and guidance for the coming hours. God gives this help by His own Word, and through the words of the good of different ages, climes, and faiths, who have known His indwelling life.

May every page of this book be found fraught with ministering messages to keep us in the love and "fear of the Lord all the day long"!

J. A. B. G.



## AT DAWN OF DAY.

---

### January 1.

*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.* — Ps. lxx. 11.

AS the bell struck the midnight hour, its strokes falling on the heart, how rose, as if taking a visible form, before descending into the tomb of the Past, the events of the departing year. Farewell, — how many hearts were saying, — farewell, O parting year ! Farewell, dear kindred, whose graves are in your shadows ; farewell, seasons given for duty, and which might have been made so bright by my fidelity ! Farewell, the blessings of God, which have been calling on me for gratitude ! Farewell, my life, which is parting from me ; farewell, O hours, which on dark wings are flying upward with your record for eternity ! Let the new year, which comes in with rejoicings, be hallowed by Christian fidelity.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

### NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

ONLY a night from old to new !  
Only a night, and so much wrought !  
The Old Year's heart all weary grew,  
But said, " The New Year rest has brought."  
The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down,  
As in a grave ; but, trusting, said,  
" The blossoms of the New Year's crown  
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."  
The Old Year's heart was full of greed ;  
With selfishness it longed and ached,  
And cried, " I have not half I need,

My thirst is bitter and unslaked;  
 But to the New Year's generous hand  
 All gifts in plenty shall return;  
 True loving it shall understand;  
 By all my failures it shall learn.  
 I have been reckless; it shall be  
 Quiet and calm and pure of life.  
 I was a slave; it shall go free,  
 And find sweet peace where I leave strife."  
 Only a night from old to new!  
 Never a night such changes brought.  
 The Old Year had its work to do;  
 No New Year miracles are wrought.

Always a night from old to new!  
 Night and the healing balm of sleep!  
 Each morn is New Year's morn come true,  
 Morn of a festival to keep.  
 All nights are sacred nights to make  
 Confession and resolve and prayer;  
 All days are sacred days to wake  
 New gladness in the sunny air.  
 Only a night from old to new;  
 Only a sleep from night to morn.  
 The new is but the old come true;  
 Each sunrise sees a new year born.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## January 2.

*As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. — COL. ii. 6-7.*

WHAT is going to be our truth for the New Year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us readier to receive it, — making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit for life; not because God loves us any more, but because we, with new openness, are more ready to receive Him into our lives?

PHILLIPS BROOKS.



## THE NEW YEAR.

As mountain travellers, at some resting-place,  
 Are fain to pause, their distant path to trace ;  
 Bathed in the purple haze, their eyes yet scan  
 The clustering homestead where that path began,  
 The joyous stream that slaked their eager thirst,  
 The turning-point whereon their vision burst,  
 A world of glory never dreamt before, —  
 E'en so the New Year bids us pause once more,  
 Sweet memory's tender, softening influence feel,  
 While at the wayside cross she bids us kneel ;  
 Then, with brave hearts, serener heights ascend,  
 Where sunlight and deep peace forever blend.

—♦—

### January 3.

*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* — MATT. vi. 34.

WE sometimes ask ourselves if we shall be willing to die, or should we be willing to live in hopeless suffering, or should we be willing to put the fire to our darling ambitions? It is easy to answer such questions. We determine the future by the present. If to-day we do to-day's duty, to-morrow we shall be able to do to-morrow's duty. If to-day we are willing to have hard duties laid on us, to-morrow we shall not decline to-morrow's hard work. If to-day we are willing to live for God, on some to-morrow we shall be willing to die for Him. To-day we do not receive dying grace, for God does not call us to death. To-day He calls us to life, and therefore He gives us living grace. To-morrow, He will call us to death, and to-morrow He will give dying grace.

### DAY BY DAY.

{ CHARGE not thyself with the weight of a year,  
 Child of the Master, faithful and dear :  
 Choose not the cross for the coming week,  
 For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load ;  
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God.  
"Daily" only He saith to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

---

## January 4.

*I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.* — Ps. cxix. 32.

HE only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.

ROSSELL D. HITCHCOCK.

THAT which endures in human character is the power of growth, the upward movement, the aspiration always reaching on for better things than those already achieved. He who possesses these qualities never perishes, as a living influence. His spirit remains in the enlargement of other spirits, the clarification of other eyes, the strengthening of other wills. That which he achieved becomes the foundation of a still larger and more varied achievement ; and so the ideal of one life is, in a sense, distributed, and becomes the ideal of many lives. There is nothing to be sought more precious than this power of inspiring other men to more faithful work ; this ability to reveal to others larger ideals of life and duty than they otherwise would have had. To have this power is to add materially to the moral and spiritual capital of society. The work of the fact-gatherer, of the student, of the maker of any material thing, may perish ; but the influence of the man who has broadened life for others, and set the key-note of a higher strain, abides forever.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

## A PRAYER.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,  
 Tho' once they would have joyed my carnal sense;  
 I shudder not to bear a hated name,  
 Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.  
 But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;  
 A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;  
 A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;  
 A manly faith that makes all darkness light.  
 Give me the power to labor for mankind;  
 Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;  
 Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;  
 A conscience to the base; and to the weak  
 Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;  
 And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

THEODORE PARKER.

## January 5.

*Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!  
 or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!*  
 — Ps. cxliv. 3.

L ORD, he loveth Thee less, that loveth anything with  
 Thee, which he loveth not for Thee. Who created  
 all things, is better than all things; who beautified all  
 things, is more beautiful than all things; who made  
 strength, is stronger than all things. Whatsoever thou  
 lovest, that is He to thee. Learn to love the Workman  
 in His work; the Creator in His creature. Let not that  
 which was made by Him possess thee, lest thou lose  
 Him by whom thyself was made.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

THAT Christ and the sinner should be one, and should  
share Heaven between them, is the wonder of sal-  
vation; what more could love do?

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

## MATTENS.

I CANNOT ope my eyes,  
 But Thou art ready there to catch  
 My morning-soul and sacrifice :  
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?  
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,  
 Or starre, or rainbow, or a part  
 Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart ?  
 That Thou shouldst it so eye, and woo ;  
 Powring upon it all Thy art,  
 As if that Thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate  
 Amounts (and richly), to serve Thee :  
 He did not heav'n and earth create,  
 Yet studies them, — not Him by whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know ;  
 That this new light, which now I see,  
 May both the work and Workman show ;  
 Then by a sunne-beam I will climb to Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## January 6.

*Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name : ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. — JOHN xvi. 24.*

HE who prays in Christ's name must pray Christ's prayer, — "Not my will, but Thine be done." And then, though many wishes may be unanswered, and many weak petitions unfulfilled, and many desires unsatisfied, the essential spirit of the prayer will be answered, and, His will being done in us and on us, our wishes will acquiesce in it and desire nothing besides. To him who can thus pray, in Christ's name, in the deepest sense,

and after Christ's pattern, every door in God's treasure-house flies open, and he may take as much of the treasure as he desires. The Master bends lovingly over such a soul, and looks him in the eyes, and, with outstretched hand, says : "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." . . . "That your joy may be full," or "fulfilled," like some jewelled, golden cup charged to the very brim with rich and quickening wine, so that there is no room for a drop more. Can it be that ever, in this world, men shall be happy up to the very limits of their capacity? Was anybody ever so blessed that he could not be more so? Jesus Christ says that it may be so, and He tells us *how* it may be so. Bring your desires into harmony with God's, and you will have none unsatisfied amongst them; and so you will be blessed to the full.

ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

#### PRAYER.

WE doubt the word that tells us, — Ask,  
And ye shall have your prayer;  
We turn our thoughts as to a task,  
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have; these scanty prayers  
Yield gold without alloy:  
O God! but he that trusts and dares  
Must have a boundless joy.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

#### January 7.

*The love of Christ constraineth us. — 2 COR. v. 14.*

THE love of God is not a dream. It does not rise only in the solitary, musing breast. It is cultivated and exercised by the mind intent on good, in the hours of business, and even in the seasons of relaxation. It is a principle which will grow with us, and be as large as



our life. It will shape our actions, it will elevate our employments, it will make us retain our freshness, it will give us an everlasting youth.

SIMMONS

THE attempt to serve God without love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service, because they love Him. Jacob thought seven years but little for the love he had for Rachel. Love is never weary.

WATSON.

LOVE does not hesitate. Love leaves all, and follows.

J. F. CLARKE.

### THE COMMON OFFERING.

It is not the deed we do,  
 Tho' the deed be never so fair, —  
 But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,  
 Hidden with holy care  
 In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,  
 The treasure our treasure must hold,  
 Or ever the Lord will take the gift,  
 Or tell the worth of the gold, —  
 By the love that cannot be told.

Behold us, the rich and the poor,  
 Dear Lord, in Thy service drawn near;  
 One consecrateth a precious coin,  
 One droppeth only a tear:  
 Look, Master, — the love is here!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

## January 8.

*Be not faithless, but believing.* — JOHN XX. 27.

TRUTHS we sincerely and heartily believe, govern our whole life. Inwrought and powerful convictions of any kind mould the character of a man, whether

for good or ill. Consequently, our beliefs are the real factors in our history.

WORD AND WORK.

THERE is nothing so melancholy as the operation of a man's mind who has become unsettled in his religious beliefs. It has no stability, it finds no abiding-place; it is restless and unsatisfied; it has no settled convictions, but is wandering hither and thither like the bird flying over the desert waste of waters after the flood. Its only hope and safety is to return to the refuge of the ark.

“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?”

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt  
The blessed fields of Heaven where once my faith  
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;  
If I deny the things past finding-out;  
Or if I orphan my own soul of One  
That seemed a Father, and make void the place  
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,  
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

January 9.

*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.* — Ps. cxix. 105.

THE Bible is not to be read once, twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day; and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity. In whatever light we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is our invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I LOOK upon the Bible as the book for the world, and I see its divine authorship as plainly as I see the authorship of God in the stars.

RICHARD S. STORRS.

### THE BOOK.

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
 A minster rich in holy effigies,  
 And bearing on entablature and frieze  
 The hieroglyphic oracles of old.  
 Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;  
 And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint  
 The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,  
 Their golden tablets traced in Holy Writ!  
 But only when on form and word obscure  
 Falls from above the white supernal Light  
 We read the mystic characters aright,  
 And life informs the silent portraiture,  
 Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
 The One ineffable Face, — love, wonder, and adore.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### January 10.

*Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.* — MARK ix. 24.

YOU cannot prove the reality of the outer world by logic or reasoning, — you perceive it by the senses. You cannot prove the existence of the spiritual world by reasoning, — you perceive that by inward consciousness. *Sight* is the evidence of things seen ; *faith* is the evidence of things not seen. And by faith, in Scripture, is never meant the belief of a proposition, but always active trust in spiritual realities. The more we exercise the spiritual faculty, the more certain do spiritual things become. He who habitually obeys conscience sees, more and more clearly, the eternal distinction between right and wrong. He who habitually disobeys his conscience, at last can hardly discern any law of duty. To him who constantly looks forward, with trust, to a future

life, immortality becomes more and more certain. The pure in heart, who habitually look up to a heavenly ideal of goodness, see God more and more. He who trusts in Providence comes at last to stand so firmly on that rock, that no doubt can disturb, no disappointment shake, his confidence that all things are working together for ultimate good.

J. F. CLARKE.

NEVER yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom light, as well as immortality, was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

S. T. COLERIDGE

### STRONG SON OF GOD.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing, where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot  
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou!  
Our wills are ours, we know not how:  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day, and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, — we cannot know :  
 For knowledge is of things we see ;  
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee, —  
 A beam in darkness, — let it grow.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## January II.

*These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might  
 have peace.* — JOHN xvi. 33.

WHEN thou art either to do or suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose of business, go, tell God about it, and acquaint Him with it, — yea, burden Him with it, — and thou hast done for matter of caring. No more care, but sweet, quiet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on Him for the carriage of thy matters. Roll over on God, make one bundle of all, roll thy cares and thyself with them, as one burden, all on thy God. So, when no burdens are brought into the soul, but are handed immediately over to the blessed Lord, the peace of God will fill the inner temple. And though outside there may be the strife of tongues, and the chafe of this restless world, — like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, — and the pressure of many engagements, yet these things shall expend themselves on the battlements of the life which is the envioning presence of God ; whilst, within, the soul keeps an unbroken Sabbath, like the unruffled ocean depths, which are not stirred by the hurricanes that churn the surface into foam and fury. “The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall garrison your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

## BEFORE THE CROSS.

OH, what a load of struggle and distress  
 Falls off before the Cross ! The feverish care ;  
 The wish that we were other than we are ;  
 The sick regrets ; the yearnings numberless ;



The thought, "This might have been," so apt to press  
 On the reluctant soul ; even past despair,  
 Past sin itself, — all — all is turned to fair,  
 Ay, to a scheme of ordered happiness,  
 So soon as we love God, or rather know  
 That God loves us ! . . . Accepting the great pledge  
 Of His concern for all our wants and woe,  
 We cease to tremble upon danger's edge ;  
 While varying troubles form and burst anew,  
 Safe in a Father's arms, we smile as infants do !

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

## January 12.

*His compassions fail not. They are new every morning :  
 great is thy faithfulness. — LAM. iii. 22, 23.*

COUNT the mercies which have been quietly falling  
 in your path through every period of your history.  
 Down they come every morning and evening, angel mes-  
 sengers from the Father of Lights, to tell you of your  
 best Friend in Heaven. Have you lived these years,  
 wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and  
 consuming them every day, and never yet realizing from  
 whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you !  
 You have murmured under your afflictions ; but who has  
 heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask  
 what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-  
 drops, the star, or the queen of night. What is the  
 propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush, when  
 you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant  
 fruits? Count mercies before you complain of affliction.

## SUNRISE AMONG THE HILLS.

HIS mercies are new every morning.  
 Heavy and long is the night,  
 The sea moans in blackness of darkness, —  
 There may be a wreck ere the light.

Lo ! sudden — a gleam on the mountains —  
 The shadows are fleeing away :  
 God touches the clouds with sun-fingers,  
 And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning,  
 And oh ! His compassions ne'er fail,  
 To the timid sheep, cropping the herbage,  
 The mariner, breasting the gale.  
 The child, born to love and to laughter,  
 The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive,  
 The mourner, left sleeping for sorrow,  
 The sick man, who wakes up alive !

" His mercies are new every morning,"  
 In the joy of our youth-time we sung ;  
 " His mercies are new every morning,"  
 We sing yet, with faltering tongue :  
 And we 'll sing it till bursts the grand music  
 That all earth's faint anthems stills,  
 And we see the Day-star arising  
 Above the eternal hills.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

### January 13.

*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not  
 unto thine own understanding. — PROV. iii. 5.*

LOOK at a cathedral from without, and the windows are all dull and discolored and meaningless ; but step inside the hallowed edifice, and they glow with gules and amethyst, and tinge the sunlight with the grandeur or pathos of sacred histories. So it is with human life. It often looks to us dingy and inexplicable ; but step within the sanctuary of faith, and God's eternal sunlight, making the whole edifice radiant with eternal beauty and with infinite significance, streams into it with many-colored glories and divine mercy, and human heroism or toil.

CANON FARRAR.

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.

## IF THOU COULD'ST KNOW.

I THINK if thou could'st know,  
 O soul, that will complain,  
 What lies concealed below  
 Our burden and our pain,  
 How just our anguish brings  
 Nearer those longed-for things  
 We seek for now in vain,  
 I think thou would'st rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou could'st see,  
 With thy dim mortal sight,  
 How meanings, dark to thee,  
 Are shadows hiding light;  
 Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,  
 Life's purpose all perplexed, —  
 If thou could'st see them right,  
 I think that they would seem all clear, and wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,  
 And yet thou canst not see;  
 Wisdom and sight are slow  
 In poor humanity.  
 If thou could'st *trust*, poor soul,  
 In Him who rules the whole,  
 Thou would'st find peace and rest;  
Wisdom and right are well, but trust is best.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## January 14.

*Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.*

*Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare*

*what was put therein. Then said Jesus, Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this.* — JOHN xii. 3-7.

WE often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CHRIST has lived, and He asks living followers. He has died a sacrifice, and He asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

### LOVE'S WISDOM.

UPON the sacred feet of Him she loved  
 She poured the spikenard out, and kneeling there,  
 She wiped the dear feet with her flowing hair;  
 And when the wise and cautious ones reproved  
 The wasteful deed, saying, "It had behooved  
 Thee to have given this to the poor," He said,  
 By His great heart of loving-kindness led,  
 "Nay, chide her not who by such love is moved."

Tempest, and flood, and flame are better far  
 Than even shrunken streams, or breezeless days,  
 Or safe, cold hearths. The wisest fears that bar  
 The soul from generous deeds; the yeas and nays,  
 Dictated by a selfish, worldly wisdom, are  
 Never so wise as love's unwise ways.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

### January 15.

*Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.* —  
 PHIL. i. 11.

EVERY relation which we occupy hath its duties; every hour with which our lives are lengthened out hath its divine purpose. These relations were not or-

daigned by God only to please us, and ought not to be indulged in with that idea ; chiefly they are means for our growth in grace.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

GOD has lent us the earth for our life ; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us ; and we have no right by anything that we do, or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

JOHN RUSKIN.

GOD hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

### THE LIFE TO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour  
May fall as falls the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself a seed  
Of future good, and future need ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

## January 16.

*Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord. — JER. xxxi. 16.*

APPARENT success is not the measure of real success ; and besides God has not commanded us to succeed, but to work. It is of our work he will require an account, and not of our success ; why, then, take thought about it before the time ? It is for us to sow the seed, — it is for God to gather the fruit ; if not to-day, it will be to-morrow ; if not by us, it will be by others. Even when success is granted us, it is always dangerous to let our eyes rest upon it complacently : on the one hand, we are tempted to attribute something of it to ourselves ; on the other hand, we thus accustom ourselves to give way to relaxing our zeal when we fail to perceive its effects, — that is to say, at the very time when we ought to redouble our energy. To look to success is to walk by sight ; to look to Jesus and to persevere in following and serving Him in spite of all discouragements, is to walk by faith. “Thy work shall be rewarded,” saith Jehovah.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

## MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN.

ONCE I said :

“Content will wait on work, though work appear Unfruitful.” Now I say, “Where is the good ? What is the good ? A lamp when it is lit Must needs give light ; but I am like a man Holding his lamp in some deserted place Where no foot passeth. Must I trim my lamp, And ever painfully toil to keep it bright, When use for it is none ? I must ; I will. Though God withhold my wages, I must work, And watch the bringing of my work to naught, — Weed in the vineyard through the heat o’ the day, And, overtasked, behold the weedy place Grow ranker yet in spite of me.”

..... Afterward,  
He added more words like to these ; to wit :

That it was hard to see the world so sad ;  
 He would that it were happier. It was hard  
 To see the blameless overborne, and hard  
 To know that God, who loves the world, should yet  
 Let it lie down in sorrow, when a smile  
 From Him would make it laugh and sing, — a word  
 From Him transform it to a Heaven.

. . . . . "I am glad to think  
 I am not bound to make the wrong go right,  
 But only to discover and to do,  
 With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.  
 . . . . . I will trust in Him,  
 That He can hold His own ; and I will take  
 His will, above the work He sendeth me,  
 To be my chiefest good.  
 The glory is not in the task, but in  
 The doing it for Him."

JEAN INGELOW.

## January 17.

*Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. —*  
 2 COR. xii. 9.

IT is reasonable to suppose that the Eternal Father desires to have this earth brought to perfect cultivation, so that every spot shall be caused to bloom like the garden of the Lord ; or to be made like a part of His holy temple, so that a human life shall be enjoyed in its perfection, and the physical universe be the minister of the divine soul of man. In a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, He could make it such. But He does not. It may be centuries. It may be cycles. He leaves man to advance steadily, learning from falls, and failures, and mistakes, — each generation improving on its predecessor, until the earth shall be subdued to the obedience of Christ. There was no Golden Age behind us, except in the minds of the poets. There *is* a Golden Age before us, and to that we must continually stretch forward.

S. F. DEEMS.

## MISTAKES.

VOUCHSAFE to keep me this day without sin !  
 Yea, Lord, from danger, too, for Christ's dear sake ;  
 Yet more I ask, — for more, Thy help would win, —  
 In Thy deep pity, keep me from mistake.

Mistakes of judgment ! when no light I see,  
 Yet in my blindness fain would do my best ;  
 When to life's problem I can find no key,  
 And grope in darkness, with a weight oppressed.

Mistakes of loving ! when my heart leaps forth  
 To answer heart that faithful seems, and true ;  
 Then learn that hope of gain marks friendship's worth,  
 That love unselfish is the gift of few.

Mistakes in guiding others on, through way  
 Which shining looks, and leads to sunny height,  
 Only to lose ourselves at close of day,  
 And wander in dense woods, through dangerous night.

Yet teach me, Lord, that if, with purpose true,  
 With unperverted will, I firmly make  
 My choice, — that is the best that I can do,  
 And Thou didst mean that I should oft mistake.

Thus, through my failures, lead to sure success ;  
 Through falls, to stand on ground that never quakes, —  
 Through error, learn Thy strength, — my feebleness, —  
 Climb nearer Heaven, by means of my mistakes.

SUSAN M. DAY.

## January 18.

*Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart,  
 all ye that hope in the Lord. — Ps. xxxi. 24.*

AH, this is a beautiful world ! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and Heaven itself lies not far off ; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds



shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the whole world into our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oft-times we call a man cold, when he is only sad.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,  
And will not let the bitterness of life  
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond  
Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift my head above the mist,  
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,  
By every ray and every raindrop kissed  
That God's love doth bestow ;

Think you I find no bitterness at all ?  
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack ?  
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,  
Because I keep them back ?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,  
To curse myself and all who love me ? Nay !  
A thousand times more good than I deserve  
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears  
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine ;  
Grateful I take His slightest gift, — no fears,  
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,  
One golden day redeems a weary year ;  
Patient I listen, sure that sweet, at last,  
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be ;  
I must be glad and grateful to the end,  
I grudge you not your cold and darkness, — me  
The powers of light befriend.

CELIA THAXTER.

## January 19.

*He blesseth them, . . . again they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow. . . Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.*  
— Ps. cvii. 38, 39, 43.

LIFE is made up of contrasts. In all things they vividly affect us, and are made to supply much, both of our happiness and wholesome discipline. Sickness imparts an exquisite sensation to returning health, which the uniformly robust cannot know; sorrow gives birth to a joy only the afflicted can taste; and long fear and anxious suspense end in a rapture, in the hour of hope, which makes us almost think God had been grieving only to make us happy. All the darkness, indeed, of this world, is but to show off its light; all its frailty to direct us to Almighty strength; and all its short-lived scenes to prefigure what is undying and eternal.

C. A. BARTOL.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

No shadow, but its sister light  
Not far away must burn;  
No weary night, but morning bright  
Shall follow in its turn.

No chilly snow, but safe below  
A million buds are sleeping;  
No wintry days, but fair spring rays  
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

No note of sorrow but shall melt  
In sweetest chord unguessed;  
No labor, all too pressing felt,  
But ends in quiet rest.

No sigh but from the harps above  
 Soft echoing tones shall win ;  
 No heart-wound, but the Lord of love  
 Shall pour His comfort in.

No withering hopes, while loving best  
 Thy Father's chosen way ;  
 No anxious care, for He will bear  
 Thy burdens every day.

### January 20.

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — JOHN xv. 13.*

*Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us. — 1 JOHN iii. 16.*

GOD'S will is so high above humanity that its goodness and perfectness cannot be scanned at a glance, and would be very terrible if it were not for His manifested love, manifested in Jesus Christ. Only *that* holds our hearts together when He shatters the world.

E. B. BROWNING.

### WONDROUS LOVE.

CHRIST placed all rest, and had no resting-place ;  
 He healed each pain, yet lived in sore distress ;  
 Deserved all good, yet lived in great disgrace ;  
 Gave all hearts joy, Himself in heaviness ;  
 Suffered them live, by whom Himself was slain ;  
 Lord, who can live to see such love again ?

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

## January 21.

*Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God: and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. — 1 JOHN iv. 7.*

WHEN we look at the mute lips which we might have waked to praise and thanksgiving, and which, by our neglect, uttered only the words of sorrow; when we look upon the closed eyes, once glistening with tears, which we might have brightened with gleams of joy, — every look of alienation and unkindness, every word of reproach, comes back upon our imagination, and we feel, too late, the pangs of unavailing grief.

WILLIAM GELSTON BATES.

Oh, when my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more!

FELICIA HEMANS.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## REGRET.

If only we had loved them more,  
Our lost, whom love can never reach;  
Who thrill not at our tenderest speech,  
Nor answer, though our hearts implore!

If only for one little day, —  
One day of days, — they could return,  
How would our grateful spirits yearn  
To lavish treasures on their way!

Our feet to serve them, ah, how swift!  
Our hands how gentle! and our eyes  
How clear to see, should shadows rise,  
Or griefs their perfect gladness rift!

Too late ! come back no vanished hours ;  
But, *living* and *beloved*, there still  
Remain sweet friends. Be ours the will  
To strew their paths with thornless flowers !



## January 22.

*We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.* — EPH. ii. 10.

LOOK at this inward being and say, what is it? Formed by the Almighty Hand, and therefore formed for some purpose ; built up in its proportions, fashioned in every part by infinite skill ; an emanation, breathed from the spirit of God ; say, what is it? Its nature, its necessity, its design, its destiny ; what is it? So formed it is, so builded, so fashioned, so exactly balanced, and so exquisitely touched in every part, that sin introduced into it is the direst misery ; that every unholy thought falls upon it as a drop of poison ; that every guilty desire, breathing upon any delicate part or fibre of the soul, is the plague-spot of evil, the blight of death. Made, then, is it for virtue, not for sin ; oh ! not for sin, for that is death ; but made for virtue, for purity as its end, its rest, its bliss ; made thus by God Almighty.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

## THE LOOM OF LIFE.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar  
Of the loom of life, — and near and far  
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,  
As the tireless wheels go always 'round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom,  
In the light of day, and the midnight's gloom ;  
The wheels are turning early and late,  
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click ! there 's a thread of love wove in ;  
 Click, click ! another of wrong and sin.  
 What a checkered thing will this life be  
 When we see it unrolled in eternity !

Time, with a face like mystery,  
 And hands as busy as hands can be,  
 Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,  
 To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done ?  
 In a thousand years, perhaps, or one ;  
 Or to-morrow. Who knoweth ? Not you nor I !  
 But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web, — say ?  
 Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day ?  
 It were better, then, oh, my friend, to spin  
 A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,  
 But each one is nearer the end, I know :  
 Some day the last thread shall be woven in, —  
 God grant it be love instead of sin !

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## January 23.

*My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee : and  
 my soul, which thou hast redeemed. — Ps. lxxi. 23.*

IF there be no hope, and no God, and no things  
 unseen ; if there be no atonement for intolerable  
 wrong ; if praying nations uplift their hands in vain ; if  
 only a hollow echo followed Christ's prayer of agony  
 upon the cross, — then, as far as I can see, life is a revolt-  
 ing nullity, and a hideous dream, which no poetic make-  
 believes can redeem from its intolerable weariness. But  
 let but one whisper of God's voice thrill the deafened  
 sense ; let but one gleam of His countenance flash on  
 the blinded eyes ; let His hand hold forth to us but one  
 green leaf from the Tree of Life, and how is all changed !

Ah, how can we then thank God for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ! How can we cry then with bursts of exultation, "Thou, O God, art our Father, our Saviour, our merciful God ; and we that are Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture will give thee thanks forever."

CANON FARRAR.

BLESSED are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the divine whisper. Blessed indeed are those ears that listen, not after the voice that is sounding without, but for the truth teaching inwardly.

THOMAS. A KEMPIS.

#### LIKE MORNING WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze  
Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
That, in those furrows, dark with night,  
Her hand may sow the seeds of light, —

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er  
The spirit, dark and lost before,  
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare  
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire ;  
But when he swept its chords along,  
Ev'n angels stooped to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,  
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord ;  
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise  
In music worthy of the skies.

THOMAS MOORE.

## January 24.

*Freely ye have received, freely give.* — MATT. x. 8.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF CULTURE. — We need consecration of culture ; we need subjection of the personal tastes which culture creates. We need contentment under the limitations of culture which the necessities of labor in our Christian profession demand. Above all, we need faith in the Christian ideal of culture, which measures its value by its use ; its dignity by its lowliness ; its height in character by its depth of reach after souls below it. This was Christ's own ideal of culture. He possessed no other ; he denounced every other most fearfully. . . . The cry should be more godliness ; more subjection of culture to the salvation of those who have little or none of it !

AUSTIN PHELPS.

THE very sense of culture is obligation.

## THE COMING DAY.

Lo ! on the mountain-top the rising sun  
Is shining now, while yet in darkness lies  
The valley pasture ; and the forest sighs  
In longing for the tardy-coming one,  
Eager to feel the flames that have begun  
To tinge with roseate hue the upper skies,  
That soon shall send the glory back to eyes  
Now sleeping where the silent shadows run.  
So unto high-born souls the Truth shall come,  
And now o'er all the earth to lowliest minds  
Shall be reflected, and the glorious day  
Shall bring to hearts now cold, and lips now dumb,  
New life and holy love, — the love which binds  
Soul unto soul, and lights Earth's darkest way.

ANNIE LOUISE BRACKENRIDGE.



## January 25.

. *Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* — 2 TIM. ii. 3.

IF a man does not exercise his arm, he develops no biceps muscle ; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character, — the Christ-like nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice.

What was Christ doing in the carpenter's shop? Practising. Though perfect, we read that He *learned* obedience, and grew in wisdom and in favor with God. Do not quarrel, therefore, with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never-ceasing cares, its petty environment, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation ; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more and more, and ceases neither for effort, nor for agony, nor prayer. That is your practice. That is the practice which God appoints you ; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still too shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

## CO-WORKING WITH GOD.

O GOD, who workest hitherto,  
Working in all we see.  
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,  
As best it pleaseth Thee.

The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,  
Is man's appointed lot ;  
He who God's call can understand,  
Will work, and murmur not.

Our skill of hand and strength of limb  
Are not our own, but Thine ;  
We link them to the work of Him  
Who made all life divine.

Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,  
Shared all our lot and strife ;  
And nobly will our work be done,  
If moulded by His life.

T. W. FRECKLETON.

## January 26.

*When the ear heard me, then it blessed me ; and when  
the eye saw me, it gave witness to me : because I deliv-  
ered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him  
that had none to help him. — JOB XXIX. 11, 12.*

EVERY good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask, What property has he left behind him? but angels will inquire, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?

MAHOMET.

## A ROSE OF THE GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE.

OF hearts disconsolate see to the state,  
To bear a breaking heart may be thy fate.

Help to be happy those thine aid can bless,  
Mindful of thine own day of helplessness.

If thou at others' doors need'st not to pine,  
In thanks to Allah turn no man from thine.

Over the orphan's path protection spread :  
Pluck out his heart-grief, lift his drooping head ;

When, with his neck bent low, thou spiest one,  
Kiss not the lifted face of thine own son.

Take heed such go not weeping. Allah's throne  
Shakes to the sigh the orphan breathes alone.

With kindness wipe the tear-drop from his eye,  
Cleanse him from dust of his calamity.

There was a merchant once, who, on the way,  
Meeting one fatherless and lamed, did stay

To draw the thorn which pricked his foot,—and passed :  
And 't was forgot ; and the man died at last.

But in a dream the Prince of Khojand spies  
That man again, walking in Paradise, —

Walking and talking in the Blessed Land,  
And what he said, the Prince could understand.

For he said this, — plucking the Heavenly posies,  
Ajab!<sup>1</sup> That one thorn made me many roses.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

*From the Persian*

<sup>1</sup> Ajab, wonderful.

## January 27.

*By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts : and by it he being dead, yet speaketh. — HEB. xi. 4.*

MAKE not the consequence of virtue the end thereof. Be not beneficent for a name, or cymbal of applause ; nor exact and just in commerce, for the advantages of trust and credit which attend the reputation of true and punctual dealing ; for these rewards, though unsought for, plain virtue will bring with her. To have other by-ends in good actions sours laudable performances, which must have deeper roots, motives, and instigations, to give them the stamp of virtues.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

WHEN one has come to seek the honor that comes from God only, he will take the withholding of the honor that comes from men very quietly.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## A SIGH FOR FAME.

“WHAT shall I do, lest life in silence pass?”

“And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,

What need'st thou me?

Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute, —

The shallows roar ;

Worth is the ocean, — fame is but the brine

Along the shore.”

“What shall I do to be forever known?”

“Thy duty ever.”

“This did full many who yet slept unknown.”

“Oh, never ! never !

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou know'st not?

By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown ;

Divine their lot.”

“What shall I do to gain eternal life?”  
 “Discharge aright  
 The simple dues with which each day is rife, —  
 Yea, with thy might!  
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,  
 Will life be fled,  
 While he who ever acts as conscience cries,  
 Shall live, though dead.”

SCHILLER.

*Translated by Arthur Hugh Clough.*

## January 28.

*Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth  
 through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren,  
 see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.*

1 PET. i. 22.

AS in the olden time angels often came down to men and presented themselves as guests, in order to prepare and strengthen them for Heaven, so do we feel that, in this natural order of things, we are to be to one another angels of God, and for this end the strength of the Spirit is bestowed upon us. . . Where you awaken by the joyfulness and confidence of your own heart the corresponding feelings in another's breast; where, by a fitting word, you save from a wrong sentiment or a mistaken opinion; where, by an easy and happy turn, you keep the jest from passing the bounds where it would become sinful, — add to the common enjoyment without detracting from the higher worth of life, and keep alive a noble spiritual aspiration, — in all these cases, you are manifest as an angel of God.

FRIEDRICH E. D. SCHLEIERMACHER, 1768 – 1834.

WHAT would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound, and self-denying love practised and recommended by Jesus were paramount in every heart!

KRUMMACHER.

## THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

LORD, subdue our selfish will ;  
 Each to each our tempers suit  
 By Thy modulating skill,  
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

Sweetly on our spirits move ;  
 Gently touch the trembling strings,  
 Make the harmony of love  
 Music for the King of kings.



## January 29.

*The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* — JAS. v. 16.

ALMIGHTY PRAYER, I am made to say ; and why not? For that it is almighty, is only through the gracious ordination of the God of love and truth. Oh, then, pray, pray, pray, my dearest ! but then remember to estimate your state, on self-examination, not by your prayers, but by what you find to be the effects of them on your character, temper, and life.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

WE pray for the fulness of Thy Spirit. Give us the fervor of devotion, the glow of philanthropy. Awaken us to a holy zeal, a joy in Thy service, a promptness to do and to suffer whatsoever Thou dost appoint. May the labors of life become acts of religion and offerings to Thee, by the conscientiousness, purity of motive, and devotedness to Thy will of perfect good, from which they are performed. May our sense of Thy presence be ever more clear, our conceptions of Thy character more bright, our gratitude more tender, our love of exalted virtue more generous, our good-will more overflowing. May a divine life be ever growing within us !

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

## THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THERE is not on the earth a soul so base  
 But may obtain a place  
 In covenanted grace ;  
 So that his feeble prayer of faith obtains  
 Some loosening of his chains,  
 And earnest of the great release, which rise  
 From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.

All may save self, — but minds that heavenward tower,  
 Aim at a wider power,  
 Gifts on the world to shower.  
 And this is not at once ; — by fastings gained,  
 And trials well sustained,  
 By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,  
 Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God above.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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 January 30.

*Arise, shine [or, be enlightened] ; for thy light is come,  
 and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. — ISA.  
 lx. 1.*

*For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth  
 came by Jesus Christ. — JOHN i. 17.*

CHRIST, as the Dayspring, comes to reveal God to humanity. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily ; He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person. In Christ, God reveals Himself more fully than ever before, in His hatred of sin, in His love for the sinner, and as the Guide into all truth. Let us beware of closing our eyes against the Light, or rejecting the proffered offices of the Guide.

R. R. MEREDITH.

## MORNING.

I ENTERED once, at break of day,  
 A chapel, lichen-stained and gray,  
 Where a congregation dozed, and heard  
 An old monk read from a written Word.  
 No light through the window-panes could pass,  
 For shutters were closed on the rich stained glass ;  
 And in a gloom like the nether night  
 The monk read on by a taper's light.  
 Ghostly with shadows, that shrank and grew  
 As the dim light flared, were aisle and pew ;  
 And the congregation that dozed around,  
 Listened without a stir or sound, —  
 Save one, who rose with wistful face,  
 And shifted a shutter from its place.  
 Then light flashed in, like a flashing gem, —  
 For dawn had come unknown to them, —  
 And a slender beam, like a lance of gold,  
 Shot to the crimson curtain-fold,  
 Over the bended head of him  
 Who pored and pored by the taper dim ;  
 And it kindled over his wrinkled brow  
 Such words, — “ The law which was till now.”  
 And I wondered that, under that morning ray,  
 When night and shadow were scattered away,  
 The monk should bow his locks of white  
 By a taper's feebly flickering light, —  
 Should pore and pore, and never seem  
 To notice the golden morning-beam.

EDWARD R. SILL.

## January 31.

*Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh.*  
 — ISA. xxi. 11, 12.

HATRED and strife we see. Yes, for human nature is passionate and weak, and cannot be all at once and easily controlled ; but love we also see, like sunlight shining through the clouds, or painting its beautiful



bow of promise in the arching heavens above them. Bigotry, — yes, but benevolence. Resentment, — yes, but forgiveness. The infliction of wrong, — yes, but the patient endurance of wrong, and homes are blessed, and men and women in them; and hospitals are established, and slaves are liberated, and the weak and the poor are assisted, and the suffering are relieved, and works of mercy abound. Yes, despite all else, it is the coming of the kingdom of God, the kingdom of love, that we see, and which Jesus Christ declares will ultimately hush the storms of life, and prevail over all.

### DAYLIGHT EVERYWHERE.

Does the night pass? Is the morning far?  
 Before the daylight shines a star, —  
     Have you seen the star in the sky?  
 Has the waning moon dropped pale and low?  
 Has the gray east caught a golden glow?  
     O earth! is the sunrise nigh?

Before the daylight sings a bird;  
 Has any listening mortal heard,  
     In the dawning still and dim,  
 That joyful song to coming light?  
 Those notes that in their upward flight  
     Are like a rapturous hymn?

The star has risen large and clear,  
 The glorious Day-Star! Far and near  
     Men hail the glorious sign  
 That heralds in the brighter day,  
 The broader thought, the better way,  
     Once trod by feet divine.

The bird has sung on every shore, —  
 Glad mortals listen and adore,  
     And learn the joyful air, —  
 The song of Love! Clouds break away,  
 The sunshine hastens up the gray, —  
     'T is daylight everywhere!

AMELIA E. BARR.

## February 1.

*And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. — MARK ix. 5.*

ASK the saintliest men and women of this world whether their holy watch was continuous, and their faith and love as reliable as their thought, and they will tell you how long, even when they went up to be with the Saviour on the mount, have been the slumbers of unconsciousness compared with the priceless instants when they were awake and beheld His glory. In every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight, — no sun, no moon, and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel. But it is not always so. Now and then something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes away; the Spirit leaves its witness with us; the divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present; the Ear into which we poured our prayer is not deaf; the infinite Eye to which we turned is not blind, but looks in with answering mercy on us.

JAMES MARTINFAU.

## ON THE MOUNT.

NOT always on the mount may we  
Rapt in the Heavenly vision be;  
The shores of thought and feeling know  
The spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here. —  
We cry, the Heavenly Presence near;  
The vision vanishes, — our eyes  
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour  
 Upon the soul redeeming power ;  
 And in its strength, through after days,  
 We travel our appointed ways,

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,  
 Transfigured in remembered light,  
 And in untiring souls we bear  
 The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision ; but below,  
 The paths of daily duty go,  
 And nobler life therein shall own  
 The pattern on the mountain shown.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

## February 2.

*Lord, teach us to pray.* — LUKE xi. 1.

IF we pray for any earthly blessing, we must pray for it solely "if it be God's will, if it be for our highest good ;" but for all the *best* things we may pray without misgiving, without reservation, — certain that, if we ask, God will grant them. For what we desire, we ask ; and what we ask, we aim at ; and what we aim at, we shall attain. No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more and more noble, and sweet, and pure, and heavenly-minded, — no man ever yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred, and pride, and passion, and worldliness might be cast out of his soul, without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter.

CANON FARRAR.

WE, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harm, which the wise Powers  
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit  
 By losing of our prayers.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

## HOW SHALL I PRAY.

FATHER, how can I thus be bold to pray  
 That 'Thou shalt grant me that, or spare me this?  
 How should my ignorance not go astray,  
 How should my foolish lips not speak amiss,  
 And ask for woe, when fain they would ask bliss?

How shall I dare to prompt Thee, the All-wise,  
 To show me kindness? Thou art ever kind.  
 What is my feeble craving in 'Thine eyes,  
 Which view the centuries vast, before, behind,  
 And sweep unnumbered worlds like viewless wind?

Thy goodness ordereth what thing shall be,  
 Thy wisdom knoweth even my inmost want;  
 Why should I raise a needless prayer to Thee,  
 Or importune Omnipotence to grant  
 My wishes, dim, short-sighted, ignorant?

And yet I come, — for Thou hast bidden and said;  
 But not to weary Thee, or specify  
 A wish, but rather with this prayer instead:  
 "O Lord, Thou knowest, — give it or deny;  
 Fill up the cup of joy, or pass me by."

Just as Thou wilt is just what I would will.  
 Give me but this, — the heart to be content,  
 And, if my wish is thwarted, to lie still,  
 Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent,  
 And the sweet thing made plain which the Lord meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## February 3.

*Our Father, which art in Heaven.* — MATT. vi. 9.

THE best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of "father" is in its nature full of inborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must

confess ourselves children of God ; ' for by this name we deeply touch our God, since there is not a sweeter sound to the Father than the voice of the child.

MARTIN LUTHER.

PRAYER is the touch of an infant, — but on the arm of the Almighty.

THOMAS SCOTT.

### FATHER'S CHILD.

MY little girl to-night with childish glee,  
 Although her months had numbered not twoscore,  
 Escaped her nurse, and at my study door,  
 With tiny fingers rapping, spoke to me : —  
 Though faint her words, I heard them tremblingly  
 Fall from her lips as if the darkness bore  
 Its weight upon her : " Father's child ! " No more  
 I waited for, but straightway willingly  
 I brought the sweet intruder into light  
 With happy laughter. — Even so some night,  
 When, from the nursing earth escaped and free,  
 My soul shall try in her first infant flight  
 To seek God's chamber, these two words shall be  
 Those that will make Him ope His door to me.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

### February 4.

*Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry. —*  
 Ps. xxxix. 12.

*I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. —* Ps. xl. 1.

BLESSINGS long desired are sweeter when they come ; if soon given, they lose much of their value. God reserves for thee that which He is slow to give thee, that you may learn to entertain a supreme desire and long-ing after it.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

IN all our praying we are not to forget that our prayers are to be answered. Some are to be answered just as we wish, some to be answered in a way different from what we wish, in a better way. Some are to be answered by a change in us, some by a change in others. Some are to be answered by the giving of greater strength to bear crosses, and some by the lifting of the crosses. Some at once, some in the years to come, and some await eternity. And yet they are each to be answered. Dr. Judson once said, "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came to me at some time, although a very distant day; in some way, perhaps not mine; in some shape, probably the last I should have advised, it came."

### SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet, — the prayers your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail? is hope departing?  
And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire, — sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known;  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,  
The Lord will answer you, — sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep the incense burning there,  
His glory you shall see, — sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? faith cannot be unanswered, —  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock, —  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "It shall be done, — sometime, somewhere."

ROBERT BROWNING.

## February 5.

*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.* — Ps. ciii. 13.

THE divine call to service may be clarion, but the call to suffering comes in tender and compassionate tones, and often brings to the stricken heart the sweetest whispers of the Father's love ; but we must listen, if we would understand. We must not intrench ourselves in our own sorrow, so as to leave no open door for Him to enter with His healing and comforting balm. This "furnace of affliction" is a suffering which means *blessed fellowship with Christ*. If we will but open our eyes, we shall see, walking in the midst of *our* furnace, One like unto the Son of man ; and it will be a memory of joy ever after, that our loving Saviour was by our side, Himself a partaker of our grief. "O Thou that still dwellest amid the fires of human suffering, and still knowest by sympathy the sorrows of Thy people, I bless thee for the mystery of pain that unites me forever to the heart of the Man of Sorrows."

MRS. C. L. GOODELL.

## A VOICE IN RAMA.

NOT long ago — it seemeth but a day —

I led those little feet where flowers grew,  
And chose, with watchful love, the smoothest way ;

Where dimpled finger pointed, there I flew  
To gather blossoms for my precious child.

At first faint sign of weariness, my arm,

With ready thriftlessness of love, would clasp  
My treasure closely, — and sweet rest and calm

Would come to both, with that strong, happy grasp.  
O blessed mother ! happy, happy child !

Those little feet grew strong, and wandered far ;

And I was left to brave the parting pain ;  
The door of life and duty stood ajar,

Love beckoned, and — I saw her not again.  
O sorrowing mother ! brave, beloved child !

And now they tell me that her willing feet  
Have followed the sweet bidding of her Lord, —  
That now they joyful tread the golden street,  
With angels, in the Paradise of God.  
O weeping mother ! blessed, blessed child !

Lord, help me to look upward through the tears,  
And see Thy pitying face, and feel Thy love, —  
To bear this restless longing all the years  
Which Thou wilt give me, till, at home, above,  
The happy mother meet her precious child.

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## February 6.

*Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love : therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee. — JER. xxxi. 3.*

WHAT has the world always needed ? Not the help of friends as powerless as themselves ; not the frozen and uncertain precepts of philosophy, but faith that God has compassion on them, — the assurance that He is pitiful and merciful, and will hear their prayer out of the dust, and will help them in their sore need, — the assurance that He does not look coldly on us from the sky, but that He looks in love ; and all language is weak to express this assurance, compared with the cross of Christ. The heavens might break forth into articulate voices of revelation, and they would be meaningless compared with that great sacrifice. For what is it but saying, in the words of the apostle, “ He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ? ”

EPHRAIM PEABODY.



## HE CARETH.

WHAT can it mean ? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim .  
Can He be touched by the grief I bear  
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair ?  
About His throne are eternal calms,  
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss, unruffled by any strife ;  
How can He care for my little life ?

And yet I want Him to care for me  
While I live in this world where sorrows be !  
When the lights die down from the path I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music that once did bless  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,  
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong ;  
When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,  
And this busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour, — can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me ?

O wonderful story of deathless love !  
Each child is dear to that Heart above.  
He fights for me when I cannot fight ;  
He comforts me in the gloom of night ;  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong ;  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song ;  
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,  
And loves and pardons because He cares !

Let all who are sad take heart again ;  
We are not alone in our hours of pain.  
Our Father stoops from His throne above,  
To soothe and quiet us with His love ;  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have safety, for He is nigh.  
Can it be trouble, which He doth share ?  
Oh ! rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

## February 7.

*I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.* — Ps. xl. 8.

WHENEVER I meet with the will of God, I feel that I meet with God; whenever I respect and love the will of God, I feel that I respect and love God; whenever I unite with the will of God, I feel that I unite with God; so that practically and religiously, although I am aware that a difference can be made philosophically, God and the will of God are to me the same. He who is in perfect harmony with the *will* of God, is as much in harmony with God himself as it is possible for any being to be. The very name of God's will fills me with joy.

MADAME GUYON.

## THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!  
And all Thy ways adore;  
And every day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God ;  
To him no chance is lost ;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

F. W. FABER.

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## February 8.

*Whosoever will save his life shall lose it ; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. — MARK viii. 35.*

TO follow Christ is to become like Him. To serve Him is to carry out His spirit into all the relations of our lives. This cannot be done without a daily dying to self, the giving up a multitude of things, in themselves not sinful, not evil, but good, because we have a larger plan of life, a higher purpose of existence, — namely, the establishment among men of Christ's kingdom of truth, righteousness and joy. How we shall work for it is determined by the conditions of our lives, and also by our use of these conditions, — for by faithfulness we may measurably change them, institute new relations, broaden our range of influence, create opportunities, make renunciation of certain modes of service easy, by rising to larger and better. . . . If there is sacrifice in such a life, it is for us the only true life, — if there is a cross in it, it is a cross to be gloried in, — if it leads to death, — death is but the angel that swings open the portals of Heaven's triumphs.

EGBERT SMYTH

## RESIGNING.

"Poor heart, what bitter words we speak  
When God speaks of resigning!"

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty garlands by  
So piteously, yet with a humble mind;  
Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the wind,  
Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,  
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,  
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore;  
Thus we, O Father, standing Thee before,  
Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh,  
Each after each, our precious things and rare,  
Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.  
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flowers would die,  
And the long-voyaged hoards be found but dust,  
So took them while unchanged. To Thee we trust  
For incorruptible treasure. Thou art just.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

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## February 9.

*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman  
that needeth not to be ashamed. — 2 TIM. ii. 15.*

NEVER be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait, why cannot we,—since we have Him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust God to weave in your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and wait,—remember that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,—the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden it-

self to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day !

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### LIFE'S TAPESTRY.

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye,  
 Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused  
 Above each stitch awry and thread confused ;  
 Now will I think on what in years gone by  
 I heard of them that weave rare tapestry  
 At royal looms ; and how they constant use  
 To work on the rough side, and still peruse  
 The pictured pattern set above them high.  
 So will I set my copy high above,  
 And gaze and gaze, till on my spirit grows  
 Its gracious impress, — till some line of love,  
 Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows ;  
 Nor look too much on warp and woof, provide  
 He, whom I work for, sees their fairer side.

DORA GREENWELL.

### February 10.

*Thou art a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger,  
 and of great kindness. — JONAH iv. 2.*

NO true man can live a half-life, when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half-life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE most of the difficulties of trying to live the Christian life arise from attempting to half live it.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

SECURE not thyself in the conceit of not bringing forth evil fruit. A Christian is not defined by mere negatives.

ANY life that is worth living must be a struggle.

DEAN STANLEY.

## HYMN.

O PATIENT Christ ! when long ago  
 O'er old Judea's rugged hills  
 Thy willing feet went to and fro,  
 To find and comfort human ills, —  
 Did once Thy tender, earnest eyes  
 Look down the solemn centuries,  
 And see the smallness of our lives?

Souls struggling for the victory,  
 And martyrs, finding death was gain,  
 Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,  
 And falling deep in sin and pain, —  
 Great heights and depths were surely seen,  
 But oh ! the dreary waste between, —  
 Small lives, not base, perhaps, but mean :

Their selfish efforts for the right,  
 Or cowardice that keeps from sin, —  
 Content to only see the height  
 That nobler souls will toil to win !  
 Oh, shame, to think Thine eyes should see  
 The souls contented just to be, —  
 The lives too small to take in Thee !

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,  
 That blessed shame that stings to life ;  
 Rouse us to live for Thy dear name,  
 Arm us with courage for the strife.  
 O Christ ! be patient with us still ;  
 Dear Christ ! remember Calvary's hill, —  
 Our little lives with purpose fill !

MARGARET DELAND.

## February 11.

*Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many,  
 that they may be saved. — I COR. x. 33.*

WE suffer even in our spiritual life, when we confine  
 our thoughts to the narrow horizon of our indi-  
 vidual welfare. . . . Nothing is more pitiful than a life

spent in thinking of nothing but self, yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.

CANON FARRAR.

HE who wants the joys of Christ's service must first be in Christ's service. Consecration must precede comfort in the believer's life. He must look to Jesus for direction, before he calls on Jesus for assistance. His first thought in the morning must be, What can I do for my Master? not, What can my Helper do for me? So long as he is looking at Jesus merely as one to give him help and comfort and peace, he will fail to find what he looks for. But when he looks at Jesus as One whom he loves, and lives for, and is ready to die for; as One whose badge of service he is proud of, and whom he enjoys doing anything and everything for,—then he will have help and comfort and peace, according to the order of nature in all devoted service, and according to the specific and unfailing word of Jesus in this particular sphere.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

### OUR PRAYERS,

ART Thou not weary of our selfish prayers,  
Forever crying, "Help *me*! Save *me*, Lord!"  
We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,  
Nor hear the song outside, nor join its vast accord.

Is not the need of other souls our need?  
After desire, the helpful act must go,  
As the strong wind bears on the wingèd seed  
To some bare spot of earth, and leaves it there to grow.

Still are we saying, "Teach us how to pray!"  
Oh, teach us how to *love*, and then our prayer  
Through other lives will find its upward way,  
As plants together seek and find sweet light and air.

## February 12.

*Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. — JAS. iv. 11.*

IF we can learn to think of the people whom we meet in some measure as the loving Father thinks of them, — pitying their infirmities and failings, ready to pardon their sins at the first dawn of penitence, entering with sympathetic appreciation into their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, and seeking for them in everything their highest good, — we shall thereby acquire the secret of that gentleness which rejoices with those that do rejoice, and weeps with those that weep; which is so glad in others' prosperity that there is no room for envy, — and so sorry for others' shortcomings that there is no place left for rejoicing in their iniquity; which is so intent on others' good that there is no time left for a seeking of its own advantage, and no energy left to spend in feeding and fattening its own separate selfhood. To see in every fellow-being a child of the Heavenly Father, and to stand ready, by every appropriate word and deed, to manifest the Father's loving regard for each child of His, irrespective of the wealth or poverty, the high or low degree, the attractiveness or the uncongeniality, the friendliness or enmity, in which this child of the Father comes to you, — this is at once the secret of Christian gentleness, and the characteristic of the more excellent way of Christian life.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

## JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not: the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.



The look, the air, that frets thy sight,  
 May be a token, that below  
 The soul has closed in deadly fight  
 With some infernal, fiery foe,  
 Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
 And cast thee, shuddering, on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise, —  
 May be the angel's slackened hand  
 Has suffered it, that he may rise  
 And take a firmer, surer stand ;  
 Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
 May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,  
 With hopeful pity, not disdain ;  
 The depth of the abyss may be  
 The measure of the height of pain,  
 And love and glory that may raise  
 This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE A PROCTER.

## February 13.

*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of  
 Christ. — GAL. vi. 2.*

MAKE a rule, and pray God to help you to keep it,  
 never, if possible, to lie down at night, without being  
 able to say, "I have made one human being, at least, a  
 little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day."  
 You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I LOOK forward to the time when the impulse to help  
 our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as  
 that which I feel to grasp something when I am falling.

WHAT do we live for, if it is not to make life less diffi-  
 cult to each other?

GEORGE ELIOT.

## LIVING WATERS.

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep  
     As ever summer saw ;  
 And cool their water is, — yea, cool and sweet, —  
     But you must come to draw.  
 They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,  
     And not unsought will give :  
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,  
     So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst  
     To follow dusty ways,  
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst  
     Where the tired traveller strays ;  
 That never ask the meadows if they want  
     What is their joy to give :—  
 Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,  
     So self-bestowed they live.

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,  
     Wherein all waters fall ;  
 That girdles the wide earth, and draws the tide,  
     Feeding and bearing all ;  
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,  
     That takes, again to give : —  
 Even the great and loving heart of God,  
     Whereby all love doth live.

CAROLINE SPENCER.

## February 14.

*Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeem-  
 ing the time. — COL. iv. 5.*

HOW insipid and foolish a thing were life, if there were nothing laid upon us to do ! What is it, on the other hand, but the rest and glory of life, that something good and great, something really worthy to be done, is laid upon us ? It is not self-indulgence allowed, but victory achieved, that can make a fit happiness for man.

To take up life as it is, and do the best we can to make it great and good, — our best to make it fit to give back one day to the God who gave it, — that is to live.

HOLD fast by the present! Every situation, nay, every moment, is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.

GOETHE.

### REDEEMING THE TIME.

OH, trifle not with life, — 't is but an hour;  
Redeem its every moment, day by day,  
Press forward to the front!  
Live for the future life; watch, watch and pray;  
Remember, child of Time,  
Thou art immortal! fling not Heaven away.

HORATIUS BONAR.

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## February 15.

*Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called.* — 1 COR. vii. 20.

MANY people spend all their life looking for the place in this world which they were intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with restful or contented feeling. What they are doing now is not by any means the work that is suited to their abilities. They have a sunny ideal of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would find free scope, and where they could make a very bright record. But in their present position they cannot do much of anything, and there is little use to try. Their life is a humdrum and prosy routine, and they can accomplish nothing really worthy and beautiful. So they go on, discontented with their own lot, and sighing for another: and while they sigh, the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end, to find they have missed every

opportunity of doing anything worthy of an immortal being, in the passage to eternity. The truth is, one's vocation is never some far-off possibility. It is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is commonplace, if we only had eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand, but brings to us the possibility of kingly service.

### SONNET.

WHEN from the narrow round that hems me in  
 My chafing spirit rages to get free,  
 Scorning just laws for natural liberty,  
 And, haughty grown, a wider sphere would win, —  
 I do bethink me what my lot hath been,  
 How small vexations, like a wasting sea,  
 Do fret my temper to extremity,  
 And leave me spent where I would fain begin;  
 Then say, — As Heaven adjusts our strength and weight,  
 Nor greater burden gives than we can bear,  
 But each a spirit equal to his fate,  
 So my poor task-work, done with reverent care,  
 More hallowed is than aims beyond my state :  
 Lord ! keep me constant where my duties are.

FRANCIS A. HILLARD.

### February 16.

*For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. —*  
 ROM. xiv. 17.

NONE of us can live well by an occasional good resolution, any more than a seed can grow into a healthy plant by being used as a common plaything, and only now and then put into the earth for a minute or two. Everything depends on storing up in ourselves, by a habit of well-doing, a great and ever-increasing fund of moral power which shall be available to brace us against sudden temptation, to help us carry out better

purposes, and to hold us steady and true to the ideal. Salvation is right character. Right character is salvation. We need no other, as our bodies need nothing better than perfect health. But right character,—is that a small matter and easily gained? Is it not a product of all the highest and finest forces of the universe, a result of the long, steady working together of the Divine Spirit and the human spirit? The life-principles must be deeply set. There must be the “clean heart” and the “sound mind.” There must be an all-mastering love of good. There must be a well-established and well-administered inward government, not dependent on human opinions or customs. The right law must be written on the heart,—all one thing with the life’s love. Is not this what Jesus means by “the kingdom of God within you?”

C. G. AMES.

### THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.

Nor with a single stroke, but painfully and slow,  
The sculptor fashioneth the human face;  
E’en the rough cast takes many a careful blow,  
Ten thousand chisel-points its finished grace.

Here is soft polishing, there the finest touch,  
Ere the full likeness stands in solid stone :  
Genius has toiled and planned, few dream how much,  
To mould the features that we ’ve loved or known.

So by our leadings, be they good or bad,  
We carve our moral likeness, day by day,  
Our acts of thought and will and deed will add  
A charm to every line,—a kindling ray,—  
Or mould our features silently to wear  
The image of gross sin, or dark despair.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

## February 17.

*By the grace of God I am what I am.* — I COR. XV. 10.

IT is a dreadful thing to think that the same possibilities are in us that were in the multitude that followed Christ. You think it was an awful thing for Judas to betray Jesus. How many betray Him for less than thirty pieces of silver! You think it was a terrible thing for Peter to tell such a cowardly lie, and skulk from his Master. How many do the same thing when they deny their religious faith, — when they go to places where it is unpopular, and they shrink from avowing it, or perhaps disavow it altogether. How often do men entertain the same feeling that the multitude did when they cried out, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" . . . It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful, and yet salutary to think of, — for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.

E. H. CHAPIN.

## ONE DUST.

THOU under Satan's fierce control,  
Shall Heaven its final rest bestow?  
I know not, but I know a soul  
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill  
Soe'er thy feet have found or trod:  
I know a spirit and a will  
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full-day laborers stand,  
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?  
I know not, but I know a hand  
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,  
 E'er wear the crown the Christian wears?  
 I know not, but I know a heart  
 As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!  
 For even while I name Thy name,  
 I know a tongue that might have lied  
 Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights, — just, unjust,  
 The weak who faint, the frail who fall, —  
 Of one blood, of the self-same dust,  
 Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

ALICE CARY.



## February 18.

*Take heed unto thyself.* — 1 TIM. iv. 16.

THE lightest cloud before the sun will prevent it from focusing its rays to a burning point on the convex glass. And the small, thin, fleeting, scarcely visible acts of self-will that sometimes pass across our skies, will prevent our feeling the warmth of Christ's love upon our shrouded hearts. Every known piece of rebellion against Christ will shatter all true enjoyment of His favor, unless we are hopeless hypocrites or self-deceived. The condition of knowing and feeling the warmth and blessedness of Christ's love to me is the honest submission of my nature to His commandments. You cannot rejoice in Jesus Christ unless you do His will.

ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

## THE DEFECTIVE LENS.

"THE lens's weight, a touch, a breath, — I dread  
 The heat itself of him who looks, — they mar  
 The image through my tube, of every star,"  
 The telescope's most far-famed maker said.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alvan Clark, Cambridge, Mass.

Struck by his words, I thought: "Such things then are  
 Those which confuse, distort God's image, shed  
 Into my soul. It is then my defect  
 Of mood, my heart's too earthly throbs, which jar  
 The perfect disk my soul would else reflect, —  
 The full-orbed God. At best a blurring lens,  
 I turn, unchanging One, to Thee: but my  
 Weak variation not to Thee extends.  
 Thanks, Lord, that Thou art so much more," I cry,  
 "Than is Thy wav'ring image in mine eye!"

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

## February 19.

*Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. — MATT. vi. 34.*

SOMETIMES I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

JOHN NEWTON.

## HOOR BY HOOR.

ONE single day  
 Is not so much to look upon. There is some way  
 Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face  
 A single day; but place  
 Too many days before sad eyes, —  
 Too many days for smothered sighs, —  
 And we lose heart,  
 Just at the start.  
 Years really are not long, nor lives, —  
 The longest which survives;



And yet to look across  
 A future we must tread, bowed by a sense of loss,  
 Bearing some burden weighing down so low  
 That we can scarcely go  
 One step ahead, — this is so hard,  
 So stern a view to face unstarred,  
 Untouched by light, so masked with dread !  
 If we would take a step ahead,  
 Be brave and keep  
 The feet quite steady, feel the breath of life  
 Sweep ever on our face again,  
 We must not look across, — looking in vain, —  
 But downward to the next close step,  
 And up. Eyes that have wept  
 Must look a little way, — not far.  
 God broke the years to hours and days,  
 That hour by hour  
 And day by day  
 Just going on a little way,  
 We might be able all along  
 To keep quite strong.  
 Should all the weights of life  
 Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife  
 With woe and struggle, meet us face to face  
 At just one place,  
 We could not go :  
 Our feet would stop ; and so  
 God lays a little on us every day,  
 And never, I believe, on all the way  
 Will burdens bear so deep,  
 Or pathways lie so steep,  
 But we can go, if by God's power  
 We only bear the burden of the hour.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

## February 20.

*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. — Ps. xxxvii. 23-24.*

AS carefully as a mother arranges the room where her child will pass the day, does God prepare each hour that opens before me. Whatever has to be done, it is His will that I should do it ; and, in order that it

should be done well, He provides the necessary time, intelligence, aptitude, and knowledge. Whatever of suffering presents itself, He expects me to bear it, even though I may not see any reason for it; and if the pain be so sharp as to call forth a cry, He gently whispers, — “Courage, my child, for it is my will.” If anything occurs to hinder my work, anything goes contrary to my prayers and projects, He has ordained it so on purpose; because He knows that too much success would make me proud, — too much ease would make me sensual; and He would teach me that the road to Heaven is not success, but labor and devotion.

GOLD DUST.

### GOD OVER ALL.

ONE adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, — one only: an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power.  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



### February 21.

*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him. — JAS. i. 5.*

IT is consonant to the whole analogy of our earthly state of trial, that in this, as in other features of God's providence, we should meet with things impossible to understand, and difficult to believe, by which reason is baffled and faith tried, — acts whose purpose we see not, dispensations whose wisdom is above us, thoughts which are not our thoughts, and ways which are not

our ways. In these things we hear, as it were, the same loving voice which spoke to the wondering disciples of old : " What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL.

### WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

SOMETIMES deep in my soul  
I sadly look,  
And try to read it, as I oft have read  
A strange, mysterious book,

Wherein the thought, beyond  
My laboring brain,  
Has vexed me in a long and vain attempt  
Its meanings to obtain.

How can I comprehend  
This soul of mine, —  
The true, the false, the clear, the complicate,  
The human, the divine ?

What mazes do I find ?  
Where do they tend ?  
Of all I read, what do I understand,  
Or fail to apprehend ?

Alas, I cannot tell !  
Sometimes I see  
The deepest, holiest truth flash full and clear, —  
Then all is dark to me.

So when into my soul  
I sadly look,  
I am as one who dreams, or vaguely reads  
A strange, mysterious book ;

He fails to comprehend  
Except in part,  
And often turns unsatisfied away,  
With aching brain and heart.

Unless there come to him  
 Some teacher wise,  
 Who will unfold the subtle, hidden thought  
 That deep within it lies.

So come, O Christ, to me : —  
 Nay, — I will go  
 Out of myself to Thee, and Thou, O Lord,  
 Wilt teach what I would know.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

## February 22.

*And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.* — ROM. viii. 28.

WHY has God given us souls, and exposed us to sorrow, temptation and trial? Science here is dumb; but the spirit of Christianity, which is identical with the profoundest breathings of our common human heart, replies: "For discipline and preparation; for the formation of character, for the development of our individual personality."

### "ALL THINGS."

LORD, give me but the faith to grasp  
 And make this promise mine. —  
 Let but this star Thy love has set  
 Amid life's darkness shine;  
 And all my heart in perfect peace,  
 Whatever life may bring,  
 Shall stay itself upon that word,  
 And 'mid the darkness sing.

Blest solace for the weary heart  
 Blest haven, whence my soul  
 Looks out with calm, unfaltering trust,  
 Though fierce life's surges roll;  
 Blest rock of refuge in whose cleft  
 I hide from day to day,  
 And, resting on His plighted word,  
 Just wait, and trust, and pray.

“ All things ! ” what though each cherished hope,—  
 Each fond ambition fail!  
 Though doubt and fear, though loss and death,  
 My trembling soul assail!  
 God forms of these a bridge of love,  
 And, stretching out His hand,  
 He bids me cross, and by His side,  
 In perfect safety stand.

“ All things ! ” then e’en the tears that fall  
 Amid the gloom and night  
 God’s smile can turn to rainbow hues  
 Of promise fair and bright ;  
 Oh ! promise of a loving God,  
 Who felt His children’s need !  
 Since I am His, I claim Him mine, —  
 And I am rich indeed.



## February 23.

*Turn thou to thy God : keep mercy and judgment, and wait on thy God continually.* — HOSEA xii. 6.

*I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.* — ISA. xliii. 25.

WHY is it that God thus brings himself to our notice ? Why has He implanted in our nature that which so compels our thoughts to turn toward Himself ? It is because the soul *must* come to God. It has no other resting-place for its thoughts ; no other answer for its inquiries ; no other centre for its aspirations ; no other foundation for its hopes. He would have us learn all this, and feel it now. He would have us turn to Him with the sentiment of trust, obedience, and love ; the sentiment that accepts every token that He holds out to it as a new appeal, demanding the complete fidelity of the soul to Him.

OWEN STREET, D. D.

THE sins of youth are the shadows of old age.

## TURNING TO GOD.

IF, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,  
 A thousand times Thy patient love I tried;  
 With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sear,  
 Thy gifts perverted, and Thy power defied, —  
 Oh, grant me, now that wintry snows appear  
 Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide, —  
 Grant me with reverential awe to hear  
 Thy holy voice, and in Thy word confide!  
 Blot from my book of life its early stain!  
 Since days misspent will never more return,  
 My future path do Thou in mercy trace;  
 So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,  
 That all the trust which, in Thy name I place,  
 Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain!

PIETRO BEMBO, 1470-1547.



## February 24.

*Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. — HEB. v. 8, 9.*

GIVE me freedom, give me knowledge, give me breadth of experience; I would have it all. No memory is so hallowed, no memory is so dear, as that of temptation nobly withstood, or of suffering nobly endured. What is it that we gather and garner up from the solemn story of the world, like its struggles, its sorrows, its martyrdoms? Come to the great battle, thou wrestling, glorious, marred nature! Strong nature! weak nature! Come to the great battle, and in this mortal strife strike for immortal victory! The highest Son of God, the best beloved of Heaven that ever stood upon earth, was "made perfect through suffering," and sweeter shall be the cup of immortal joy, for that it once was dashed with bitter drops of pain and

sorrow ; and brighter shall roll the everlasting ages, for the dark shadows that clouded the birth-time of our being.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

EVERY sorrow has found its place in life, and we would have been losers, if we had been without it. Chance acquaintances have had their meaning, and done their work, and somehow it seems as if foreseeing love itself could not have woven the web of life differently from what it is, even if it had woven it of love alone.

### TRUST, PRAISE, AND THANKS.

FOR us, whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.  
Grief may be joy misunderstood :  
Only the good discerns the good.  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won !  
We will not struggle nor impugn ;  
Perhaps the cup was broken here  
That heaven's new wine might shine more clear.  
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on,  
I love Thee while my days go on !  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With empty arms and treasure lost.  
I thank Thee while my days go on !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### February 25.

*I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word  
do I hope.* — Ps. cxxx. 5.

IT is better to be restless and unsatisfied than to find rest and satisfaction in anything lower than the highest. But we need not be restless or unsatisfied.

There is a rest in expectation, a satisfaction in the assurance that the highest belongs to us, though we have not reached it yet. That rest in expectation we may all have now if we believe in God and know we are His children. Every taste of Him that we have ever had becomes a prophecy of His perfect giving of Himself to us. It is as when a pool lies far up in the dry rocks and hears the tide and knows that her refreshment and replenishing are coming. How patient she is! The other pools nearer the shore catch the sea first, and she hears them leaping and laughing, but she waits patiently. She knows the tide will not turn back till it has reached her. And by and by the blessed moment comes. The last ridge of rock is overwashed. The stream pours in — at first a trickling thread sent only at the supreme effort of the largest wave, but by and by the great sea in its fulness. It gives the waiting pool itself, and she is satisfied. So it will certainly be with us if we wait for the Lord, however He delays, and refuse to let ourselves be satisfied with any supply but Him.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

### REST IN GOD.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!  
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.  
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavor, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and His will to serve.  
But, O Thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

WILLIAM COWPER.



## February 26.

*As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. — 1 PET. iv. 10.*

A thing that is for you to do, nobody else can do. Undone by you, it lacks just that which you only can put into it. These human capacities are not worked up to their honest, reasonable limit; and we do not guess how near the divine the best humanity may be. . . It is bad working, injudicious working, not overworking, that wrecks and slays.

## GIFTS.

THERE was never on earth a gift like mine;  
 For what the Lord gave me  
 He gave not unto thee,  
 But intrusted thee with a new design.  
 Then unto each gave He  
 Command to walk, with the gift He 'd given,  
 From the lowly earth to the lofty Heaven.

But the gift He gave to thee  
 I coveted, as thou didst mine;  
 And the word of the Lord divine  
 Was broken by you and me.  
 So we sit by the way and pine,  
 When we might have gone, with the gift He 'd given,  
 From the lowly earth to the lofty Heaven.

E. R. CHAMPLIN.

## February 27.

*Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens. — PSA. cxxiii. 1.*

IN the agony of a wounded conscience, always look upward to God to keep thy soul steady: for, looking downward on thyself, thou shalt find nothing but what shall increase thy fear: infinite sins, — good deeds

few and imperfect. It is not thy faith, but God's faithfulness thou must rely on. Casting thine eyes down to thyself, to behold the great distance between what thou desirest, and what thou deservest, is enough to make thee giddy, stagger, and reel unto despair. Ever, therefore, lift up thine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh thy help.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

### REPENTANCE.

FATHER, before Thy footstool humbly kneeling,  
Again I bring my erring life to Thee,  
With all its sin, its doubt, and lack of feeling,  
With all its weakness Thou alone canst see.

Help me ! with strength and courage almost failing,  
My heart at last grown faint with doubt and fear,  
E'en now I turn from sorrow unavailing,  
And dare to come to Thee for help and cheer.

Dear Lord, Thou only know'st what sore temptation,  
With all its evil power, my soul assailed ;  
And how my heart, in bitter tribulation,  
'Gainst Thee rebelled, because my strength had failed.

Thou knowest, too, Lord, by what dark despairing  
My faith in Thee seemed almost overthrown ;  
And how I tried, my heavy burden bearing,  
To come to Thee for help, and Thee alone.

Show me, dear Father, at Thy feet now bending,  
Confessing all my sin and passion wild,  
That still, I, through Thy mercy never ending,  
May claim forgiveness, — Thy repentant child.

Grant me new faith and courage for the morrow ;  
Let me not shrink from any unknown way ;  
And from Thy loving promise, let me borrow  
New strength and blessing for the untried day.

Help me to feel Thy loving presence near me ;  
In every hour of trial, or of need,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, hear me !  
And let me love and cling to Thee indeed.

NEIL LESLIE.

## February 28.

*Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. —* PSA. cxix. 117.

FAITH is the happy consciousness that God is around us with His perpetual care, beneath us with His supreme power, above us with His providential blessing, within us with His constant inspiration.

LET us lift up our hearts ; let us be bold and brave in our faith, that when we are weak, we may become strong, and do all things, bear all things, become all things, through Him who strengthens us.

## THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
“ Oh, mother ! take my hand.” said she,  
“ And then the dark will all be light.”

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before ;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small, and hope delays ;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## February 29.

*The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* — PROV. iv. 18.

IT is a high day in any man's life, and always a quickening of the divine pulse-beat of the race, when, with Andrew, his divine possibilities utter their prophecies in the declaration, "I have found the Christ." But every true conversion is only the beginning of the soul's discovery of the Saviour. Conversion is the springtime of character. The heat and the storm, the strifes with the elements that strengthen and destroy, are yet to come. Conversion is the point from whence we follow on to know the Lord. The work of Christ within and upon the redeemed soul is unending. The study of Christ is exhaustless; we never graduate from the school of our divine Teacher. . . . Nearly thirty years after Paul's conversion, — after all those years of intense and herculean toil and thought, his most passionate desire was that he might know the Christ. One of the women of Browning's poetry went through the days with her

"Eyes upturned,  
As if life were one long and sweet surprise."

Such the Christ-life ever is to the disciple who walks with expectant eyes upon his Master. Christ is ever new to the Christian whose vision of the Lord is not obscured by the shadow of his own selfishness. The grace of the Lord is ever mightier to the arms of faith; His beauty grows evermore resplendent to the pure in heart; His salvation is an ever-deepening reality to the obedient. The discovery and revelation of Christ is the business of life, — is the worth of life; it is an unending occupation.

G. D. HERRON.

## DAWN.

INTO the darkness comes the day,  
But not with sudden burst of splendor ;  
The shadows are 'slowly driven away  
By touches of light that are faint and tender ;  
At first just a flush on the eastern sky, —  
The perfect day cometh by and by.

So to soul-darkness comes the day ;  
The shadows of doubt and uncertainty linger,  
But slowly and surely they pass away  
Under the touch of Faith's gentle finger.  
Oh, walk with hope in the light thou hast, —  
To the perfect day thou shalt come at last.



## March 1.

*For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. —*  
HEB. vi. 10.

ALL that a man can do in this world is to live honestly, faithfully, and loyally, from day to day. What the immediate end will be, neither he nor any one else knows. He only knows that the highest success crowns those who work in the highest spirit, and that the supremest failure confronts those who work in the worst spirit. No man knows what a day may bring forth in the way of opportunity, nor at what point the door may be thrown open, which shall be the entrance into his great chance for life. The only assurance that we are not missing the one opportunity lies in making the most of *every* opportunity ; in treating every day as if it were the one eventful day of life ; in trying every door as if it were the one entrance to the palace ; in doing every piece of work as if upon our fidelity depended all our future lives. The man who

works in this spirit may safely leave the future with God. Whatever material success is worth having, he will command. Better than all, he will be sure of that greater success which is expressed in character, that "sublime health which values one moment as another, and makes us great in all conditions, and is the only definition we possess of freedom and power."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

### WHAT CAN I DO TO-DAY?

WHAT can I do to-day?  
 Not praise to win, or glory to attain;  
 Not gold, or ease, or power, or love to gain,  
 Or pleasure gay;  
 But to impart  
 Joy to some stricken heart,  
 To send a heaven-born ray  
 Of hope, some sad, despairing  
 Soul to cheer,  
 To lift some weighing doubt,  
 Make truth more clear,  
 Dispel some dwarfing care,  
 To lull some pain,  
 Bring to the fold again  
 Some lamb astray,  
 To brighten life for some one,  
 Now and here, —  
*This* let me do to-day.

A. R. W.

### March 2.

*Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud: for the Lord hath spoken.* — JER. xiii. 15.

THE silence of the soul, where all is at rest, all silent before God, cannot last long in this life; but let us at least, having spoken to God, listen for His voice.

JACQUES B. BOSSUET.

## LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,  
I hear it in the light ;  
Where *is* the voice that calls to me  
With such a quiet might ?  
It seems but echo to my thought,  
And yet beyond the stars ;  
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,  
And yet the planet jars !

Oh, may it be that far within  
My inmost soul there lies  
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with  
Those voices of surprise ?  
And can it be, by night and day,  
That firmament serene  
Is just the Heaven where God Himself,  
The Father, dwells unseen ?

O God within, so close to me  
That every thought is plain,  
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,  
And in Thy heaven reign !  
Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul !  
Thy words are sweet and strong ;  
They fill my inward silences  
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,  
And loud rebuke my ill ;  
They ring my bells of victory,  
They breathe my " Peace, be still ! "  
They ever seem to say : " My child,  
Why seek me so all day ?  
Now journey inward to thyself,  
And listen by the way ! "

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

## March 3.

*When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? — JOB xxxiv. 29.*

I TRAVELLED along a broad highway, where was so much dust and tumult that my soul became weary. I looked often to the right and to the left for a diverging road; but I was hurried forward by the tumultuous crowd, and could hardly retain my senses. Then my Heavenly Friend sought me in the throng, led me forth by secret ways, and brought me into a green meadow, and by still waters. Ah! how well was it with me there! I have experienced the blessing which the soul enjoys when it quietly rests in God.

FRIEDRICH A. G. THOLUCK.

OUR short-sighted eyes cannot see dangers; or, seeing them, are appalled. There is no safe way through the wilderness of this world, but as one crosses a foaming torrent, — fix your eyes upon God. and on the other side.

ANNA WARNER.

## MORNING PRAYER.

O SILENCE, deep and strange!  
The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie;  
No stir of life, save on yon woodland range  
The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,  
I have no memory of grief or care;  
Of all the things which vexed my soul of late,  
I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band  
Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me  
A bridge, whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,  
I cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee.

*From the German of J. F. Eichendorff.*



## March 4.

*The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ? The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? — Ps. xxvii. 1.*

THROUGH this visible and sometimes darkened life, it was intended that the brightness of the soul should shine ; and that it should shine through all its surrounding cares and labors. The humblest life which any one of us leads may be what has been expressively denominated “the life of God in the soul.” It may hold a felt connection with its infinite source. It may derive an inexpressible sublimity from that connection. Yes, there may be something of God in our daily life ; something of might in this frail inner man ; something of immortality in this momentary and transient being.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

## OUR LIFE.

OUR life is scarce the twinkle of a star  
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim  
With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,  
And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.  
I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar  
His grace and blessing, and I fall supine ;  
In my own hands my want and weakness are,  
My strength, O God, in Thine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## March 5.

*I have created him for my glory, I have formed him ; yea, I have made him. — Isa. xliii. 7.*

IT is not until after repeated experiences of our own helplessness that we learn to stay ourselves on an Everlasting Arm.

CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER

(Late Bishop of Winchester).

If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in God?

BLAISE PASCAL.

### GOD'S REST.

MADE for Thyself, O God !  
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight ;  
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;  
 Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud.  
 O strange and glorious thought, that we may be  
 A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away  
 From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems  
 'T was made for its poor self, for passing dreams ;  
 Chasing illusions melting day by day ;  
 Till for ourselves we read on this world's best  
 " This is not rest."

Nor can the vain toil cease,  
 Till, in the shadowy maze of life, we meet  
 One who can guide our aching, wayward feet  
 To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.  
 In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled, —  
 Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !  
 (Would it were shared by all the weary world !)  
 'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,  
 We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet.  
 Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,  
 And know God's rest.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

### March 6.

*Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from  
 secret faults. — Ps. xix. 12.*

YOU have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it ; and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways towards Heaven, but cannot ascend thither, because it is anchored to some secret sin.

## SINNE.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!  
 Parents first season us: then schoolmasters  
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound  
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sinne,  
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,  
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,  
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,  
 The sound of glorie ringing in our eares;  
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;  
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences, and their whole aray,  
 One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1632.



## March 7.

*Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. — LUKE vii. 47.*

GOD sees hearts as we see faces.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LET no man despair of God's mercies to forgive him, unless he be sure that his sins be greater than God's mercies. It is impossible for that man to despair, who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## MY ENDEAVOR.

*Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.* — JOHN xxi. 16.

I STRIVE, but fail. O why, dear Lord,  
Must this my constant record be?  
Why finds each daily westering sun  
My work for Thee but half begun,  
Or done, alas! so selfishly?

I'm tempted oft, and often yield,  
For pleasure hath a siren voice;  
She sings my scruples quite away,  
And with her charming roundelay  
Deprives me of the power of choice.

My faith is strong when skies are bright,  
But sunny days are all too brief;  
When clouds arise, and sorrows come,  
My lips are sealed, my heart is dumb,  
And full of weary unbelief.

But this, dear Lord, my comfort is:  
My troubled heart is known to Thee;  
Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord,  
And, Saviour mine, I have Thy word  
That this shall my salvation be.

CHARLES A. DICKINSON.

## March 8.

*The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God.* — ROM. viii. 19.

*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.* — ROM. viii. 14.

THE work of God moves on through the revealing of the sons of God. Now, suppose any soul fails of its higher capacities, and remains stunted and unrevealed. Is that merely a personal loss of happiness or

of salvation? On the contrary, it is a loss so vast as to make every personal motive shrink into insignificance. It is simply so far the retarding of the perfect and universal work of God. There are purposes which God himself cannot fulfil on earth except through you, and every sin of yours is a barrier set in God's way. When a man says that to himself, he has a motive worth having. To be sinning, not against one's self, but against the universe; in the petty yielding to your own indolence or neglect to be a hinderer of God's great ends in the world, — that is what gives awfulness to every thought of sin. To injure, blot, ruin one's self, — that may be a small matter; but to hold back the vast mechanism of creation, — that gives your little life significance.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.



## THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE.

NOT only once He comes,  
 IN that dim hour when, life and death between,  
 Floats the half-liberated soul, while far  
 And faint the nearer lamps and voices grow,  
 And farther, fainter, rather guessed than seen,  
 Glimmers the light of Heaven like glimmering star,  
 And sounds the summons which the dying know  
 To be His voice whom spirits all obey, —  
 Not only then, dear Lord, but every day.

Yes, every day He comes!  
 Not in the earthly form that once He bore,  
 Nor in the glorious shape which now He wears;  
 In mean attire, and toil-worn, painful guise,  
 He stands and calls beside our path, our door;  
 Weary and spent He comes, His wound He bares,  
 And bends on us His deep, appealing eyes,  
 Which, voiceless, find a voice, and speak and say,  
 "T is I who call thee, child, — wilt thou obey?"

In various shapes He comes!  
 When life grows difficult, and cares wax strong,  
 And pain and patience prove too hard a load,

And grief makes sorrowful the fairest noon,  
 And sorrows press and crowd, an armed throng,  
 And fierce temptations lurk along the road,  
 And day is hot, and night falls all too soon, —  
 Still in these grievous things Himself we see,  
 And, puzzled, trustful, murmur, "It is He!"

I'm glad because He comes !  
 That His blest visits are of every day,  
 To sweeten toil, to give that toil reward ;  
 And, when the summons soundeth clear and low,  
 Let us rebuke our lagging souls, and say,  
 It is, — oh, wondrous thought ! it is the Lord  
 Who deigns to claim thy help and service so !  
 Be quick, my soul, nor mar thy high estate ;  
 Thy Lord and Master calls ! let Him not wait.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### March 9.

*Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything  
 as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God. — 2 COR.  
 iii. 5.*

TO character and success, two things, contradictory as  
 they may seem, must go together, — humble depend-  
 ence and manly independence ; humble dependence on  
 God, and manly reliance on self.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and  
 rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in  
 hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and  
 activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for  
 us to depend upon ; and, again, when we have done all  
 this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if  
 we had made no preparations at all.

ROBERT SOUTH

## POTENTIA.

*(Possunt quia posse videntur.)*

THOU canst not fail ! The future all unknown  
Lies in thy power, — its secrets are thine own.  
There's not a task that thou canst not fulfil,  
Strong in the thought, "as thou thyself shalt will."

Thou canst not fail ! What to the world's cold view  
Seems failure, in God's sight is courage true ;  
'T is not thy life that's failed, — sweet comfort still, —  
For what thy life is, "thou thyself shalt will."

And canst thou fail when in temptation's hour  
Fierce foes assail, and threatening sin-clouds lower ?  
A way is given, — escape from every ill,  
Thine is the choice, — "as thou thyself shalt will."

Will sorrow come ? dark hours of pain ?  
Yes, but as gently as the falling rain ;  
Canst thou not see how they God's plans fulfil ?  
*His strength is thine, as thou thyself shalt will.*

Whence is this power ? I lift my wondering eyes  
Unto the hills ; in glad and sweet surprise  
List to the voice, — its breath my being fills,  
'T is God in thee, — 't is He in thee that wills.

And can it be that He in me doth dwell,  
Day unto day ? Then I must sin dispel ;  
My soul a temple worthy Him to fill !  
Thou canst not fail ! "as thou thyself shalt will."

CLARA BANCROFT.

## March 10.

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.* — Ps. cxxi. 1.

*My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long.* — Ps. xxxv. 28.

THE only use of time is in bringing the heart into partnership with high principles, and thus rising into fellowship with God. As the Emperor Titus said, "I have lost a day," when he could think of no good action he had done during the sun's circuit, we must judge ourselves in the blaze of the fact that every day is lost, according to the heavenly notation, that has not been ennobled and spiritualized by the action of some moral and celestial quality, either in restraining passion, or doing something, or giving something, or cherishing some devout sentiment, — so that a truth, a principle, has become a more ready guest, through us, in this world of conflict and sin.

THOMAS STARR KING.

## LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

IN Alpine valleys, they who watch for dawn  
Look never to the east ; but fix their eyes  
On loftier mountain-peaks of snow, which rise  
To west or south.

Before the happy morn  
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn  
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies  
That it is near, — flushing, in glad surprise,  
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,  
Discover that God's great new day begins,  
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light  
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.  
Such mystic light as this a great soul wins,  
Who overlooks earth's wall of griefs and sins,  
And, steadfast, always, gazing on the white  
Great throne of God, can call aloud with deep,  
Pure voice of truth, to waken them who sleep.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

BAD-GASTEIN, AUSTRIA.



## March II.

*And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*  
— MATT. XXV. 40.

HOW strange and beautiful it is to know that not only the great deeds that come to us to perform, perchance but once or twice in life, are noted *There*; but the least action, if done because of love to Christ, finds a place in the record of cups of cold water given in His name, — the record whose trial test is not the value of the action, as we mortals count value, but the motive; not the beauty of the flower, but the root from which it springs, — that is what makes its worth there, — the root, love to Christ. Ah! it is that love that twines our hearts about His heart, — the heart of Christ, — as the vine twines about the oak, — that love that bids us cling so close, so close, almost we seem to rest our throbbing hearts against His heart of infinite Peace and infinite Help.

ROSE PORTER.

### GIFTS.

WHAT shall I give to Thee, O Lord?  
The kings that came of old  
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude  
Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood;  
Their ashes strewed Thy way;  
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,  
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death;  
Our gifts to man we give;  
Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth,  
Oh, what dost Thou receive?

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things,  
My store is scant and small:  
Yet, wert Thou here in want and woe,  
Lord, I would give Thee all!

Show me Thyself in flesh once more ;  
 Thy feast I long to spread ;  
 To bring the water for Thy feet,  
 The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights :  
 " Unclose thine eyes and see, —  
 Gifts to the least of those I love  
 Thou givest unto me."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## March 12.

*For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. — GAL. vi. 3.*

NOTHING is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry ; nor nobly, which is done in pride.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THIS is the law of benefits between men : the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.

SENECA.

## BELIEVE, BUT NOT IN OURSELVES.

BECAUSE we 've ta'en a bit of cloth, or loaf,  
 To some poor cottage, 'neath a tottering roof,  
 Like a nest hid among the wind-blown leaves ;  
 Because we cast the scraps one not perceives  
 To starving infancy, or aged woe,  
 To poverty, — God's presence here below, —  
 Because beneath our board we let Christ feed ;  
 We 're virtuous, and we praise our bounteous deed !

All our best actions are not worth one rose ;  
 Soon as one grain of kindness we disclose,  
 We boast. Alas ! vain breaths, that flee away !  
 God gives the dawn, nor reckons every ray ;

Gives dew to flowers, nor reckons every drop.  
 We all are naught, — our merits well might stop  
 In hollow of the stone where drinks the bird.  
 Man, pygmy man ! by giant pride is stirred.

God, who alone is living, dread, kind, true, —  
 Who judges, loves, forgives, constructs, destroys, —  
 Beholds our loftiest acts with pitying eyes.  
 O quickly fleeting ! your own help disown, —  
 Think, — live upon your knees, — trust God alone ;  
 Try to be wise, meek, good, with anxious care,  
 Nor take one step which is not propt by prayer.

God only great, the humble flowerets name,  
 God only true, the mighty floods proclaim,  
 God only good, winds tell, from spot to spot.  
 O man ! let idle vaunts deceive you not.

VICTOR HUGO.

*Translated by Henry Carrington.*

## March 13.

*Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. — ISA. xlix. 15.*

THE moment we see that around all the darkness and uncertainty of this life, — as around this dark, lowering, misty morning arches the blue sky, — arches the love of God, and the brightness of His majesty breaks upon us, — all becomes changed. It is the master-key to every riddle, the clue to every labyrinth, the one sure light to light us in our darkness.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

SHALL He, beneath whose everlasting wing  
 We have sought shelter, e'er forget us ? Yes ;  
 When the neglectful sea forgets its tides,  
 Or skies grow weary of their glorious stars,

Or the sun trips in mid-air, — rushes off  
 Into the distance of oblivious space,  
 Then we may be forgotten; nay, not then,  
 Not even then; let all the universe  
 Break loose or crumble into ancient dust,  
 There still remains the constant love of God.  
 No flux of tide in that eternal love;  
 Always the same, a calm, unchanging sea,  
 Which never knew a shipwreck nor a storm.

HORATIUS BONAR.

### March 14.

*And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but  
 he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. —*

I JOHN ii. 17.

NOTHING of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last forever; but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom, in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

## OUR SUPREME NEED.

ATTEMPT how monstrous ! and how surely vain !  
 With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,  
 With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,  
 To satisfy and fill the immortal soul !  
 Attempt, vain inconceivably ! attempt  
 To satisfy the ocean with a drop ;  
 To marry Immortality to Death ;  
 And, with the unsubstantial Shade of Time,  
 To fill the embrace of all Eternity.

ROBERT POLLOK.

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 March 15.

*In everything give thanks : for this is the will of God in  
 Christ Jesus concerning you. — 1 THESS. v. 18.*

SHALL I receive good from the Hand of the Lord,  
 and should I not also receive evil? And receiving  
 from the Lord means receiving *thankfully*, as what is a  
 certain good, because coming from Him, although it may  
 seem “no ways joyous, but grievous.”

BARONESS FRANCES VON BUNSEN.

WHY should a living soul complain? Up, man, up !  
 and cease thy moaning ; enough of plaint, break forth  
 into praise. The past is gone, let the dead past bury  
 it. But he is richer than the angels who has left what  
 you have left, — God, a living soul, and eternity.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

## THE CUP OF LIFE.

I HOLD with trembling hand the full, rich cup  
 Which God has given unto me to drink, —  
 Such generous dole that not one added drop  
 Could fall within, and not o'erbrim its wealth.  
 I would my hold were stronger, but, alas !  
 The strongest arm is weak indeed against  
 The purposes of God. Ah ! blest be he  
 Who still can give God thanks when all the wine  
 Life yields is spilled, and naught is left but lees.  
 Couldst thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan

When, on a time, a northeast wind did breathe  
 Upon thy calm, vexing thy life with plaints  
 That would have best befitted a tempest storm?  
 But now the wind has lulled, 't is well and wise  
 To search thy soul, and question of its strength, —  
 That if again a few drops from thy cup  
 Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve  
 As if the richness of thy draught were gone.  
 Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,  
 Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few  
 Wherein thou mournest over what He takes.

CLARA J. MOORE

## March 16.

*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. — Ps. xlv. 1.*

THE simplest and most obvious use of sorrow is to remind us of God. It would seem that a certain shock is needed to bring us in contact with reality. We are not conscious of breathing till obstruction makes it felt. We are not aware of the possession of a heart till some disease, some sudden joy or sorrow, rouses it into extraordinary action. And we are not conscious of the mighty cravings of our half-divine humanity; we are not aware of the God within us, till some chasm yawns which must be filled, or till the rending asunder of our affections forces us to become fearfully conscious of a need.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## A PRESENT HELP.

WHEN in hours of fear and failing,  
 All but quite our heart despairs;  
 When with sickness driven to wailing,  
 Anguish at our bosom tears, —  
 Then our loved ones we remember,  
 All their grief and trouble rue;  
 And the clouds of our December  
 Let no beam of hope shine through;

Oh, but then God bends Him o'er us !  
 Then His love grows very clear ;  
 Long we heavenward then, — before us  
 Lo, His angel standing near !  
 Fresh the cup of life He reaches,  
 Whispers courage, comfort new ;  
 Nor in vain our prayer beseeches  
 Rest for the beloved too.

SPIRITUAL SONG OF NOVALIS.

(Translated by George Macdonald.)

## March 17.

*For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. — ISA. xli. 13.*

IT is aye hard to place one's whole trust and confidence in God ; but this alone can take the sting from earthly sorrow, — it does take it, indeed. I do not think the trust you should try to feel is that God will avert everything, but to trust implicitly that what He orders is for the best ; to feel that He is your nearest, dearest, firmest, — friend ; and, when you are in trouble, you can, as it were, put your hand out and lean on His Almighty Arm : this alone can take the sting from earthly sorrow.

ARTHUR M. KAVANAGH.

WHOEVER would be sustained by the Hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it ; whosoever would be defended by it, let him constantly lean upon it ; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.

JOHN CALVIN.

HOLD THOU MY HANDS.

HOLD Thou my hands !  
 In grief and joy, in hope and fear,  
 Lord, let me feel that Thou art near :  
 Hold Thou my hands !

If e'er, by doubts  
Of Thy good Fatherhood depressed,  
I cannot find in Thee my rest,  
Hold Thou my hands !

Hold Thou my hands, —  
These passionate hands too quick to smite,  
These hands so eager for delight, —  
Hold Thou my hands.

And when, at length,  
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,  
I seek some last loved hand to hold, —  
Hold Thou my hands !

WILLIAM CANTON.

## March 18.

*My times are in thy hand.* — Ps. xxxi. 15.

THE Lord's people are to enjoy security in places of the greatest exposure ; wildernesses and woods are to be as pastures and folds to the flock of Christ. If the Lord does not change the place for the better, He will make us the better in the place. The wilderness is not a place to dwell in, but the Lord can make it so ; in the woods, one feels bound to watch rather than to sleep, and yet the Lord giveth His beloved sleep even there ! Nothing without nor within should cause any fear to the child of God. By faith the wilderness can become the suburbs of Heaven, and the woods the vestibule of glory.

C. H. SPURGEON.

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

I NEED not care  
If days to come be dark or fair,  
If the sweet summer brings delight  
Or bitter winter chills the air.



No thought of mine  
Can penetrate the deep design  
That forms afar, through buds and bloom,  
The purple clusters of the vine.

I do not know  
The subtle secret of the snow,  
That hides away the violets  
Till April teaches them to blow.

Enough for me  
Their tender loveliness to see,  
Assured that little things and large  
Fulfil God's purpose equally.

How this is planned,  
Or that, I may not understand ;  
I am content, my God, to know  
That all my times are in Thy hand.

Whatever share  
Of loss, or loneliness, or care,  
Falls to my lot, it cannot be  
More than Thy will for me to bear.

And none the less,  
Whatever sweet thing comes to bless  
And gladden me, Thou art its source, —  
The sender of my happiness.

Add this to me,  
With other gracious gifts so free,  
That I may never turn my face  
In any evil hour from Thee,

Nor on the sand  
Of shifting faith and feeling stand ;  
But wake and sleep with equal trust,  
Knowing "my times are in Thy hand."

MARY BRADLEY.

## March 19.

*Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever. — Ps. cxlv. 2.*

CHRISTIANITY is a spirit flowing through every channel of action, consecrating all we do, making every day holy, and every spot sacred.

E. H. CHAPIN.

## LORD'S DAY.

I THINK that all our days should be Lord's days,  
And sacred to His service. Do we need  
Church-calling bells Godward our steps to lead?  
Organs and choirs to stimulate our praise,  
And well-read homilies our souls to raise  
Above their week-long earthliness and greed?  
Alas! what profit is it, if succeed  
To one sweet day employed in hallowed ways  
Six spent in worldliness, and sloth, and pride?  
Dear Sabbath! pearl of price! that we should dare  
To set thee in such tinsel for the wear  
Of the great King! How shall our work abide  
When He shall come like a consuming fire,  
And dross shall melt beneath His sacred ire?

CAROLINE A. MASON.

## March 20.

*The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. — LAM. iii. 25.*

LET believers learn to suspend their desires if God does not stretch out His hand to help as soon as they think necessity requires. Whatever may be His delays, He never sleeps, and never forgets His people.

JOHN CALVIN.

IMPATIENCE is unbelief.

## DRAXY'S HYMN.

I CANNOT think but God must know  
 About the thing I long for so;  
 I know He is so good, so kind,  
 I cannot think but he will find  
 Some way to help, some way to show  
 Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand, — it lies so near;  
 It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.  
 "Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know  
 If it is wrong to want it so!"  
 He only smiles, — He does not speak:  
 My heart grows weaker and more weak,  
 With looking at the thing so dear,  
 Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet  
 This thing which looks so near, so sweet;  
 I will not seek, I will not long, —  
 I almost fear I have been wrong;  
 I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,  
 And wait, till by some loud, clear word,  
 Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,  
 To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

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 March 21.

*And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him. — 1 JOHN V. 14, 15.*

PRAYER for the conversion of particular men seems thus to be assured of fulfilment. The freedom of the will is not impaired by any amount of persuasion. *God's power of persuasion is unlimited, and must therefore prevail.*

CHRISTIAN UNION.

EXPERIENCE of forgiveness and love will clothe your words with reality and power. . . . Results are with God. You cannot force conviction. You cannot create. You can only sow seed. You can only persuade. You can only pray. Enough for you to know that what you do is well pleasing in the sight of God as the offering of a grateful and loving heart. Enough for you to know that no word spoken for Him ever falls to the ground. Enough for you to know that "labor in the Lord is not in vain."

CANON FRANCIS PIGOU.

### THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

LORD, give me this soul!  
 I have waked for it when I should have slept,  
 I have yearned over it, and I have wept,  
 Till in my own the thought of it has sway  
 All through the night and day.

Lord, give me this soul!  
 If I might only lift its broken strands,  
 To lay them gently in Thy loving hands, —  
 If I might know it had found peace in Thee,  
 What rest, what peace to me!

Thou wilt give me this soul!  
 Else why the joy, the grief, the doubt, the pain,  
 The thought perpetual. — the one refrain,  
 The ceaseless longing that upon Thy breast  
 The tempest-tossed may rest?  
 Dear Lord, give me this soul!



### March 22.

*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.* — PHIL. ii. 5.

DO not be thinking how much more of this or that you might have done. We should do what we can for the sake of obeying God, not for our pleasure; and, acting from this motive, we may learn to be willing even

to be useless, if it be His will. This may seem more than God requires ; but, I believe, if we knew ourselves thoroughly, we should ever be suspicious of all feelings which look to personal comparisons. We should be thankful for the one talent, not dissatisfied that we have not the many, knowing that we may please God and accomplish the end of our being in the one case as well as the other. And, as it regards the good we may do, do we not often see Him using feeble means to effect great ends? At all events, it is our duty to be satisfied with what He has thought sufficient for us.

MARY WARE.

### LEARN DIVINE CONTENT.

WHEN in the pathway of God's will  
Thou seemest at a stand,  
Fretting for wings to scale the hill,  
And tired of foot and hand, —  
At blessed Bethlehem leave thy gloom,  
And learn divine content ;  
By manger, workshop, cross, and tomb,  
Thy Lord to triumph went.

H. C. G. MOULE.

### March 23.

*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High : to shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night. — Ps. xcii. 1, 2.*

THE present life is sleeping and waking ; it is “good-night” on going to bed, and “good-morning” on getting up ; it is to wonder what the day will bring forth ; it is rain on the window as one sits by the fire ; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers open, and hear the birds sing ; it is to have the postman bring letters ; it is to have news from East, West, North, and South ;

it is to read old books and new books ; it is to see pictures and hear music ; it is to have Sundays ; it is to pray with a family, morning and evening ; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate ; it is to have business to do, and to do it ; it is to have breakfast and dinner and tea ; it is to belong to a town, and have neighbors, and to become one in a circle of acquaintances ; it is to have friends to love ; it is to have a sight of dear old faces ; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years, and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grandchildren, and many friends.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

“MAN’S life is a gift of God,” said the eminent Persian poet, — Jelâl-ed-Deen-Roomee. Take, use wisely, and enjoy each day, but forget not the Giver.

### THROUGH LIFE.

WE slight the gifts that every season bears.  
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,  
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp  
The promised treasures of the coming years ;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away  
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,  
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,  
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,  
And leave them, one by one, and never stay,  
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was  
In each, until the closing of the door  
Has sounded through the house, and died away.  
And in our hearts we sigh, — “Forevermore.”

CHAMBERS’S JOURNAL.

## March 24.

*The Spirit is life because of righteousness.* — ROM. viii. 10.

*The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.* — ROM. viii. 16.

WHEN once the soul is rightly opened toward God, and draws its life from His Spirit, it does not need to go hunting the world for happiness, — seeking it in nature, in science, in art, in money, in pleasures, in fashion, in changes, and crying, “Who will show me any good?” It has its blessedness within, and is so full of the spirit of good, that it sees good in everything, gets good from everything, and does good to all. This is the fountain within that never fails.

JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D.

IN VAIN OUR WISTFUL HEARTS WOULD  
GRASP.

IN vain our wistful hearts would grasp  
A moment from the fairest day ;  
Scarce has it met our longing clasp,  
When 't is forever passed away !

The fragrance of the rarest flower  
That opens to the summer sun  
Swift passes with the passing hour,  
And dies, — its little service done !

The music of the sweetest lay, —  
Scarce has it met the waiting ear,  
When the loved strain has died away,  
Nor left one lingering echo here !

Yet what though still the restless tide  
Maintain its endless ebb and flow,  
If only in our souls abide  
The fountain whence its waters flow ;

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If but we feel, within the soul,  
The brooding Spirit from above, —  
The moving impulse of the whole, —  
The Infinite Source of Life and Love.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

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## March 25.

*As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from  
the heart. — EPH. vi. 6.*

DO you ask which is the happiest life? I say, from my heart, a consecrated one; be it "in the world" (so called) or out of it, in highway or byway, as God wills, still a life consecrated to a service better, higher, sweeter than that of self-enjoyment or self-success. We all want to be happy. We all seek personal joy as an instinct. Surely God meant it to be thus when He made us. Yet no less He has set the deepest sources of joy outside of self-indulgence, — in love, obedience, devotion, duty. It may seem a hard word, the last; it has a chilly sound. Yet no less it claims and possesses us more and more as our days go on. Impulse, desire, idolatry, aggressive selfhood, — one by one we lay them down. We drop our weights as we go upward. Lo! the cross, that we called Duty, changes to our crown.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

## A MORNING SONG.

I WAKE this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live;  
The future with sweet promise rife,  
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take;  
Perchance new burdens I may bear  
For love's own sweetest sake.



New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,  
Or tasks with yesterday begun  
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby, for others and for me,  
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass  
That turns my foot aside,  
In each uncurling fern I pass,  
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall  
In shade across my way,  
It seems that naught my thoughts recall  
But life of every day;

Yet if each step in shine or shower  
Be where Thy footstep trod,  
Then blest be every happy hour  
That leads me nearer God !

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### March 26.

*For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*

PHIL. i. 21.

THEN only have I attained to that which deserves the name of goodness, — to that mortal perfection of which Christ is the type, when law has passed into life, when duty has ceased to be a thing of self-denial, and has become a kind of self-indulgence, the expression of an irresistible inward impulse, the gratification of the deepest passion of the soul. Then only have I reached the elevation of nature to which Christ would exalt us,

when I not only hearken to the voice of duty, but when, listening to the inmost utterances of my own spiritual nature, it is the very same accents I hear; when the dictates of conscience not merely echo, but blend themselves indistinguishably with, the commands of the living God; and when, as I yield myself up to their sway, it is not two wills, but the one will of infinite goodness that rules and reigns within me.

JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

I KNOW not which to choose; whether to live  
A little longer here, or to depart.  
That would be sweet, — to be at rest, to toil  
No more; no more feel pain, to have no griefs,  
No anxious fears, nor for myself nor others, —  
That would be sweet; and sweeter still to have  
No more to sin, — affection or desire, —  
But to be near, and feel that nearness, near  
Unto my Lord; to have a thrilling sense  
Of blessedness, the eternity of joy  
At hand yet greater, — safe, forever safe.

So to be resting, would be sweet. And yet  
To live for Christ, to live to do His pleasure:  
To fight the fight clad in His panoply,  
Knowing that He looks on the while and smiles,  
By love unfathomable ever moved, —  
To go and tell to others of His grace,  
The bliss unutterable of the life  
That is in Him!

Surely a life so spent is blessedness,  
And all too little to repay His love,  
The love of His most costly sacrifice.  
Which shall I choose? living, to live to Christ,  
Or dying, die to Him, — which shall I choose?  
Whichever of the twain shall to Thy glory be,  
*That*, Lord, I pray Thou wilt appoint for me!

H. SWINNEY.

## March 27.

*God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.  
Submit yourselves therefore to God. — JAS. iv. 6, 7.*

PATIENT prayer is powerful prayer. If thou hast come into Christ's school, submit to His lessons and His tasks; one of them is, — "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

You like to behold and even touch the cross; but alas! when the command comes to you to *bear* it!

FÉNELON.

### THY WILL, NOT MINE.

I THOUGHT but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will,  
And that it would be sweet to say, —  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon, —  
"Thy will, my God, be done."

But I was weak and weary,  
Both weak of soul and weary of heart,  
And pride alone in me was strong  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun  
To say, "God's will be done."

O shadow, drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide;  
I said, — till ye your powers made known, —  
"God's will, not mine, be done."

Now, faint and sore afraid  
Under my cross, heavy and rude, —  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed, —  
The holy words my pale lips shun, —  
"O God, Thy will be done."

Pity my woes, O God,  
And touch my will with Thy warm breath;  
Put in my trembling hands Thy rod  
That quickens death,  
That my dead faith may feel Thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done."

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## March 28.

*My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch  
for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for  
the morning.* — Ps. cxxx. 6.

RELIGIOUS faith is not complete until it attains to the calm acceptance of the universe,—the unknown as trustworthy as the known,—nay, a thousand times more so, since what we see can at most be only the partial working out of a small portion of that which we do not see. The writer of Ecclesiastes observes upon man's misery from not knowing the future: "The misery of man is great upon him, for he knoweth not that which shall be: for who can tell him when it shall be." May we be able to sing the song of trust, that sweetest refrain of the divine rhythm of duty! With the seer of eternal things, may we be able to say, "All I have seen bids me trust the good Creator for all I have not seen."

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

## FAITH'S MESSAGE.

OUT in the stormy night,  
With not a star in sight,  
And moaning winds that wander wearily,  
Rocked in his leafy nest,  
And vexed and sore distressed,  
A little lonely bird pipes drearily.

And I, within my room,  
 Who know that morn has come.  
 In pitying love would say, "Oh, little bird,  
 The night would have no chill,  
 The rain thou would'st not feel,  
 Nor moaning wind, if thou could'st heed my word ;

For close against thy tree,  
 That seems so dark to thee,  
 E'en now the rising sun has flashed its gold,  
 And, in a moment more,  
 Exultant thou wilt soar,  
 And cleave the upper skies with pinions bold.

And thou, oh, fainting heart,  
 That shrink'st, when winds upstart,  
 And canst not rest in sorrow's bitter night,  
 If thou could'st only hear  
 Faith's message in thine ear,  
 And calmly wait until the morning light !

For morn will surely come ;  
 Even now, the shades of gloom  
 In her soft light are fading fast away ;  
 'T is but a moment more,  
 And free thy soul shall soar,  
 And speed on tireless wing to endless day.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

## March 29.

*While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. — GEN. viii. 22.*

**I**F spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change ! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual

exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"CONSIDER the lilies," and rest in the tender care which has clothed the bare earth with beauty, that everywhere, as you go about your daily tasks, you might have around you the greetings and the promises of a Father's tender, considerate love.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

### THE WINTER IS PAST.

THE Spring returns — the wintry clouds are gone ;  
 The sunlight sifts through all the tremulous air,  
 O'er vale and forests wide, — on mountains bare ;  
 An emerald robe o'er all the fields is drawn : —  
 Here are cowslips, there the violets appear ;  
 The rill's low laughter, children's joyous words,  
 The ploughman's chorus, with the song of birds,  
 In mingled cadences, are heard afar and near ;  
 The heavens above, and all that dwell beneath  
 Are keeping festival. How good art Thou,  
 O God, Thy hand in blessing on the brow  
 Of Thine own child, the earth, to lay each year !  
 How good to man, with Spring's reviving breath,  
 To bid him hope, and trust, and triumph over fear of death !

JOSIAH RICE TAYLOR.

### March 30.

*If a man die, shall he live again ? — JOB xiv. 14.*

IN those phenomena of Nature which confirm the teachings of revelation respecting another life, the condescension of God has been marvellously considerate of human weakness. The most impressive of the natural emblems of resurrection from the grave are not locked up in recondite realms of science. They are not a treasure of learning only. He has written them in the

commonest phenomena, which a child may interpret. Why is the sunrise a diurnal spectacle? Is it not in part to give us every morning a resplendent symbol of the resurrection of the dead? Why is sleep made a daily necessity to the recuperation of life? Is it not partly that we may realize to our imagination the waking from the grave? Why are the alternations of summer and winter so faithful? Is it not that the spring-time may give us proclamation, as from other worlds, of the reality of another life? The moral uses of these natural phenomena, poetry has interpreted more appreciatively often than religious faith.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

### MAN IMMORTAL.

OH! listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
 The song of our great immortality:  
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
 Join in the solemn universal song.  
 Oh! listen, ye our spirits: drink it in  
 From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight;  
 'T is floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,  
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:  
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
 By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
 The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA, SR.

## March 31.

*Lord, a home hast thou been to us, in generation and generation. — Ps. xc. 1 (as translated by Dr. J. A. Alexander).*

TIME and eternity are the same to God, but they are likewise so to me. Why make this distinction? There is but *one* Eternal. After death I shall be in eternity; but I am already in it. After death I shall be with God; but here below already I live and move and have my being in God.

JOHANN H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

AN eternal rest, a solid and enduring peace, closes round the soul of him who dwells in God.

W. F. EVANS.

## THE HEART'S HOME.

O LORD, in whom are all my springs,  
Joyful to Thee I come;  
My grateful heart exultant sings  
To know Thou art its home.

The shelter of Thy glorious arms,  
How strong, and safe, and sweet!  
From sense and sin, from all alarms,  
I fly to this retreat.

Here is my sure and tranquil rest,  
In every troubled hour;  
Weary, I lean upon Thy breast,  
And feel its soothing power.

In that dear place of purest love,  
What wings encircle me!  
Naught in the world can ever move  
My trusting heart from Thee.

My Lord! if now I find in Thee  
So blest and sweet a home,  
What shall the heavenly mansion be  
When to its door I come!

S. D. PHELPS.



## April 1.

*Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him :  
and he shall bring it to pass. — Ps. xxxvii. 5.*

MAN, from his inmost being, craves some specialty, some perceptible demonstration of God's interest in him. Without it, he is still alone, alone ! He calls aloud in anguish on the mute heavens, on the unconscious flowers, on the sullen ocean, to speak but one word, to breathe but one whisper, to exhibit one faint smile or token, in order to assure him that the God whom he adores and admires is also the loving Father whom he may love. And when this deep want of his being — which is as much entitled and as likely as any other want to be answered by the good Creator — is supplied, — when the voice of the past, enshrined among the noblest inheritances and most authentic monuments of our race, proclaims to his mind the inestimable fact, — then that Hand, which before, in dim vision, he saw coldly wielding the unalterable forces of Nature, seems to draw near, and to press with a paternal, gentle tenderness, on his very head.

SAMUEL GILMAN.

## THE SPRING IS LATE.

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields, —  
Brown sodden fields, all desolate and bare, —  
“The Spring is late,” she said, — “the faithless Spring,  
That should have come to make the meadows fair.”

Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees  
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;  
For them no green boughs wait, — their memories  
Of last year's April had deceived them so.

From 'neath a sheltering pine some tender buds  
 Looked out, and saw the hollows filled with snow;  
 On such a frozen world they closed their eyes:  
 "When Spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow?"

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad Spring,  
 The barren fields, and naked boughs of trees:  
 "Thus God has dealt with me, His child," she said, —  
 "I wait my Springtime, and am cold, like these.

"To them will come the fulness of their time.  
 Their Spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;  
 Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed?  
 I am His own, — doth not my Father care?"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



## April 2.

*It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might  
 learn thy statutes. — Ps. cxix. 71.*

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou  
 disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall  
 yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance  
 and my God. — Ps. xlii. 11.*

IT is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would  
 bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a  
 season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands,  
 dropping one faded leaf after another, and seeming to  
 go down patiently to death. But when every leaf is  
 dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the utter-  
 most, a new life is even then working in the buds, from  
 which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth  
 of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardenings, every leaf  
 of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom  
 visits the soul.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## THE FIRST ROBIN.

HARK! Is it Spring?  
 I waked, and heard a robin sing:  
 Only a shower of silvery notes, that dropped  
 In tremulous outpouring, and then stopped;  
     While from a window nigh  
 I saw a little singer flitting by,  
     As scorning to retreat,  
 Although the sullen winds that moaned and beat  
 Had frozen the tears of April, as they fell, to sleet.

With steadfast claim  
 This messenger of gladness came,  
 To welcome in with joy the tardy Spring,  
 And, from the winter's cold farewell, to bring  
     One measure of delight;  
 Foretelling miracles of sound and sight, —  
     Of south winds blowing strong,  
 When the white apple-blossoms drift along,  
 And for this one faint lay, the whole world steeped in song.

Oh, Robin, you,  
 In your belief, are strong and true:  
 By storms undaunted, with your notes of cheer  
 You sing, and we grow blither as we hear,  
     Till, echoing your content,  
 With larger faith we lift our heads, low bent,  
     And, by past sorrows, know  
 What may have seemed life's desolating snow  
 Only prepares the soul for Summer's flowers to grow.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

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 April 3.

*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,  
 that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but  
 have everlasting life. — JOHN iii. 16.*

LOVE is the law of man's existence and of God's existence no less. The human soul, in whatever state or place, is God's child. God is the universal

Father; and the whole physical world, the entire circumstances of the race, the whole course of human events, are but the appliances of a Father's love.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

THE great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of His poor creatures, that, rather than He would go without their love, He would pardon their transgressions.

JOHN BUNYAN.

### ALPHA AND OMEGA.

LET not my faith be weak,  
Nor deem the thought too high,  
That God's great love my love should seek  
From all eternity.

Love is His glorious crown,  
And love His royalty, —  
The symbol of His shining throne  
And its reality.

Let me not think it strange,  
Or far my powers above,  
That He, whom height nor depth can change,  
Is changeless in His love.

Let me not wonder why  
Love reigns in all His ways, —  
But let me look, with loving eye,  
Till wonder ends in praise.

Love is no mystery,  
Its faith is clear and bright;  
It needs no other leave to be  
Than its eternal right.

JULIUS H. SEELYE.

## April 4.

*Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ; for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. — ISA. xli. 10.*

LIFT up your eyes and see Him, your living, present Christ, and give Him your hand of faith and love. Draw every breath in His fellowship, take every step as He leads you, meet every assault of the tempter from behind His grace as your shield. Write His name on every duty, and it will change into precious privilege. Let every cross rest partly on His shoulders, and you will forget that it is a cross. Bring all the little tasks and responsibilities of each day to Him, and you and He do them together, and the way that has seemed, perhaps, a rugged one, will be smooth to your feet.

ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

## A BORROWED THOUGHT.

THINK not life's burden thou dost bear alone.  
 No sorrow thine but that its keenest dart  
 Lies in the depths of One most sacred Heart :  
 No penance thine but that God makes His own  
 Its loneliest thought, its bitterest tears of brine,  
 Unto thy weakness lends His strength divine.

So, when thou tremblest 'neath the cross's weight,  
 When sharp-edged stones beset thy bleeding feet,  
 And shadows of strange shapes about thee flit,  
 He, who hath hallowed suffering's sad estate,  
 Shareth thy body's woe, thy spirit's pain,  
 The cross, for thee, up Calvary bears again.

"My yoke is sweet." Ah! wherefore did He call  
 A "yoke" His law, that is so light to keep,  
 But that thy wondering heart should thrilling leap  
 With such sweet yoke-fellow to wear the thrall  
 Of bondage blessed? — self-binding thy free will  
 The fields He consecrates, with joy, to till.

For thinkest thou, O soul, that one, alone,  
 Shall bend 'neath that which fashioned is for two?  
 Making that drag, with balance all untrue,  
 Which else were light, with even burden thrown?  
 How shalt thou falter, how discouraged be,  
 When Jesus stoops to bear His yoke with thee!

From B. ALPHONSO RODRIGUEZ.

## April 5.

*I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. —*  
 JOHN ix. 4.

OPPORTUNITY is a rare and sacred thing. God seldom offers it twice. In the English fields the little drosera, or sundew, lifts its tiny crimson heads. The delicate buds are clustered in a raceme, to the summit of which they climb, one by one. The topmost bud waits only through the twelve hours of a single day to open. If the sun does not shine, it withers and drops, and gives way to the next aspirant. So it is with the human heart and its purposes. One by one they come to the point of blossoming. If the sunshine of faith and the serene heaven of resolution meet the ripe hour, all is well; but if you faint, repel, delay, they wither at the core, and your crown is stolen from you, — your privilege set aside.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity!

MAX MÜLLER.

WE are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

You cannot dream yourself into a character ; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

JAMES A. FROUDE.

MAKE your best thought into action.

MADAME NECKER.

### UNTILLED.

To me a little fertile field is given  
To dig and plant, that I may harvests reap :  
I must be diligent in rain and shine,  
That I my covenant with Christ may keep.  
But, ah, my ground is in a lowly vale  
Where sedges grow beside a dimpling stream,  
And on the far-off, sun-kissed mountain heights  
I gaze, and stand with folded hands, and dream.  
And "Oh," I cry, "would that I too were there !  
A spirit bold, a leader in the strife  
I see so hotly waged." And thus my days go on,  
Summer and winter to the end of life.  
And while with cravings vain my soul is filled,  
Lo ! my God-given field is left untilled.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

### April 6.

*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,  
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his  
sheaves with him. — Ps. cxxvi. 6.*

MOTHERS and teachers need to read and re-read that old parable of the seed and the sower, before they can grasp the hidden comfort in the fact it reveals, — that growth may be going on, though we see it not ; for it was not the seed which forthwith sprang up, that at last bore the full grain in the ear.

## SEEDS AND WORDS.

I DROPPED a seed beside a path,  
 And went my busy way,  
 Till chance, or fate, — I say not which, —  
 Led me, one summer day,  
 Along the self-same path ; and lo !  
 A flower blooming there,  
 As fair as eye hath looked upon,  
 And sweet as it was fair.

I dropped a sympathetic word,  
 Nor stayed to watch it grow,  
 For little tending's needed, when  
 The seed is good we sow ;  
 But once I met the man again,  
 And by the gladsome way  
 He took my hand, I knew I sowed  
 The best of seed that day.

—♦—

April 7.

*I am thine, save me ; for I have sought thy  
 precepts. — Ps. cxix. 94.*

CONSECRATION is not something done once for all, but is a maintained habit of the soul. A consecrated day is a framework ready prepared, in which God alone has to act in us, and through us.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

PERFECT consecration is the doorway out of the most inveterate unbelief. This is also the perfect cure for doubt.

DANIEL STEELE.

## PALM SUNDAY.

THE multitude was crowding all the way,  
                     But yesterday,  
 To see and touch the Lord as He rode by,  
                     To catch His eye,  
 Or, at the very least, a palm-branch fling  
 Upon the pathway of the chosen King.



Faded and dry those palms lie in the sun,  
    Withered each one;  
Those glad, rejoicing shouters presently  
    Will flock to see,  
With never thought of pity or of loss,  
The King of Glory on His cruel cross.

Lord, we would fain some little palm-branch lay  
    Upon Thy way;  
But we have nothing fair enough or sweet  
    For holy feet  
To tread, nor dare our sin-stained garments fling  
Upon the road where rides the Righteous King.

Yet Thou, all-gracious One, didst not refuse  
    Those fickle Jews;  
And even such worthless leaves as we may cull,  
    Faded and dull,  
Thou wilt endure and pardon and receive,  
Because Thou knowest we have naught else to give.

So, Lord, our stubborn wills we first will break,  
    If Thou wilt take;  
And next our selfishness, and then our pride,  
    And what beside?  
Our hearts, Lord, poor and fruitless though they be,  
And quick to change, and nothing worth to see.

If but the foldings of Thy garment's hem  
    Shall shadow them,  
These worthless leaves, which we have brought and strewed  
    Along Thy road,  
Shall be raised up and made divinely sweet  
And fit to lie beneath Thy gracious feet.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

April 8.

*Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. — I TIM. VI. 11.*

FOLLOW you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine,  
Forward, till you see the Highest Human Nature is divine.  
Follow Light, and do the Right, — for man can half control his doom, —  
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THIS, surely, is the plain word of moral prophecy, whereunto we shall do well to take heed. Amid all the confusion and uncertainties of our age, the dark fears, the vague hopes, the wild dreams, the one thing that we must remember, is the unchanged and unchanging value of personal goodness. To feel that each one of us has a place in the Divine order; to find it and keep it; to obey the highest law of our being; to live up to the duty that lies nearest to our own souls, — that is the talisman to keep us in safety, that is the clue to guide us through the labyrinth.

HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

### DUTY.

SPEAK the word God bids thee !  
No other word can reach  
The chords that wait in silence  
The coming of thy speech.

Do the work God bids thee !  
One. — only one still loom  
Awaits thy touch and tending  
In all this lower room.

Sing the song God bids thee !  
The heart of earth's great throng  
Needs for its perfect solace  
The music of thy song.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

## April 9.

*And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left. — NUM. xxii. 26.*

“A NARROW place!” You know that place; you have been there, you will very likely be there again ere long; some of you may be there at this very moment. For it is not merely a defile away somewhere among the mountains to the east of Moab. It is a life passage in individual experiences, — a time when there is no evading or escaping responsibilities; where we are brought face to face with some inevitable question. . . . Temptation is such a “narrow place.” In the serious crises of the soul’s history, it is alone. It is a path on which there is room only for itself, and before it, there is God. Between these two always the matter has to be settled. Yes or no is the hinge on which everything turns. Shall I yield and dishonor God, or shall I resist, and triumph in His might? There is no possible compromise; for compromise with sin is itself the most insidious form of sin. . . . No man can pass through these crises, and be after it precisely what he was before it. He has met God face to face, and he must be either the better or the worse for that. Either like Jacob, at Peniel, he can say, “My life is preserved,” or like Saul, after he had thrown off his allegiance to his God, he has to exclaim, “Jehovah has departed from me, and is become mine enemy.”

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D. D.

## ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

It chanceth once to every soul,  
Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,

• Upon Life’s Bridge of Sighs to stand,  
“A palace and a prison on each hand.”

Oh, palace of the rose-heart's hue,  
How like a flower the warm light falls from you !

Oh, prison, with the hollow eyes,  
Beneath your stony stare no flowers arise !

Oh, palace of the rose-sweet sin,  
How safe the heart that does not enter in !

Oh, blessed prison walls, how true  
The freedom of the soul that chooseth you !

ELIZABETH S. PHELPS.



## April 10 .

*Thy kingdom come.* — LUKE xi. 2.

WHAT is thy enterprise, thy aim, thy object ? Hast  
honestly confessed it to thyself ?

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

IT is a great thing for any person to be able to bring sharply before his own mind just what he is individually willing to do for the Master he serves. It is far easier to be stirred with good purposes, and to promise in a general way a lifetime of service, than it is to determine to do one particular thing for Christ.

## THY KINGDOM COME.

LORD, when we pray, "Thy kingdom come,"  
Then fold our hands, without a care  
For souls whom Jesus died to save,  
We do but mock Thee with our prayer.

Thou couldst have sent an angel-band  
To call Thy straying children home,  
And thus, through heavenly ministries  
On earth Thy kingdom might have come.

But, since to human hands like ours  
 Thou hast intrusted work divine,  
 Shall not our eager hearts make haste  
 To join their feeble powers with Thine ?

To work and word shall not our hands  
 Rejoicing move, nor lips be dumb, —  
 Lest, through our sinful love of ease,  
 Thy kingdom should delay to come ?

To hold our every power and thought  
 Obedient to Thy least command,  
 Whether Thy blessed purposes  
 We can, or cannot, understand ;

To sow the seed in every soil ;  
 To bring the word of life to men ;  
 To give, as Thou hast given to us,  
 Hoping for no reward again, —

To do all this, while in our thought  
 No pride or vain self-trust finds room,  
*This is to pray, with honest heart,  
 And purpose true, — “ Thy kingdom come.”*

HELEN G. RICE.

## April 11.

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him  
 that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that  
 bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation :  
 that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth ! — ISA. lii. 7.*

THERE is many a great task that is as far beyond  
 your reach as if it were in an island of the sea,  
 and you had neither wings nor boat to get to it ; but  
 still there are tasks to which may be adjusted the things  
 you have, and to which your eyes are not to be blinded.  
 Anything that looks toward the help, the comfort, the  
 uplift, of any soul, anywhere, is worth the doing, however

small it may be. Men may not appreciate it, but because God puts a value on it, open your eyes to His estimate, and respond to His demand. That will make it well worth doing. . . . You are but agents to distribute what is intrusted to you, and oh! how blessed it is to perform that task! It is the Lord's work, in the sense that He is, Himself, doing it, eternally. To our poverty He has brought His riches, and bidden us run with them on errands of mercy and grace.

JOHN H. LOCKWOOD.

### KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

AND He hath said, "How beautiful the feet!"  
The feet so weary, travel-stained and worn, —  
The feet that humbly, patiently have borne  
The toilsome way, the pressure and the heat.

The feet not hasting on with wingèd might,  
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;  
So lowly, and so human, they must go  
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,  
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet;  
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing feet,  
And bear to darkened souls the light from Heaven.

And fall they while the goal far distant lies,  
With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord,  
His sweet approval He doth yet accord, —  
Their feet areauteous in their Master's eyes.

With weary, human feet, He, day by day,  
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;  
And every step is chronicled above,  
His servants take to follow in His way.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

April 12.

(GOOD FRIDAY.)

*Behold the man.* — JOHN xix. 5.

CHRIST crowned with thorns! Can anything else teach us so significantly the great truth of *suffering yet triumphant Love*? And love for whom? for whom was that sorrow borne? Oh! reader, let us not be dull-eyed or hardhearted; — for you and me it was!

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

### CHRIST'S PASSION.

. . . . .  
I 'LL sing the searchless depths of the compassion divine,  
The depths unfathomed yet  
By reason's plummet and the line of wit, —  
Too light the plummet and too short the line, —  
How the Eternal Father did bestow  
His own Eternal Son as ransom for His foe;  
I 'll sing aloud that all the world may hear  
The triumph of the buried Conqueror,  
How hell was by its prisoner captive led,  
And the great slayer, Death, slain by the Dead.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,  
Mixed with the murderer's confusèd noise,  
Sound from the top of Calvary;  
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see  
Who 't is hangs there, the midmost of the three;  
Oh, how unlike the others He!  
Look, how He bends His gentle head with blessings from the  
tree!  
His gracious hands, ne'er stretched but to do good,  
Are nailed to the infamous wood;  
And sinful man does fondly bind  
The arms which He extends to embrace all human kind.

. . . . .

Open, ah ! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,  
 And let them call  
 Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies ;  
 For this will ask it all ;  
 'T would all, alas ! too little be,  
 Though thy salt tears come from a sea ;  
 Canst thou deny Him this, when He  
 Has opened all His vital springs for thee ?  
 Take heed, for by His side's mysterious flood,  
 May well be understood  
 That He will still require some waters to His blood.

ABRAM COWLEY.

## April 13.

*As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. — JOHN i. 12.*

GOD gives to every man an opportunity, but not every man improves the opportunity that God gives him. Every man's life is a plan of God, in the sense that every man has a plan of God in his behalf set before him for his acceptance or rejection. But it is for every man to accept or reject God's plan as he will, and upon his choice pivots his character and his destiny. It is the man who fills the place God offers him, whose life is an eternal success. It is the man who refuses to fill the place that God opens before him, whose life is an eternal failure.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD ! that with Thine amorous sylvan song  
 Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,  
 That mad'st Thy crook from the accursèd tree  
 On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long !  
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;  
 For Thou my Shepherd, Guard, and Guide shalt be ;  
 I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see  
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.



Hear, Shepherd ! Thou who for Thy flock art dying ;  
 Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou  
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
 Oh, wait ! — to Thee my weary soul is crying,  
 Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when I see,  
 With feet nailed to the cross, Thou 'rt waiting still for me.

*From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.  
 (Translated by H. W. Longfellow.)*

## April 14.

*Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;  
 I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord. —  
 Ps. xxvii. 6.*

ALL that is in the heavens and the earth praiseth God,  
 and He is the Mighty, the Wise. He will bestow  
 on you the light to walk in. Hast thou not seen how  
 all in the heavens and in the earth uttereth the praise  
 of God, — the very birds, as they spread their wings?  
 Every creature knoweth its prayer and its praise. He  
 will guide to Himself him who turneth to Him, — those  
 who believe, and whose hearts rest securely on the thought  
 of God. What ! shall not men's hearts repose in the  
 thought of God? They who believe and do the things  
 that be right, blessedness awaiteth them.

KORAN.

## EASTER MORNING.

THE air with song of robins rings,  
 And now sweet Easter morning brings  
 A lily in her hand,  
 While mournful Lenten days, gray-browed,  
 Their vigil stern disband.

New life to laughter stirs, at last,  
 The brooks and rivers locked so fast, —  
 The stark and rigid land :  
 Once more sweet Easter morning brings  
 A lily in her hand.

The flowers, from out dark cave and cell  
 Where long like anchorites they dwell,  
     Troop as at one command ;  
 To see sweet Easter morning bring  
     A lily in her hand.

Wake, frozen heart, some praise to sing !  
 And hast thou naught to bring the King ?  
     Wilt see, — and empty stand, —  
 The Resurrection morning bring  
     A lily in her hand ?

ELLA M. BAKER.

### April 15.

*Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.* — 1 COR. XV. 20.

*Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.* — 1 COR. XV. 57.

LET us recognize the fact that Easter means nothing to us unless it means personal resurrection from the death of sin. Let us make Easter the New Year's day of the Christian year, — the day upon which we look back over the spiritual experience of the past twelve-month, and, noting wherein we have failed and fallen, and in so far died to our higher selves, resolve to rise again through Christ, into newness of life and consecration. Let us, in other words, make each Easter an anniversary of renewed life, an occasion of entering more fully into the spirit, the purpose, the example, of our risen Lord.

ZION'S HERALD

### THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

O QUICKENING life of Easter day,  
 O burst of snowy bloom :  
 "The Lord has risen," lilies say,  
     In gush of sweet perfume !

“ Oh, lift your heads, and face the sky !  
 Oh, watch the brightening dawn !  
 For Light, and Life, and Hope are nigh,  
 And Death's dark night has gone !

“ Up ! up ! to the soft shining blue,  
 The freshening wind and sun ;  
 All Nature thrills, all life is new,  
 Christ's victory is won ! ”

“ Rise, Lord, within our hearts,” we cry,  
 Through strange, bright mists of tears ;  
 “ Oh, show us 'neath this Easter sky  
 Love's own immortal years ! ”

MARGARET DELAND.



## April 16.

*And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away.*  
 — MARK xvi. 3, 4.

*Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.* — PS. cxxiv. 8.

IF you trust in God and yourself, you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

FAITH is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

## THE STONE OF THE SEPULCHRE.

“How shall the stone be rolled away?”  
Thus questioned they, the women three,  
Who at dim dawn went forth to see  
The sealed and closely-guarded cell  
Where slept the Lord they loved so well.  
First of all Easter sacrifice,  
The linen and the burial spice,  
They carried, as with anxious speech  
They sadly questioned, each to each;  
Still, as they near and nearer drew,  
The puzzle and the terror grew,  
And none had word of cheer to say;  
But lo! the stone was rolled away!

“How shall the stone be rolled away?”  
So, like the Marys, question we,  
As, looking on, we dimly see  
Some mighty barrier raise its head  
To bar the path we needs must tread.  
Our little strength seems weakness made,  
Our hearts are faint and sore afraid;  
Drooping, we journey on alone.  
We only mark the heavy stone;  
We do not see the helping Love  
Which moves before us, as we move, —  
Which chides our faithless, vain dismay,  
And rolls for us the stone away.

“How shall the stone be rolled away?”  
Ah, many a heart, with terrors pent,  
Has breathed the question, as it went,  
With faltering feet and failing breath,  
In the chill company of death,  
Adown the narrow path and straight,  
Which all must traverse, soon or late;  
And, nearing thus the dreaded tomb,  
Just in the thickest, deepest gloom,  
Has heard the stir of angel wings,  
Dear voices, sweetest welcomings,  
And, as on that first Easter day,  
Has found the dread stone rolled away!

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## April 17.

*Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us,  
because he hath given us of his spirit.*—1 JOHN  
iv. 13.

CHRIST will come unto thee, and show thee His own consolation, if thou prepare for Him a worthy dwelling-place within thee. All His glory and beauty are from within, and there He takes delight. The inward man He often visiteth, and hath with him sweet discourse, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceeding wonderful. O faithful soul! make ready thy heart for Him, that He may vouchsafe to come unto thee, and to dwell within thee.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

## THE EASTER GUEST.

I KNEW Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine!  
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine;  
A murmur of welcome I thought I heard  
In the ripple of brook and chirp of bird;  
And the bursting buds and the springing grass  
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;  
And the sky and the sea and the throbbing sod  
Pulsed and thrilled at the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine!  
To gather the world's heart up in Thine;  
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave  
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save;  
But, blind and wayward, I could not see  
Thou wert coming to dwell with *me*, e'en *me*,  
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,  
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in;

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,  
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;  
There was nothing to offer, — no bread, no wine,  
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;

And yet the light of Thy kingly face  
 Illumed for Thyself one small, dark place,  
 And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,  
 And my tears sprang, — ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ Divine !  
 Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine ;  
 Cleanse. till the desolate place shall be  
 Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee !  
 Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast ;  
 Reign ! I will worship and serve my Guest.  
 Abide Thou in me ; if in Thee I abide,  
 What end shall there be to the Easter-tide ?

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

### April 18.

*If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. —*

1 COR. XV. 19, 20.

MEN feel and know that pain is a fact, although it is unseen ; they need to learn that peace of mind is a *fact*, and comes by a well-ordered soul ; that reverence is a fact, and brings us near to God ; that elevated sentiment is a fact, and raises us into a higher society than earth ; that sober faith is a fact, and gilds the horizon of our being with a heavenly glory. In the absence of this faith, we read the barrenness of soul there is in the world. We read it too in the prevailing lurking, practical scepticism in immortality, a scepticism that "haunts with fiend-like stare the uplifted eye of faith and love." I do not wonder at this scepticism. The body weighs us down ; we are contented prisoners in it. We forget our native realm, and so easily believe that the grave is the goal. Every argument that can be brought for immortality is of little avail ; even the resurrection of Christ is a wonderful story, merely, to a thorough sensualist whose aspirations have never reached beyond pleasure and the present. — whose meditations, sent forth like doves from the floating ark of life, have never

brought back a green and budding promise of that solid land. To feel a conviction of immortality, we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent too ; the world becomes the veil of a brighter glory that lies behind it ; the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, " but is passed from death unto life."

THOMAS STARR KING.

### RESURGAM.

THE fool asks, " With what flesh ? in joy or pain ?  
 Helped or unhelped ? and lonely, or again  
     Surrounded by our earthly friends ? "  
 I know not ; and I glory that I do  
     Not know ; that for eternity's great ends  
 God counted me as worthy of such trust  
     That I need not be told.  
     Out to the earthward brink  
     Of that great tideless sea,  
 Light from Christ's garments streams.  
 Believing thus, I joy, although I lie in dust.  
 I joy, not that I ask or choose,  
 But simply that I must.  
     I love, and fear not ; and I cannot lose,  
 One instant, this great certainty of peace.  
 Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease ;  
     I must arise.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### April 19.

*And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also. — JOHN xiv. 3.*

HE that is with the King is not alone, though forsaken of all others. He on whom the sun shines is not without light, though all his candles are put out. If God be our God, He is our all.

RICHARD BAXTER.

## THE ETERNAL HOME.

ALONE ! To land upon that shore !  
With no one sight that we have seen before, —  
    Things of a different hue,  
    And sounds all strange and new,  
No forms of earth or fancies to arrange,  
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore,  
Knowing so well we can return no more ;  
    No voice or face of friend,  
    None with us to attend  
Our disembarking on that awful strand, —  
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ? No ; God hath been there long before, —  
Eternally hath waited on that shore,  
    For us who were to come  
    To our eternal Home.  
Oh ! is He not the lifelong Friend we know  
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone ? That God we trust is on that shore,  
The faithful One, whom we have trusted more,  
    In trials and in woes,  
    Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.  
Oh ! we shall trust Him more in that new life !

So not alone we land upon that shore, —  
'T will be as if we had been there before ;  
    We shall meet more we know  
    Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove, —  
Our Home at once with the Eternal Love.

F. W. FABER.



## April 20.

*Unto thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning  
shall my prayer prevent thee.* — PS. lxxxviii. 13.

HOWEVER early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer had passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah-Shammah, "the Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, — but in the fisherman's cottage, by the brink of Gennesaret, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And, whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions, and the lions gazed on him, or the hillsides where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, — we should still discern the print of the ladder's feet let down from Heaven, the landing-place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer.

DR. JAMES H. HAMILTON.

## MORNING HYMN.

COME, my soul, awake, 't is morning!  
Day is dawning  
O'er the earth, arise and pray;  
Come, to Him who made this splendor  
Thou must render  
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty :  
     See their beauty  
 Paling in the golden air ;  
 So God's light thy mists should banish ;  
     Thus should vanish  
 What to darkened sense seemed fair.

See how everything that liveth  
     Gladly striveth  
 On the pleasant light to gaze ;  
 Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,  
     As it knoweth  
 Darkness smitten by its rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer ;  
     Thou shouldst offer  
 Praise to Him, who, from thy head  
 Kept afar the storms of sorrow,  
     That the morrow  
 Finds the night in peace hath fled.

VON CANITZ, 1654-1699.

## April 21.

*Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled : and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. — ACTS iv. 13.*

HAVE you ever heard that pretty fable told by the Persian Saadi moralist? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it: "O clay! whence hast thou thy perfume?" And the clay said: "I was once a piece of common clay; but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay." . . . I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices, thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the spikenard, and the aloes. I will not think thou hast been with Christ, unless I can perceive that thou hast learned of Him.

C. H. SPURGEON.

## COMMUNION WITH GOD.

WHEN one that holds communion with the skies  
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
 'T is even as if an angel shook his wings :  
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.  
 So when a ship, well freighted with the stores  
 The sun matures on India's spicy shores,  
 Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled  
 In some safe haven of our western world,  
 'T were vain inquiry to what port she went;  
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

WILLIAM COWPER.

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 April 22.

*My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation  
 is from him.* — Ps. lxii. 5.

WE are only called upon to live by the moment.  
 God does not bid us bear the burdens of to-mor-  
 row, or next week, or next year. And through years  
 of long to-morrows it will be but the same thing to do ;  
 leaving the future always in God's hands, sure that He  
 can care for it better than we. This is the rest of faith,  
 whose heavenly calmness no storms disquiet.

GOLDEN LINKS.

## THE ROBIN.

THE morning broke so drearily,  
 With ragged clouds, that wept full sore;  
 With south winds sighing wearily, —  
 " No more, faint heart, no more, no more ! "  
 But, while I caught my breath with pain,  
 I heard him singing through the rain  
 As blithely as the sun did shine.  
 " Sometime, sometime," his happy rhyme,  
 " All we desire be thine, be mine, sometime, sometime."

"Thine is a blessed prophecy,  
But it may never so betide;  
Dost know a friend has gone from me?"  
I spoke, and threw the window wide,  
Above the wind and rain to hear  
The robin's voice ring sweet and clear,  
As though he sang at God's command, —  
"Take heart, take heart, — though friends must part,  
Yet One a meeting-time hath planned, — take heart, take  
heart."

"But where, O scarlet-breasted bird?  
So much I dread the waiting-time!"  
The light wind at my lattice stirred,  
And sweet and clear as fairy chime  
Rang out the robin's voice again,  
Above the drip of falling rain,  
Where sang he in the old pear-tree, —  
"Nay, wait; nay, wait: or soon or late,  
In His good time these things shall be; then wait, then  
wait!"

"His peace be with thee, bonny bird;"  
And, comforted, I turned away,  
Yet ever and anon I heard,  
Throughout that long and dreary day,  
The robin singing in the rain  
The burden of his sweet refrain,  
As blithely as the sun did shine: —  
"Sometime, sometime," his happy rhyme,  
"All we desire be thine, be mine, sometime, sometime."

FAITH FARLEIGH.

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## April 23.

*They also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet*

*spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.  
For after this manner in the old time the holy women  
also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves. —*

1 PETER iii. 1-5.

LIKE the seed which the wind wafts into hidden glades and forest depths, where no sower's hand could reach to scatter it, the subtle germ of Christ's truth will be borne on the secret atmosphere of a holy life, into hearts which no preacher's voice could penetrate, where the tongue of men and of angels would fail; there is an eloquence in living goodness which will often prove persuasive. For it is an inoffensive, unpretending, unobtrusive eloquence; it is the eloquence of the soft sunshine when it expands the close-shut leaves and blossoms, — a rude hand would but tear and crush them; it is the eloquence of the summer heat when it basks upon the thick-ribbed ice, — blows would but break it, but beneath that softest, gentlest, yet most potent influence, the hard, impenetrable masses melt away.

JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

### THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

O SWEET, calm face that seemed to wear  
The look of sins forgiven!  
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear  
Our own needs up to Heaven!

How reverent in our midst she stood,  
Or knelt in grateful praise!  
What grace of Christian womanhood  
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant  
No duty left undone;  
The heavenly and the human blent  
Their kindred loves in one

And if her life small leisure found  
For feasting ear and eye,  
And pleasure, on her daily round,  
She passed, unpausing, by, —

Yet with her went a secret sense  
Of all things sweet and fair,  
And beauty's gracious providence  
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude  
With love's unconscious ease;  
Her kindly instincts understood  
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her smile and tone,  
And glorified her farm-wife dress  
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls;  
The gospel of a life like hers  
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives;  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in human lives.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## April 24.

*He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of  
Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord;  
thou knowest that I love thee. — JOHN xxi. 16.*

THERE is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against, and struggle outward towards expression. We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not only to love, but to be loving, — not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips, — do the gentle and helpful deeds which we long to do, and shrink back from; and little by little it will grow easier, — the love spoken will bring the answer of love, — the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

THE sweetest notes among the human heart-strings  
Are dull with rust;  
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,  
Are clogged with dust;  
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music  
Upon the self-same strains,  
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation  
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, — an army marching  
With listening ears,  
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music  
He never hears;  
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,  
A word of tender praise,  
A word of love to cheer the endless journey  
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices  
For reason's share, —  
Why should they pause to give that love expression  
With gentle care?  
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching  
With all the gnawing pain  
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,  
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,  
With fingers numb,  
Among the unused strings of love's expression,  
The notes are dumb;  
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,  
Leaving the words unsaid,  
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,  
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence  
Its fate fulfils,  
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music  
Beyond the distant hills.  
The only difference of the love in Heaven  
From love on earth below,  
Is, — here we love and know not how to tell it,  
And there we all shall know.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## April 25.

*Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. — JAS. v. 20.*

WE need not draw on the distant centuries to find examples of our responsibility for others' sin in our failing to interfere to prevent sin. To-day wickedness riots in consequence of our silence or our inaction. To-day are lives sad, because we fail to speak. To-day wrong and evil are powerful, because we fold the hand and close the lip. The tempted are yielding, because we stand by the tempter. The pure are tried, because we offer no sympathy. Lives tender are broken, because we stay not the destroyer. Lives are lonely, because we show no friendship. "It's none of my business," we say; "he is his own man!" It *is* your business to keep others strong and noble.

C. F. THWING.

LET us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the snares.

## CHARITY.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,  
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;  
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all,  
Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st swerve and halt.

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold, —  
That were an action worthy of a saint;  
But not in malice let the crime be told.  
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when His children slide;  
Then is His holy name by men blasphemed;  
And He afresh is mocked and crucified,  
Even by those His bitter death redeemed.



Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke ;  
 Feel as one member in another's pain ;  
 Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,  
 And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

EDMESTON.

## April 26.

*But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of  
 God perfected : hereby know we that we are in him.*  
 — 1 JOHN ii. 5.

WE learn to love God by giving ourselves to Him, by serving Him, by doing His will. Love to God is thus born of self-dedication. Having learned how to love man without selfishness, we can love God in the same way.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

It is written, "To serve God and live to Him is easy to him who doeth it." Truly it is so to him who doeth it for love, but it is hard and wearisome to him who doeth it for hire. But God rejoiceth more over one man who truly loveth, than over a thousand hirelings.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

## PERFECT IN LOVE.

"PERFECT in love !" — Lord, can it be,  
 Amidst this state of doubt and sin ?  
 While foes so thick without I see,  
 With weakness, pain, disease, within :  
 Can perfect love inhabit here,  
 And, strong in faith, extinguish fear ?

O Lord ! amidst this mental night,  
 Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,  
 Arise ! arise ! shed forth Thy light,  
 And kindle love's meridian day.  
 My Saviour, God, to me appear,  
 So love shall triumph over fear.

## April 27.

*Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts ; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion : bless the Lord, O my soul. — Ps. ciii. 21, 22.*

LET everything you see represent to your spirit the presence, the excellency, and the power of God.

## ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty ; Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these, Thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, —  
 Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven.  
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wandering fires that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
 That, singing up to Heaven gate, ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song and taught His praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good: and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON.

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## April 28.

*Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the  
 upright in heart. — Ps. xcvi. 11.*

WE, in our lower state, are infested with demons, — the demons of selfishness, which hold us down from the fulness and perfectness of human existence. Yet the soul will not be defrauded altogether of its birthright; sometimes it soars and takes possession of its high estate. Then you know what it is to be glad to live. In some clear dawn, in some still night, in some moment of rest, when you possess your soul in peace, you realize it all, — the bliss of being, the joy of breathing, the ministry of light, of color, of odor, of sound, the ecstasy of inspiration, the presence of God. What is it not, the heart in you that loves and lifts its

idol up into the light of supernal faith, where it abides, transfigured, sanctified, and safe from sin? What is it not, this yearning for knowledge, this hunger for the perfect, this reaching out toward the illimitable, this capacity to love, to suffer, to renounce, to believe, to know, to aspire, and to strive upward toward the aspiration? All this may be shut in one weary frame.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

### THE JOY OF LIFE.

How beautiful it is to be alive!  
 To wake, each morn, as if the Maker's grace  
 Did us afresh from nothingness derive,  
 That we might sing. "How happy is our case!  
 How beautiful it is to be alive!"  
 To read in some good book, until we feel  
 Love for the one who wrote it; then to kneel  
 Close unto Him whose love our soul doth thrive;  
 While every moment's joy doth more reveal  
 How beautiful it is to be alive.  
 Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness  
 Striving some new progression to contrive, —  
 Till, just as any other friend's, we press  
 Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less  
 How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

### April 29.

*Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.* — JAS. i. iv.

ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

BISHOP HORNE.

LET not any one say that he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out, and carrying him to action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

JOHN LOCKE.

IF one has lived an hour patiently and serenely, and above the world, he has proof within himself that such a life is possible. Argument is no longer needed in his case; he has experimented and proved by his own experience that the distraction and worldliness of common piety is due to a weakness which ought to be overcome.

IN the stress and heat of the day, with shouts ringing in the ear, who is so blessed as to remember the yearnings he had in the cool and silent morning, and know that he has not belied them!

GEORGE ELIOT.

### ONE DAY.

GIVE me joy, give me joy, O my friends;  
For once in my life has a day  
Passed over my head, and out of my sight,  
And my soul has naught to unsay, —  
No querulous word to the fair little child  
Who drew me from study to play;  
No murmuring word to the beautiful wife,  
The angel who walks by my way;  
No snappish reply to the hundred and one  
Who question me gravely and gay,  
No angry retorts to those who misjudge  
And desire not a nay, but a yea:  
No word to the beggar I fain would take back,  
No word to the tenant at bay;  
No word, though I know I remember them all,  
Which I would, if I could, e'er unsay.  
Give me joy, give me joy, O my friends,  
For the patience that lasted all day!

CAROLINE A. SOULE.

## April 30.

*As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.* — GAL. vi. 10.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

THE habit of looking on your neighbor's life with some such interest as you do on your own, is a key that, as long as you live, will unlock larger worlds to you continually. . . . There may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.

You never miss an opportunity of giving innocent pleasure, or helping another soul on the path to God, but you are taking away from yourselves forever what might have been a happy memory, and leaving in its place pain or remorse.

FRANCES P. COBBE.

## NOT IN VAIN.

IF I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

## May 1.

*O Lord, open thou my lips ; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise. — Ps. li. 15.*

THERE is so much in the truth which is the root of faith, to beget gladness, — such an exhibition of God's infinite love to man in the incarnation of Christ, such rich consolation flowing from the indwelling Comforter, such causes for gratitude in the mercies of his daily life, such visions of beauty evoked by the promises of coming glory, that one who really embraces God by faith can scarcely prevent his heart from bubbling over with joy. Paul gave the key-note of a true Christian life when he said to the church at Philippi, "Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice !" And Luther echoed this sweetest bird-note, when he said to the first-born sons of the Reformation : —

"Dear Christian people, all rejoice,  
Each soul with joy upspringing ;  
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,  
With love and gladness singing.  
Give thanks to God, our Lord above,  
Thanks for His miracle of love !  
Dearly He hath redeemed us."

I WOULD be like a little bird which the wind rocks on a branch beneath the mild rays of the sun, and whose voice ascends unceasingly to the blue heaven.

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

## TO A BLUEBIRD.

*On his breast the earth ; on his wings and back the sky. — HENRY D. THOREAU.*

O THOU that wear'st the livery of the sky  
(And rightly robed for thy so hopeful song),  
Would that I might thy springtide lay prolong ;  
Pour forth — as seemest thou — to Him on high

A breath as sweet ! But ah ! too weak am I.  
 Plume as I may upon a rarer gift,  
 Watching the weird cloud-phantoms chasing drift  
 And on the grass in shadow-waves flow by,  
 Or fed with fancies by the rustling firs,  
 The varied joy of which the mind partakes,  
 And still the greater boon whence faith awakes, —  
 Yea, though I should attempt my very most,  
 'T would be of song alone but as a ghost,  
 Compared with thine which now my breast so stirs.

GEORGE P. GUERRIER.

## May 2.

*My beloved is mine, and I am his.* — SOLOMON'S  
 SONG ii. 16.

"THE life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is *a* Saviour;" it is quite another to say, "He is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second.

J. C. RYLE.

## I AM HIS.

HE stays me falling; lifts me up when down;  
 Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;  
 Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,  
 Which in return before His feet I throw.  
 Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,  
 Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,  
 But half discern Him, and but half adore;  
 But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
 I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,  
 And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
 How fully I am His, and He is mine.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.



## May 3.

*The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.—*

LUKE i. 78, 79.

THE morning prayer chimes in with the joy of the creation, with the quick world as it awakes and sings. It ought to bind itself up with the rising of the sun, the opening of the flowers, the divine service of the birds, the glow of cloudy bars on which the rays of light strike, a musician's fingers, and whose notes are chords and color. The voice of the world is prayer, and our morning worship should be in tune with its ordered hymn of praise. But in joy we should recall our weakness, and ask His presence who is strength and redemption, so that joy may be married to watchfulness by humility. Such a prayer is the guard of life.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

## DAWN.

O GOD, Thy world is sweet with prayer ;  
The breath of Christ is in the air ;  
We rise on Thy free spirit's wings,  
And every thought within us sings.

Thou art our Morning and our Sun ;  
Our work is glad, in Thee begun ;  
Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew,  
For Thou createst all things new.

O God within us and above,  
Close to us in the Christ we love,  
Through Him, our only Guide and Way,  
May heavenly life be ours to-day !

LUCY LARCOM.

## May 4.

*Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.* — SOLOMON'S SONG ii.

11, 12.

I HAVE some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild, mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: — a God that made all things, — man's immaterial and immortal nature.

ROBERT BURNS.

GOD never wrought a miracle to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.

LORD BACON.

## THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here;  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hand, in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,  
And pours the dayspring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossèd gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
 O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
 That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
 In every step, the stamp of God?

JOHN MASON GOOD, 1764-1827.

## May 5.

*We walk by faith, not by sight.* — 2 COR. v. 7.

FAITH is the key that unlocks the cabinet of the promises, and empties out their treasures into the soul.

WATSON, 1696.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us, is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.

F. W. FABER.

## TO-DAY.

CREEDS live and die; faith follows faith;  
 Deeds prove but mockeries of the will;  
 And dreams that were to-morrow's are  
 To-morrow's still.

Subtly, in all our good, the thread  
 Of ill is wrought; our fairest fair  
 Is dragged to earth in being ours,  
 And traileth there.

Light follows light, and each grows dim!  
 The present will be as the past;  
 Wave breaks on wave, and each is strong  
 As each is last.

Life leans on Faith, and presseth hard!  
 Faith cries to God, and only stands  
 When, bearing Life upon her breast,  
 She clasps God's hands.

The distant hills are darkness ; but  
 The morrow brings the morrow's light ;  
 This much is ours, —to-day to do  
 The present right.

This much is ours, and things beyond,  
 In Love's own wisdom, hidden lie !  
 But this lies close at hand, — to do  
 His Will, and die.



## May 6.

*In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and  
 strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. — Ps.  
 cxxxviii. 3.*

I COME to my devotions this morning on an errand  
 of real life. This is no romance and no farce.  
 I do not come here to go through a form of words. I  
 have no hopeless desires to express. I have an object  
 to gain. This is a business in which I am about to  
 engage. An astronomer does not turn his telescope to  
 the skies with a more reasonable hope of penetrating  
 those distant heavens than I have of reaching the mind  
 of God by lifting up my heart at the throne of grace.  
 Even my faltering voice is now to be heard in Heaven,  
 and is to put forth a power there, the results of which  
 only God can know, and only eternity can develop.  
 Therefore, O Lord, thy servant findeth it in his heart  
 to pray this prayer unto Thee.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

## MY PRAYER.

I PRAY for strength, O God !  
 To bear all loads that on my shoulders press  
 Of Thy directing or Thy chastening rod,  
 Lest from their growing stress  
 My spirit sink in utter helplessness.

I pray for strength to run  
 In duty's narrowest paths, nor turn aside  
 In broader ways that glow in Pleasure's sun,  
     Lest I grow satisfied, —  
 Where Thou, from me, Thy smiling face must hide.

I pray for strength to wait,  
 Submissive, when I cannot see my way;  
 Or, if my feet would haste, some close-barred gate  
     Bids my hot zeal delay,  
 Or, to some by-path, turns their steps astray.

I pray for strength to live  
 To all Life's noble ends, prompt, just and true,  
 Myself, my service, unto all to give,  
     And giving, yet renew  
 My store for bounty, all life's journey through.

I pray, O God, for strength,  
 When, as Life's love and labors find surcease,  
 Cares, crosses, burdens, to lay down at length,  
     And so, with joy's increase,  
 To die, if not in triumph, — in Thy peace.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

## May 7.

*Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ;  
 in honor preferring one another. — ROM. xii. 10.*

EVERY breeze that stirs, every bird that sings, every flower that blooms, every moment with its utmost perfect possibility, is my minister, — a portion of the universal joy of life. Get thee behind me, world, — the world of mean cares, of self-love, of petty strifes, of poor ambitions ! Give me that which is holy and eternal, — the kind word, the unselfish deed, the care for others in little things, the charity that can suffer and yet be kind, the affection, which, sweetening life and surviving death, is our only foretaste of Heaven.

## IN MORNING-LAND.

IN Morning-land the radiant, rosy skies  
 Each moment gleam with some new-born surprise,  
 Or flush with dawning hope; the balmy air  
 Is laden with a thousand perfumes rare,  
 And thrilled with chords of strange, sweet melodies.  
 On that blest shore which all around us lies  
 Peace reigns supreme, and joyous carols rise  
 From every shaded copse and pleasure fair  
In Morning-land.

Know'st thou the land? Wherever friendly eyes  
 Beam faith and constancy, — where true love flies,  
 Glad tidings of good-will and peace to bear,  
 Where service is divine, — God everywhere, —  
 There dawns the perfect day that never dies,  
In Morning-land.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.



## May 8.

*With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men.* — EPH. vi. 7.

*If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.* — 1 COR. iii. 14.

WE want broad-minded, meditative men. We want guides, we want reality, we want souls who will do and act before God; who would have that disposition in building up the spiritual church which the reverential Middle Age masons had, when elaborately carving some graven imagery or quaint device, unseen by man's eye, on the fretted roof of a cathedral, — they worked on God's house, and before God!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

GIVE me a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant, and popular, and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.

DEAN STANLEY.

### BUILDING.

WE are building every day,  
In a good or evil way.  
And the structure, as it grows,  
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line  
All our faults and failings shine;  
It may grow a castle grand,  
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this  
That can show both pain and bliss,  
That can be both dark and fair?  
Lo, its name is Character!

Build it well, whate'er you do;  
Build it straight, and strong, and true;  
Build it clean, and high, and broad;  
Build it for the eye of God!

I. E. DIEKENGA.

### May 9.

*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.*—  
MICAH vi. 8.

DUTY is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

LET us have faith that right makes might; and, in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

### THE PATH OF DUTY.

THE path of Duty is the path of glory.  
He that ever following her commands,  
On with the toil of heart, on knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge, to the far light, has won  
His path upward, and prevailed, —  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty, scaled,  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God, Himself, is moon and sun!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### May 10.

*Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.* — MATT. xxi. 28.

EVERY day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate.

JOSEPH HALL.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### ADMONITION.

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,  
To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,  
Since every word you wrote upon the sands  
Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.



"How work to-morrow?" 'T is a day unborn,  
To scan whose formless features is not granted;  
Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou may'st wing  
Thy flight beyond to-morrows, — disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O soul of mine!  
To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead  
Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;  
Deep pitfalls strew the way; take heed! take heed!

AUGUSTA MOORE.

## May II.

*Thy right hand hath holden me up.* — Ps. xviii. 35.

HERE is the great last certainty. Be sure of God. With simple, loving worship, by continual obedience, by purifying yourself even as He is pure, creep close to Him, keep close to Him. Be sure of God, and nothing can overthrow or drown you.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

I know of nothing to give unfailing moral energy to the mind but a living faith in a Being of infinite perfections, and who is always with us to aid, strengthen, reward, reprove, chasten, and guide to immortality.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

## HOLD THOU ME.

I LEAN upon no broken reed,  
Nor trust an untried guide;  
I know Him, and He knoweth me:  
He walketh by my side.

I hold His hand as on we walk,  
And He still holdeth mine;  
It is a human hand I hold, —  
It is a hand divine.

"Hold Thou me up" is still my cry,  
As o'er the rugged road  
Of this, my pilgrimage, I move,  
That leads me nearer God.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## May 12.

*To them who by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life.—*  
ROM. ii. 7.

AH! this law of growing response from our own inner being to beauty and truth, to sorrow and wrong, to kindness and love, — how slow the process, how persistent and patient the effort! So long as any given element in us is as yet weak and undeveloped, how like a little new-born babe must it be nurtured, how warmly wrapped and tremblingly guarded from chill! Yes; and with what sweet, hoping, mother-patience must we surrender ourselves to its law of gradual growth! . . . Ah! did we treat the babes born of our bodies as we do the new-born graces and aspirations dawning in our souls, flinging them from us in weariness and revolt at the time they take to grow, how many of them would we rear to rich maturity? Yet, with a like miraculous process of God are we co-working in every daybreak of the new-born elements of a higher reason and a diviner will within us.

FRANCIS TIFFANY.

## PERSEVERANCE.

THE pine that stands upon the wooded mountain  
Gains not in stature in a single day;  
The noble river springs not from one fountain,  
But gathers up its strength along its way.

The aloe hears for years the autumn's dirges,  
Before it shows its blossoms to the skies;  
The coral reef, that breaks the ocean's surges,  
Through centuries of growth alone can rise.

Thus, through her works, Dame Nature offers ever  
For our acceptance one persistent thought: —  
'T is but by patient, sturdy, brave endeavor,  
The greatest, best, and grandest things are wrought.

## May 13.

*In your patience possess ye your souls.* — LUKE xxi. 19.

AFFAIRS succeed by patience ; and he that is hasty falleth headlong.

SAADI.

THERE is one form of hope which is never unwise, and which certainly does not diminish with the increase of knowledge. In that form, it changes its name, and we call it *patience*.

EDWARD G. E. L. BULWER.

BEAUTIFUL is the activity which works for good, and beautiful the stillness which awaits for good ; blessed the self-sacrifice of the one, and blessed the self-forgetfulness of the other.

HAVE you failed? God forgives and waits for you still.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

## IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN.

I WATCHED a rosebud very long,  
Brought on by dew, and sun, and shower,  
Waiting to see the perfect flower ;  
Then, when I thought it should be strong,  
It opened at the matin hour,  
And fell at even-song.

I watched a nest from day to day,  
A green nest full of pleasant shade,  
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid ;  
But, when they should have hatched in May,  
The two old birds had grown afraid  
Or tired, and flew away.

Then, in my wrath, I broke the bough  
 That I had tended so with care,  
 Hoping its scent would fill the air ;  
 I crushed the eggs, not heeding how  
 Their ancient promise had been fair :  
 I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,  
 And the eggs answered me again :  
 " Because we failed, dost thou complain ?  
 Is thy wrath just ? And what if God,  
 Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,  
 Should also take the rod ? "

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## May 14.

*Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save ; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear : but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you. —*  
 ISA. lix. 1, 2.

INFINITE toil will not enable you to sweep away a mist ; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement : we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

ARTHUR HELPS.

IF our sins, interposed, hide Christ sometimes from us, it is as when the sun is eclipsed, when we are deprived of light, — not the sun. A blind man knows not that it is light at noonday but by report ; but to those that have eyes, light is seen by itself.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

## AWAY FROM GOD.

NOT Thou from us, O Lord, but we  
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,  
And Thou art covered with a cloud,  
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,  
So that our prayer can find no way,  
Oh! teach us that we do not say,  
“Where is *Thy* brightness fled?”

But that we search and try  
What in ourselves has wrought this blame, —  
For Thou remainest still the same,  
But earth's own vapors earth may fill  
With darkness and thick clouds, while still  
The sun is in the sky.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

—♦—

## May 15.

*Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.* — Ps. cxxxix. 3.

I WAS thinking, that, as you did not know I was watching you, so when we feel as if God were nowhere, *He* is watching over us all the time with an eternal consciousness; that He is above and beyond our every hope and fear, untouched by the varying faith and fluctuating moods of His children.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GOD's beneficence streams out from the morning sun, and His love looks down upon us from the starry eyes of midnight. It is His solicitude that wraps us in the air, and the pressure of His hand, so to speak, that keeps our pulses beating. Oh! it is a great thing to realize that the Divine Power is always working; that Nature in every valve and every artery is full of the presence of God.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

## GOD WATCHETH.

My child woke crying from her sleep ;  
I bended o'er her bed,  
And soothed her, till in slumber deep  
She from the darkness fled.

And, as beside my child I stood,  
A still voice said to me : —  
Even thus, thy Father, strong and good,  
Is bending over thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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May 16.

*Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God ? — LUKE xii. 6.*

THERE is nothing so high as to be above God's care. and nothing so lowly as to be beneath it. He who keeps alive the unquenchable light of the star visible to a hemisphere, kindles the small taper of the glow-worm that gleams in the twilight on the mossy bank. He who piles up and loosens the Alpine avalanche shapes the crystals of each falling snowflake. He who guides and bridles the storm wave that breaks in thunder upon the reef, preserves each invisible coral animal that builds its lime cell beneath the booming surf. He who sees from His glorious high throne the seraph veiling his face with his wings, takes note of the sparrow falling to the ground.

IN Thy book, O Lord, are written all that do what they can, though they cannot do what they would.

SAINT BERNARD.

## SWALLOW FLIGHT.

O'ERHEAD the twittering swallows come and go, —  
Those feathered spirits of the summer air, —  
Not with the English lark their notes compare,  
That float among the listening clouds of snow,  
Bathed in the tide of morning's purple glow ;  
Not with the lark the world's wide praise they share,  
Yet each doth in his simple bosom bear  
As glad a heart as ever lark may know.  
So if thy soul float but on swallow's wings,  
While great men's spirits soar through fame like space,  
Know this : He hears thy simple twitterings  
Who, 'mong His bright works, giveth thee a place,  
And on thy lowly pinions thou may'st float  
With just as pure a gladness in thy note.

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May 17.

*My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. — Ps. v. 3.*

O LORD, I have a busy world around me ; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it, I would commit eye and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them and keep their work Thine, that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at those times when my mind cannot conspicuously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

## MORNING CONSECRATION.

WHEN first thine eies unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.  
 Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should  
 Dawn with the day. There are set awful hours  
 'Twixt Heaven and us. The manna was not good  
 After sun-rising ; far-day sullies flowres.  
 Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
 And Heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush  
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring  
 Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each bush  
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?  
 O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go  
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resigne  
 The whole unto Him ; and remember who  
 Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.  
 Poure oyle upon the stones ; weep for thy sin ;  
 Then journey on, and have an eie to Heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first world's youth,  
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud  
 Shroud in their births : the crown of life, light, truth,  
 Is stiled their starre, the stone, and hidden food.  
 Three blessings wait upon them, two of which  
 Should move : they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,  
 Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay ;  
 Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
 Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.



## May 18.

*Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? — 1 COR. xv. 54, 55.*

WE have the promises of God as thick as daisies in summer meadows, that death, which men most fear, shall be to us the most blessed of experiences, if we trust in Him. Death is unclasping; joy breaking out in the desert; the heart, come to its blossoming time! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away  
 Whatever thou canst call thine own!  
 Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
 Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O grave! and let them lie  
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
 As garments by the soul laid by,  
 And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
 Our little life is but a gust,  
 That bends the branches of thy tree,  
 And trails its blossoms in the dust.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## May 19.

*And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth. — JOHN xiv. 16, 17.*

HOW would sorrow be soothed and softened, if the Comforter, instead of being an occasional guest, dwelt in our hearts and homes, an abiding, real presence! If the beautiful fruits of the Spirit were mani-

fest there, we should have constant foretastes of Heaven. God has placed us here, and we are always seeking our own, and trying to get along without Him. We scarcely know it, but we regret the past and reach into the future, preparing and planning for its emergencies, and forecasting its cares, apart from Him who careth for us.

CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

### THE COMFORTER.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.

He came, sweet influence to impart, —  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

## May 20.

*For since the beginning of the world men have not heard,  
nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O  
God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that  
waiteth for him. — ISA. lxiv. 4.*

WE know not verily that which is laid up for us.  
There are such beautiful things put by! In  
God's house, and in God's time there are such treasures!

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

IF we love God, the reward promised us is nothing  
less than the sight of God Himself, face to face; not  
transiently, not as a glorious flash of light, but an abiding  
vision, a glory and a gladness, a marvellous rapture of  
the will, forevermore. Think how such a reward trans-  
cends all the expectations, all the possibilities even, of  
our nature! How God must love us, and how, too, He  
must love our love, to have prepared for us such joys as  
these, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor man's  
heart conceived!

F. W. FULLER.

## THIS SIDE.

To answer all or challenge, to come at any knock,  
There is no porter standing to turn the key in lock;  
That narrow door lies dumbly beneath its low green thatch;  
Mute, reverent, I linger, and finger o'er the latch.

This side, there's yellow sunshine, and a little wave of grass:  
The shadows of young maple-leaves, that lightly drift and  
pass;  
A butterfly, pale golden, like a wee rush-light with wings;  
A bird, somewhere ecstatic, that hidden swings and sings:

A violet that nestles cheek to the mellowed ground;  
The humming of a happy brook about its daily round;  
The woody breath of pines; the smell of loosening sods;  
Such simple links of being, — such common things of God's.

This side, the sob of longing, the drip of lonesome tears :  
 The broken cry, "Thy will be done," sweet to the angels'  
     ears ;  
 The moan of riven hearts, of life's best life bereaven ;  
 The silence vast and voiceless ; — but the other side is  
     Heaven.

How often for the children we've planned a sweet surprise !  
 So God awhile keeps Heaven, and locks it from our eyes.  
 I think when, opening inward, a door like this for me  
 Uncloses through the daisies, and beckons quietly,

I shall be like the children for wonderment and bliss ;  
 I shall thank God who kept me a secret sweet as this.  
 So on this side I ponder, and smile a little, even,  
 To watch the rippling grass, and think, — the other side is  
     Heaven !

ELLA M. BAKER.

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## May 21.

*And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,  
 shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ  
 Jesus. — PHIL. iv. 7.*

THERE is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and a corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace to which this is but the prelude, — a peace of God which passeth all understanding, and properly called the kingdom of Heaven within us. This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, — but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is the concord of all melodious sounds. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, and a surrender of every separate will and interest.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

## PEACE.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin :  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed :  
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging 'round  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away :  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough ; earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.



## May 22.

*Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.*  
— LUKE xxiv. 15, 16.

THEY did not know Him, but it is a blessed fact, which is full of comfort to you and me, that He knew them. His presence was not conditional on their consciousness of the fact. . . . Whether we recognize Him or not, He recognizes us. Whether we have a strong faith, or are full of doubts and unbelief, are strong or weak, are joyful or sad, the Elder Brother never leaves one disciple who has left all to follow Him ; the Shepherd carries the sheep, even when the sheep does not know that underneath him are the "Everlasting Arms."

ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

LIKE a morning dream life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked path looks straighter as we approach the end.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

### CHRISTENING.

TO-DAY I saw a little calm-eyed child, —  
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows tarried,  
Within the church's shelter arched and aisled —  
Peacefully wondering, — to the altar carried.

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a flower,  
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel ;  
Borne like a gift, — the young wife's natural dower, —  
Offered to God as her most precious hansom.

Then ceased the music, and the little one  
Was silent ; and the multitude assembled, —  
Heard ; and when of Father and of Son  
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trembled

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words,  
And, sudden, yielded to a troubled wailing,  
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,  
Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

How like is this, I thought, to older folk !  
The blessing falls ; we call it tribulation,  
And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke,  
Even at the moment of our consecration.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

## May 23.

*Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart.* — ISA. LXV. 14.

JOY is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow, when it comes unsought. No getting into Heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up out of the central depths of eternal springs that hide the waters there.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

## JOY.

CONSIDER it,  
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp, —  
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings  
We learn those airs we shall be set to play  
When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,  
Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,  
And draw forth melody. Why should'st thou yet  
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost: —  
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night  
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise  
Go up, as birds go up, that, when they wake,  
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;  
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,  
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad, —  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?  
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?  
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head. —  
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,  
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede: —  
"Thy Father loves thee."

JEAN INGELow.

## May 24.

*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord. — Ps. cl. 6.*

ALL our birds were singing this morning while I was at my prayers. This accompaniment pleases me, though it distracts me a little. I stop to listen; then I begin again, thinking that the birds and I are alike singing a hymn to God, and that perhaps, those little creatures sing better than I. But the charm of prayer, the charm of communion with God, — they cannot enjoy that! One must have a soul to feel it. This happiness that the birds have not, is mine.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

## BIRD-SONGS.

HARK, how the birds do sing,  
And woods do ring!  
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.  
Yet, if we rightly measure,  
Man's joy and pleasure  
Rather hereafter than in present is.

Not that he may not here  
Taste of the cheer;  
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,  
So must he sip, and think  
Of better drink  
He may attain to, after he is dead.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1632.



## May 25.

*I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.* — JOHN X. 10.

WHEN I look at the life of Jesus, I see that the purpose of consecration, of emancipation, is service of His fellow-men. I cannot think for a moment of Jesus as doing that which so many religious people think they are doing when they serve Christ, when they give their lives to Him. I cannot think of Him as simply saving His own soul, living His own life, and completing His own nature in the sight of God. It is a life of service from beginning to end. He gives Himself to man because He is absolutely the Child of God, and He sets up service, and nothing but service, to be the ultimate purpose, the one great desire, on which the souls of His followers should be set, as His own soul is set upon it continually.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## GOING TO HEAVEN ALONE.

HIGH in the hills the wild bird hath its nest,  
And utters loud its melodies of song;  
But vain its music, if no other breast  
Is there to mate it, and its notes prolong.

And so in Heaven, — think not to dwell alone,  
In cold and hopeless solitude apart;  
For Heaven is love; and love would leave its throne,  
If at its side there were no other heart.

Then heavenward soar, *but carry others there,*  
And learn that Heaven is giving and receiving;  
It hath no life which others do not share;  
Its life doth live by its great art of giving.

Heaven is the heart, to other love-hearts beating;  
'T is open arms to arms of fondness rushing;  
'T is songs, with other songs in concert meeting;  
'T is fountains into other fountains gushing.

T. C. UPHAM, D.D.

## May 26.

*Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister ; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant : even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. — MATT. XX. 26-28.*

THERE is no question of bond or free, ruler or ruled, now. In the Kingdom of Heaven there are no such relations. The only greatness recognized there is greatness in service ; the only law, the Law of Love. Love ! yes, the whole secret is in that one word. By adding love to the conception of the God of His people, by exemplifying it in His own life and demanding it of His followers, Jesus accomplished what had baffled all the wisdom of the Greek sages. He restored the moral unity of man, abolished the old world, and made a new heaven and a new earth.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

## OUR CREED.

To shield, not shun ; to save, not lose ;  
No duty willingly refuse ;  
To pray with tears, to work with smiles.  
Make sweet and pure what now defiles ;  
To plant a flower, to pluck a weed,  
As on we pass, — this is our creed.

What is our creed ? Each deed well done,  
Words matter not, true worth is won  
As test of good ; whate'er we do,  
Love of our God must filter through  
And touch our brothers, ere we win  
Their heart and feet from paths of sin.

To watch sweet buds of life unfold,  
To guard our homes with care untold.  
To send out warriors brave and strong  
From fireside ranks to right the wrong,  
Then trust our all to higher need,  
And bide His time, — this is our creed.

ABBIE A. GOULD.

## May 27.

*But I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning.* — Ps. lix. 16.

IT is morning, and a morning sweet, fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. . . . But the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among our good people of Boston, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not an issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth. . . . The first faint streaks of light, the earliest purpling of the east which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen, "regent of day," — this they never enjoy, for they never see.

Beautiful descriptions of the sun abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings;" a rising sun which shall scatter life and health and joy throughout the universe. . . .

I know the morning, I am acquainted with it, and I love it fresh and sweet as it is, — a daily new creation breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath and being, to new adoration, new enjoyment, and new gratitude.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

## NATURE'S VOICES.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
 Almighty Father ! silent in Thy praise,  
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 E'en in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod, proclaim Thy power,  
 And, to the choir celestial, *Thee* resound  
 Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all !

JAMES THOMSON.

## May 28.

*I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress :  
 my God ; in him will I trust. — Ps. xci. 2.*

HE has kept and folded us from ten thousand ills  
 when we did not know it ; in the midst of our  
 security, we should have perished every hour, but that  
 He sheltered us "from the terror by night and from the  
 arrow that flieth by day," — from the powers of evil that  
 walk in darkness, — from snares of our own evil will.  
 He has kept us even against ourselves, and saved us  
 from our own undoing. Let us read the traces of His  
 Hand in all our ways, in all the events, the chances, the  
 changes, of this troubled state. It is He that folds and  
 feeds us, that makes us to go in and out, — to be faint  
 or to find pasture, — to lie down by the still waters, or  
 to walk by the way that is parched and desert.

H. E. MANNING.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

THE hour has come. Strong hands the anchor raise ;  
 Friends stand and weep along the fading shore  
 In sudden fear lest we return no more,  
 In sudden fancy that he safer stays  
 Who stays behind ; that some new danger lays  
 New snare in each fresh path untold before.  
 Ah, foolish heart ! in fate's mysterious lore  
 Is written no such choice of plan and days ;  
 Each hour has its own peril and escape ;  
 In most familiar things' familiar shape

New danger comes without or sight or sound ;  
 No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn  
 Across our threshold, when the day is born ;  
 We sail at sunrise daily "outward bound."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## May 29.

*Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not  
 what a day may bring forth.* — PROV. xxvii. 1.

*For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live,  
 and do this, or that.* — JAS. iv. 15.

WHAT will occur to-day? One does not know, but one hopes ; our very ignorance as to happiness constitutes its charm ; this is so true, that God has made Paradise a mystery to us. Those who would understand everything do not know how to be happy. If I could, I would not lift the curtain of the future. What is concealed beneath it might perhaps be too terrifying ; to sustain the vision of things to come, one should be saint or prophet. I consider it a blessing to see no further than a day,—than the next moment.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

## HIS CARE.

GOD holds the key of all unknown,  
 And I am glad ;  
 If other hands should hold the key,  
 Or if He trusted it to me,  
 I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,  
 Without its rest ?  
 I'd rather He unlock the day,  
 And, as the hours swing open, say,  
 "Thy will is best."

I cannot read His future plan,  
 But this I know, —  
 I have the smiling of His face,  
 And all the refuge of His grace,  
 While here below.

Enough ; this covers all my want,  
 And so I rest ;  
 For what *I* cannot, *He* can see,  
 And in His care I sure shall be  
 Forever blest.

JOHN PARKER.

May 30. .

*Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.* — ECCLES. xi. 7.

I LOVE the world the more, because I know it is God's world ; even as a dry leaf, given by a lover, is dearer than all pearls from whoso loves us not.

THEODORE PARKER.

It is not any theory about God, even the best, that makes life worth living. It is God Himself ; the order of His universe ; His mornings and evenings ; His sunshine and His stars ; His Springtime resurrection ; His human love ; His little children. Because God is, life is worth living.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

MORNING.

THE morning breaks. Across the amber sky  
 Gray clouds are trooping slowly, one by one,  
 Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun.  
 Mist-wreaths upon the distant mountains lie,  
 And violet vapors through the valley glide,  
 Veiling the crystal stream that winds along,  
 Forever murmuring, in low, gushing song,  
 To the sweet flowers and fern that droop beside.  
 My heart to God springs up in thankful prayer !  
 Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem  
 This earth, most radiant, as the sun's first gleam  
 Flashes afar athwart the woodland fair.

CLARA J. MOORE.

## May 31.

*Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. — DEUT. viii. 10.*

THE delight in nature is the purest, sweetest, freshest of our pleasures. It has no after-taste of pain. And this, God's infinite bounty has brought within the touch of every hand. The workman plodding to his task, the beggar tramping through the mire, is imbosomed in an infinite beauty which may lift his soul to rapture, if it is simple enough and pure enough to take the bright impression in. The man whose soul is tuned to these inner harmonies of the creation, who hears what the heavens are telling, who catches the music of the great hymn of Nature, which the birds trill in the upper air, and the lilies repeat as they swing in the summer breeze,—has an anodyne for pain, a refuge from care, a rest from toil, a release from the dull monotony of the task-work of his life, which even here he shares with the angels.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

## INVITATION.

SWEET Summer comes with flying feet  
To find me in the narrow street;  
She woos me softly : Come away  
Where grasses wave and waters play.

Beneath the woodland's odorous tent  
To-day's delicious hours be spent,  
Or on the sand-fringed shores that sweep  
Mile after mile along the deep.

The whispering pines are full of rest,  
And white with peace the billow's crest,  
And all the wide pervading calm  
Like a fair cloud distilling balm.

O joyous call ! I go to find  
The world's sad tumult left behind,  
And lie awhile on Nature's breast,  
To drink that calm, and share that rest.

There the glad soul, with quickened ear,  
Can catch sweet echoes far and near,  
That, with a thousand tongues, repeat  
An invitation far more sweet.

The soft reiterations say :  
Arise, my love, and come away  
To waters still and pastures green,  
That outward eye hath never seen.

The Royal Shepherd waits thee there,  
And thou shalt be His chosen care,  
And in His garden of delights  
Spend all thy days, and all thy nights.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

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## June 1.

*Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.* — Ps. lxxv. 8.

THE clear, pure light of the morning made me long for the truth in my heart, which alone could make me pure and clear as the morning, tune me up to the concert-pitch of the Nature around me. And the wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life ; that He would at length so fill me with His breath, His mind, His spirit, that I should think only His thoughts, and live His life, finding therein my own life, only glorified infinitely. What should we poor humans do without our God's nights and mornings ?

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,  
 I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall, —  
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,  
 A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;  
 "Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said;  
 "What sweeter aid my matins could befall  
 Than this fair glory from the east hath made?  
 What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,  
 To bid us feel and see! we are not free  
 To say we see not, for the glory comes  
 Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;  
 His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,  
 And at prime hours, behold! He follows me  
 With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

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 June 2.

*Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved  
 us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.*  
 —1 JOHN iv. 10.

THE measure of the love of God is to love without  
 measure!

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES, 1567-1622.

OH, if men did but know what the love of God is,  
 they would not wish any other felicity!

FÉNELON, 1651-1715.

## LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,  
 A soundless, shoreless sea!  
 Wherein at last our souls must fall, —  
 O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy steeps we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us safe and slow, —  
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace, —  
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toilworn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control, —  
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win :  
We know Thee by a dearer name, —  
O Love of God within !

And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,  
O Love of God, to Thee !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

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## June 3.

*Despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance  
and long-suffering ; not knowing that the goodness of  
God leadeth thee to repentance ? — ROM. ii. 4.*

**I**F I knew all that is to be learned from a daisy even,  
I should be less a stranger to God than I am. All  
about me, tree unto tree is uttering speech, and flower  
unto flower is showing knowledge. But it is in a lan-  
guage that I do not understand, but which I shall re-  
member, and which I shall learn the whole meaning of  
hereafter.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

SPEAKING of flowers, Wilberforce said that they seemed to him "like the smile on the Father's countenance." So all the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God; and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. This accounts for the expression spoken of. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.

HENRY WARE, JR.

### A THOUGHT.

"GOD wills but ill," the doubter said;  
 "Lo, time doth evil only bear;  
 Give me a sign His love to prove, —  
 His vaunted goodness to declare!"

The poet paused by where a flower,  
 A simple daisy, starred the sod,  
 And answered, — "Proof of love and power  
 Behold, — behold a smile of God!"

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

### June 4.

*But he himself [Elijah] went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; . . . and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? . . . Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord.*  
 — 1 KINGS xix. 4, 9, 11.

THE design of the gospel is to make us of good cheer. This world indeed is a vale of tears, but the "Man of Sorrows visited it to turn it into a mount of rejoicing."

IF the sun is going down, look up at the stars ; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

AIDS TO ENDEAVOR.

### FORWARD.

DREAMER, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,

Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done !  
Climb the eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies, —  
Never yet was the setting as fair as the rising sun !

Dear is the past : its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye ;  
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its garnered flowers ;

But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day :

Hail, then, to-morrow, nor tarry with yesterday's ghostly hours !

Mark how the summers hasten through blossoming fields of June

To the purple lanes of the vintage, and levels of golden corn :

"Splendors of life I lavish," runs Nature's mystical rune,  
"For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet unborn."

Think how eager the earth is, and every star that shines,

To circle the grander spaces about God's throne that be ;  
Never the least moon loiters, nor the largest sun declines, —  
Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness, with sorrowful, drooping eyes,

Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine ?

Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies !

The joy of the boundless future, — nay, God himself is thine !

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## June 5.

*In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.* — PROV. iii. 6.

NO ancient pillar ever made the way more plain to those who watched it for guidance than does God's providence make the path of duty in common days for those who truly acknowledge God and desire His guidance. It is not because we cannot know God's way, that we do not see it, but because we want instead to take our own way. There is no use in our looking into our Lord's face, and asking, "What now, dear Master?" if we do not mean to take the path He marks out. We must have the spirit of obedience if we are to receive the divine direction. "Not my will, but Thine," must be the prayer of our heart, cost what it may to surrender our own, and take God's.

J. R. MILLER.

## THE BROOK.

"THOU, little brook, like silver clear and bright,  
Art hastening ever in thine onward flow!  
Upon thy bank I stand, and think, and think, —  
Whence comest thou, and whither dost thou go?"

"Forth from the bosom of the rock I spring;  
Flowery meads and moss my course leads through;  
Upon my clear and shining mirror floats  
The friendly image of the heavenly blue.

"A child's glad-hearted mind and trust I have,  
And whither I am borne I do not know;  
But He who calls me from the darksome rock  
Will be my Guide wherever I may go."

H. S. B.

*From the German of Goethe.*

## June 6.

*Ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you ; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.*  
— JOSHUA xxiii. 14.

IT is the everlasting faithfulness of God that makes a Bible promise “exceeding great and precious.” Human promises are often worthless. Many a broken promise has left a broken heart. But since the world was made God has never broken a single promise made to one of His trusting children. “He is not a man, that He should lie.”

C. H. SPURGEON

## EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES.

As spreads the landscape on the sight, —  
Green hill and meadow, wood and stream,  
All glowing in the sun's glad light,  
And quickened by his tender beam, —

So spread the promises divine,  
And in their grace before us lie ;  
With lustre clear and bright they shine  
Upon Faith's strong and opened eye.

CANON BELL.

## June 7.

*Rejoice evermore.* — I THESS. v. 16.

OF all mortal joys, the joy of action is the most intense ; indeed, there is no other joy. And the higher the action, the intenser the joy. Life is blessedness. The life of the lower nature we call pleasure, —

the blessedness of the bird and the butterfly. The life of the social nature we call happiness, — the blessedness of the fortunate and successful. The life of the spiritual nature, — activity in usefulness, care, duty, — we call joy.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MAN, "symbol of eternity imprisoned into time," it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, — but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have continuance.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

### THE SOUL'S DAY.

How like a flute-note on the dewy air  
The wild-birds' merry carol comes and goes!  
The East unfolds her colors like a rose  
Whose heart is golden with the sun's warm glare.  
What wonder that the bird-song is so rare!  
What wonder that the brook sings as it flows!  
The very earth, fresh from her night's repose,  
Is wreathed in smiles at sight of dawn so fair.

O soul, this day is thine to imitate!  
Be thou a day clothed in the living light:  
Rise to thy task, and, be it small or great,  
Shine on it, till thy smile hast made it bright:  
Smile, smile on all thy duties, and, behold!  
Thy life, like day, shall walk in robes of gold.



### June 8.

*But now abideth faith, hope, love, — these three : and the greatest of these is love. — 1 COR. xiii. 13.*

KNOWLEDGE, prophecies, gifts of all kinds, pass away, but the love of God and the love of man never fail. They continue into the unseen world beyond the grave; the remembrance of these things as we have known them *here* enables us to think of them *there*; the

unselfish purpose, the generous sympathies, the deep affections, the transparent sincerity, the long self-control, the simple humanity of those to whom the commandment of God has been precious, — these are the arches of that bridge on which our thoughts and hopes cross and recross the widest and most mysterious of all the chasms that divide us, — the gulf which divides the dead and the living, the gulf which divides God and man.

DEAN STANLEY.

### ETERNITY OF LOVE.

FAITH must conquer, hope must bloom,  
As our onward way we wend,  
Else we come not through the gloom ;  
But with earth they also end.  
Thou, O Love, dost stretch afar,  
Through the wide eternity,  
And the soul, arrayed in thee,  
Shines forever, as a star.  
Faith and hope must pass away, —  
Thou, O Love, endurest aye.

*From the German.*

## June 9.

*The Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. — Ps. lxxxiv. 11.*

IT is not enough that we pray to God to give us more grace ; we must labor to get more grace. We must diligently use the means that foster the growth of grace in us. We must cultivate Christian grace as we cultivate bodily strength and skill, — by exercise ; all the while remembering that without God's help and Spirit we can do nothing, — working as if we could do all, and praying as if we could do nothing.



## NOT WHAT I AM.

NOT what I am, but what Thou art, dear Lord,  
 Gives heart of grace to me from day to day,  
 As, weak and faint and blind, I grope my way;  
 Up the sharp steeps, or down, my soul still awed  
 To feel how all its work of faith is flawed,  
 And the poor sum of love to Thee I'd pay  
 Is filched from my poor grasp by things of clay,  
 Till all my pale lips speak seems but a fraud.

Thou art so rich in grace, and I so poor,  
 That Thy great gifts I crave for Thine own sake;  
 It is Thy praise to give, as mine to take,  
 Since all my want but makes Thy wealth seem more.  
 So, with spread hands, and heart as void as they,—  
 Fill Thou my hands and heart, dear Lord, I pray.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

— ♦ —

## June 10.

*Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.* — PS. CXXXIX. 2.

FOR life to cease to be poor and commonplace, and become intrinsically rich and wonderful, we must realize that, if it is, as a whole, a gift of God, then all its parts must so be. How grand and majestic, then, is this every-day life! It is inlaid with divinity; and David utters a literal fact when he speaks of his down-sitting and uprising as encompassed by God.

## COMMONPLACE LIVES.

“A COMMONPLACE life,” we say and we sigh,  
 But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
 Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
 And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings,  
 And dark were the world, and sad our lot,  
 If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not, —  
 And God, who studies each separate soul,  
 Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

## June 11.

*The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord  
 will bless his people with peace. — Ps. xxix. 11.*

ALL the doors that lead inward to the secret place of  
 the Most High are doors outward, — out of self,  
 out of smallness, out of wrong.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

You may assuredly find perfect peace if you resolve to  
 do that which your Lord has plainly required, content  
 that He should indeed require no more of you than to  
 do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with  
 Him.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

LET the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
 Let me find the humblest place  
 In the shadow of Thy grace;  
 Blest to me were any spot  
 Where temptation whispers not.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on;  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant;

Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy.  
*Out of self* to love be led,  
 And to Heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.  
 Are we wiser, better grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own?

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## June 12.

*O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches. —*  
 Ps. civ. 24.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE. — Jesus preached from a lily, and from a handful of wheat, and from the stones of the temple, and from the vines, and from a coin. Lessons of faith and honor and purity and charity exhale with the morning dew. Every sunrise is the proem and every sunset the peroration of a noble discourse from God to His children. The man who feels with, and suffers with, and smiles with Nature, to whom every flower and every grain of sand is a thought of God, and every leaf a note in a continuous coronation song, has an ever-increasing resource from which to draw as a wise lover and leader of souls. As Goethe says, "To such there came trooping up out of the meadows and singing down out of the skies thoughts like free children of God, crying out; 'Here we are ! Here we are !'"

If I am spiritual, then the world is a revelation of God to me: and there is a spirit looks in upon my spirit from out of the sky, and the earth, and the sea; from out of the sun, and the moon, and from out of the rose.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

## HIS GARMENT'S HEM.

THE morning comes across the hills, —  
 The green and golden hills of June, —  
 And stirs the air with blissful thrills,  
 And wakes the landscape into tune.

The lily swings her fragrant bells,  
 The birds make vocal all the trees,  
 And on the beach long tidal swells  
 Break into "music of the seas."

The breezes sing their wandering song,  
 And every insect's burnished throat  
 Gives forth its chirp of rapture strong,  
 And every wing its strident note.

My lips alone send out no sound,  
 No sign of sharing in the strain :  
 Yet, Lord, Thou knowest what deep wound  
 Is gently closed and eased of pain.

I seem to touch Thy garment's hem  
 In all these wondrous works of Thine;  
 And straightway from Thy heart, through them,  
 Flows healing virtue into mine.

W. M. L. JAY.

## June 13.

*He left not himself without witness, in that he did good,  
 and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons,  
 filling our hearts with food and gladness. — ACTS xiv.*

17.

WHEN happy thoughts come into your mind, let the thought of God come with them; and when you go into beautiful or attractive scenes, let the reconciled Presence go with you; till at last earth is suffused with Heaven, and with the immortal morning spread upon the mountains, death is done away, and the dark valley superseded.

## FOR GLADNESS.

NOT by my need the measures from His store,  
The daily gifts my daily prayers implore ;  
His full supply no narrow limit knows, —  
For my delight His bounty overflows.

'T were much that He had taught my hand to bring  
Sweet sounds from echoing reed and quivering string,  
So my weak songs of praise might swifter rise  
To mingle with the heavenly harmonies.

But lo ! such strains as mock my highest skill,  
For my delight a bird's soft bosom fill,  
Soar through my skies, on dusky wings upborne,  
And wake my soul to rapture with the morn !

O Love divine, that folds my being round,  
O deeps of tenderness I cannot sound !  
That He, whose thoughts eternities employ,  
Should touch creation's chords to give me joy !

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

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## June 14.

*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.* — PHIL. iv. 13.

ONE has need in these days to act upon Luther's plan, and, as our duties grow confused and clamorous, to bring them to peace and order through added hours of prayer.

SARA F. SMILEY.

WITH an habitual sense of the Divine Presence, the trials of life are lightened.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.

LORD give us strength to do what Thou dost command ; and then command whatsoever pleaseth Thee.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

## IN COMMON DAYS.

IN days supreme of fond delight,  
 When happy thoughts within us dwell,  
 Like vestals robed in stainless white,  
 Who time their footsteps by the swell  
 Of sweet-voiced bells upon the air, —  
 Then have we least the need for prayer ;

In days obscured by veiling folds  
 Of grief, or clouded o'er with dread,  
 While dumb suspense relentless holds  
 Its sword above the slumbering head, —  
 Then, even in the soul's despair,  
 Is not the deepest need of prayer ;

Since to the dark Gethsemane  
 The pitying angels, soon or late,  
 Must come with tenderest ministry ;  
 And each blithe day is but the gate  
 To some rich temple, rising fair,  
 Which builds to Heaven a golden stair.

God keep us through the *common* days !  
 The level stretches, white with dust, —  
 When thought is tired, and hands upraise  
 Their burdens feebly, — since we must, —  
 In days of slowly fretting care,  
*Then* most we need the strength of prayer.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

## June 15.

*Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness  
 arise, with healing in his wings. — MAL. iv. 2.*

PRAYER, — God's blessed permission to us to see  
 Him, and to know Him, and to trust in Him, —  
*that* is granted us not for the hours of death or agony  
 alone, but for all life, almost from the very cradle, quite  
 to the very grave. And it is a gift no less priceless for  
 its alleviation of sorrow than for its intensification of all

innocent joy. For him who would live a true life, it is as necessary in prosperity as in adversity, in peace as in trouble, in youth as in old age. Here Christ is our example. He lived, as we may live, in the light of His Father's face. It was not only as the Man of Sorrows, — it was, not only in the moonlit garden of His agony, or on the darkening hills of His incessant toil, that prayer had refreshed His soul; but often and often, every day during those long unknown years in the little Galilean village, — daily, and from childhood upwards, in sweet hours of peace, kneeling amid the mountain lilies or on the cottage floor. Those prayers are to the soul what the dew of God is to the flowers of the field. . . . Why should not that gracious dew fall even now, and always, for all of us, upon the fields of life?

CANON FARRAR.

#### A SUMMER MORNING PRAYER.

LIKE this clear sunshine, let Thy love  
Shine down on me to-day!  
Shelter my soul, Thou brooding Dove,  
Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness on the earth,  
No glory in the sky,  
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,  
Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,  
And look me through and through,  
Till every wish owns Thy control,  
And every thought is true.

Thou art in all that Thou hast made,  
Oh, let me see Thee there;  
Dear Lord, be Thou my Sun, my Shade,  
My Saviour, everywhere!

LUCY LARCOM.

## June 16.

*And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. — MATT. xviii. 2, 3.*

IT is one of the problems of life how to preserve the earlier spirit of trust and hope amid the knowledge and wisdom born of maturer experience. And it is because this problem is too hard for many that they begin in middle life to degenerate in character. They leave behind them the generous impulses, the energizing hopes, and the resolute courage of youth. They cease to exercise their imagination in the practical conduct of life. They lose sight of the ideal in character and action. They settle down into a hum-drum, prosaic, and even worldly habit of mind. Hence it is that men who have passed safely through the temptations of youth, having been borne over them on the high tide of generous emotion, sometimes fail and fall in middle life.

T. CAMPBELL FINLAYSON

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ANGELS' WINGS.

WHEN summer days were warm, and sweet  
With clover-bloom and ripening wheat,  
We used to lie upon the grass,  
Within the flickering shadow spread  
By leafy branches overhead,  
And watch the bright clouds slowly pass.

They were so white against the blue,  
With such a glory streaming through  
Their silver fleeces, — we were sure  
They must at least be angels' wings;  
And the mere fancy of such things  
Kept childish speech and conduct pure.



We must not quarrel, when the skies,  
For all we knew, were full of eyes  
That watched to see if we were good;  
And sometimes just the sight of one  
White cloud, illumined by the sun,  
Availed to check an angry mood.

Now we are women grown, and men,  
That were but careless children then;  
Wise with our realistic lore,  
The shining mystery we explain, —  
Only a vapor born of rain! —  
And dream of angels' wings no more.

But are we wiser, after all?  
Haply the world-worn hearts recall,  
With something like a thrill of dread,  
What time the Master undefiled  
"Set in their midst a little child,"  
And what the words were that He said.

It might, — we silently infer, —  
It might perhaps be easier  
The kingdom of the Lord to win  
If still, in far blue summer skies,  
We felt the watching angel eyes  
That kept our childish hearts from sin.

MARY BRADLEY.

## June 17.

*There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. — I JOHN iv. 18.*

LOVING God is but letting God love us, — giving welcome, that is, to God's love, knowing and believing the love God hath to us. . . . O thou, sorrowing, dejected, fainting! believe, and thy burdens are gone forever.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

## ON THE HILLSIDE.

SEARCHING for strawberries ready to eat,  
Finding them crimson and large and sweet,  
What do you think I saw at my feet,  
    Deep in the green hill-side ?  
Four brown sparrows, — the cunning things !  
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings,  
Proud with the dignity plumage brings, —  
    Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower, to scan my prize,  
Watching their motions with curious eyes,  
Dropping my berries in pleased surprise,  
    A sorrowful sound I heard ;  
And, looking up at the plaintive call,  
Over the clover, fragrant and tall,  
Spied, on a tree by the low stone wall,  
    The poor little mother-bird.

With pain and terror her breast was wrung,  
And, as to the slender bough she clung,  
She felt that the lives of her darlings hung  
    By a still more slender thread.  
“ Ah, birdie ! ” said I, “ if you only knew  
That my heart is tender and warm and true ! ”  
But the thought that I loved her birdlings too  
    Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,  
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,  
Many a heart beating heavy and slow  
    Under its load of care ;  
But, oh ! if we only, only knew  
That God is tender and warm and true,  
And could feel that He loves us, through and through,  
    Our hearts would be light as air.

A. I. M.

## June 18.

*Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. —*

I TIM. iv. 8.

IN a Christian life there is no place for the despairing question, Is life worth living? A great philosopher said: "I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing." A great emperor said: "I have tried everything, and nothing is of any profit." Goethe said his life had been a continual rolling of a stone up hill, which as continually rolled back. But Paul said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" in the retrospect, fidelity, earnestness, and achievement; in the future, beyond the bloody death, a continued career from glory to glory.

SAMUEL HARRIS, D.D.

## TRUE LIFE.

TEACH me, each moment that I live, some deep  
And sacred lesson, that I may not live  
In vain, nor curse the day that I was born,  
Bearing the burden of a useless life.  
Oh, tune me, mould me, mellow me for use,  
Pervade my being with Thy vital force,  
That this else inexpressive life of mine  
May become eloquent and full of power,  
Impregnated with life and strength divine.  
Put the bright torch of Heaven in my hand,  
That I may carry it aloft, and win  
The weary eyes of wanderers here below,  
To guide their feet into the way of peace.  
I cannot raise the dead, nor from this soil  
Pluck precious dust, nor bid the sleepers wake;  
Nor still the storm, nor bend the lightning back,  
Nor muffle up the thunder, lest its roar  
Should break the rest of my sick, sleeping boy;  
Nor bind the Evil One, nor bid the chain

Fall from creation's long-enfettered limbs,  
To make all nature free as at the first,  
And beautiful as free; but I can live  
A life that tells on other lives, and makes  
This world less full of evil and of pain, —  
A life which, like a pebble dropped at sea,  
Sends its wide circles to a hundred shores.  
Let such be mine! Creator of true life!  
Thyself the life Thou givest, give Thyself,  
That Thou mayest dwell in me, and I in Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR.

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## June 19.

*Oh, how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up  
for them that fear thee: which thou hast wrought  
for them that trust in thee before the sons of men! —*  
Ps. xxxi. 19.

ONE of the strongest characteristics of our times has been a sensible diminishing of the attempt to realize the blessedness of the occupations and the beauty of the landscapes of the other life, and an increase of the conviction that the essence of its happiness must be in holiness, and that the soul consecrated in holiness might well forget even to ask where it was to dwell and what it was to do forever. What "place" may mean in that other life, we cannot even conjecture, till we know something of the nature of the spiritual body in which we are to live; and, paint the place as definitely and as brilliantly as we will, still it would make it earth, not Heaven, if it should be conceived of apart from spiritual fitnesses, as gratifying or satisfying the soul of its inhabitant. "Cœlum patria, Christus via," says the old motto: "Heaven the country, Christ the way." But it is true that He who is the way is also the life into which the way leads; and Christ must be country as well as path.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## SUMMER HYMN.

THE year draws near its golden-hearted prime,  
 Fulfilled of grandeur rounded into grace ;  
 We seem to hear sweet notes of joyance chime  
 From elfin bells through many a greenwood place.

The sovereign summer, robed and garlanded,  
 Looks, steeped in verdure, up the enchanted skies ;  
 A crown, sun-woven, round her royal head,  
 And love's warm languor in her dreamy eyes.

We quaff our fill of beauty, peace, delight ;  
 But, 'mid the entrancing scene a still voice saith,  
 "If earth, Heaven's shadow, shows a face so bright,  
 What of God's summer past the straits of death?"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.



## June 20.

*Thou wilt shew me the path of life : in thy presence is  
 fulness of joy ; at thy right hand there are pleasures  
 forevermore. — Ps. xvi. 11.*

HERE below is not the land of happiness ; I know it  
 now ; it is only the land of toil, and every joy that  
 comes to us is only to strengthen us for some greater  
 labor that is to succeed. . . . Happiness is only on the  
 other side of the grave. All on the earth is indescriba-  
 bly petty, that I know ; but happiness is not what I am  
 in search of ; I know I shall not find it. Happiness<sup>e</sup> is  
 not the end of our being, but being worthy of it.

FICHTE.

THERE is in man a Higher than love of happiness.  
 He can do without happiness, and instead thereof find  
 blessedness.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground, —  
Once on a time, as story saith, —  
All closed in and closed round  
With a great wall, as black as death.

I saw a hundred mornings break, —  
So far a little dream may reach, —  
And, like a blush on some fair cheek,  
The Springtime mantling over each.

Sweet vines o'erhung, like vernal floods,  
The wall, I thought, and, though I spied  
The glorious promise of the buds,  
They only bloomed the other side.

Tears, torments, darkened all my ground,  
Yet Heaven, by starts, above me gleaned ;  
I saw, with senses strangely bound,  
And in my dreaming knew I dreamed, —

Saying to my heart, these things are signs  
Sent to instruct us that 't is ours  
Duly to dress and keep our vines,  
Waiting in patience for the flowers.

But when the angel, feared by all  
Across my hearth his shadow spread,  
"The rose that climbed my garden wall  
Has bloomed the other side," — I said.

ALICE CARY.

## June 21.

*Before I was afflicted I went astray : but now have I kept  
thy word. — Ps. cxix. 67.*

SUFFERING becomes beautiful, when any one bears  
great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

ARISTOTLE, B. C. 384.

It is when life becomes straiter by sorrow and bereavement, that men of faith see widely over the land of far distances. A divine atmosphere envelopes their world, a vaster amplitude of light surrounds their being. Sorrow makes the atmosphere of the soul so transparent that the far-away things of eternity, that are usually unseen when all is well, become distinctly visible.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THINK not alone of what the Lord hath taken,  
 Thou whom His love hath of some joy bereft;  
 But, in the moments thou art most forsaken,  
 Think what His love hath left.

Count up thy gains won from affliction's losses, —  
 The riches gathered in no cheaper mart, —  
 The faith and hope, — new crowns to costly crosses,  
 Wrought out by sorrow's smart.

E. E. LAY.

### June 22.

*Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day  
 unto the Lord? — I CHRON. XXIX. 5.*

NONE are so full of cares and sufferings, or so poor in gifts, that to them also, waiting patiently and trustfully on God for His daily commands, He will not give direct ministry for Him; increasing according to their strength and their desire.

There is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led, and helped, and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take care that, by the glance being turned inward, or lost in vacant revery, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand straight from God.

RAYS OF SUNLIGHT.

O BRIGHT occasions of dispensing good,  
How seldom used, how little understood !

WILLIAM COWPER.

### CHARITY.

THE secret that doth make a flower a flower,  
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,  
And to receive, to give.  
No soil so sterile, and no living lot  
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare  
In household odors. Charitable they  
Who, be their having more or less, *so* have,  
That less is more than need, and more is less  
Than the great heart's good-will.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

### June 23.

*Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that  
is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. —*  
HEB. xiii. 15.

AN unthankful man not only seems to steal God's gifts,  
but he robs himself of their best sweetness.

JEWISH PROVERB.

### MATINS.

FOR the dear love that kept us through the night,  
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway, —  
For the new miracle of dawning light,  
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,  
We thank Thee, O our God !

For the fresh life that through our being flows  
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless, —  
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose  
To hear to Thee their song of thankfulness,  
We praise Thee, O our God !



Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night  
 Tells of Thy power and glory. So would we,  
 Thy children, duly, with the morning light,  
 Or at still eve, upon the bended knee,  
 Adore Thee, O our God!

Thou knowest our needs, Thy fulness will supply;  
 Our blindness, — let Thy Hand still lead us on,  
 Till, visited by the Dayspring from on high,  
 Our prayer, one only, "Let Thy will be done!"  
 We breathe to Thee, O God!

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

## June 24.

*All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours. — I COR. iii. 21, 22.*

*Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever. — PS. cvi. 1.*

TO take blessings open-handed, with glad and thankful heart, and to get from them all the joy with which God has charged them, is the beginning of praise. God would have you remember, in bidding you praise, that that which you enjoy, that which exhilarates you, is His good gift to you. God puts into it that element which makes it a blessing, — God's own Hand presents the cup to your lips. Praising, you realize this, and confess it. . . . He who can praise makes his joy perennial. The particular pleasure passes, but the fountain endures, and will pour forth fresh and sparkling streams through eternity. He who mingles praises with a glad to-day makes a glad to-morrow. And so all life by praise becomes a sacrament of joy. There are no breaks or pauses in the flow of blessing to those who joy in God.

Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
 As though Thy goodness had spare days, —  
 But such a heart whose pulse may be  
 Thy praise.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

## RICHES.

MINE are the heavens of glory and wonder,  
Dewfall and dawning on the hills of old ;  
The deep sea's strength, the treasures lying under ;  
How poor the wealth that only hands can hold !

Mine are the birds and all their happy goings ;  
Flowers nestling, sunshine playing in the grass :  
My cup is filled from all the overflowings, —  
All angels give me greeting as they pass.

Mine are all yesterdays and all to-morrows,  
All that the ages in their bosom hide ;  
The human's highest hopes and deepest sorrows ;  
And need I covet what there is beside ?

Mine are the tears that comfort all the aching ;  
Mine the rejoicings of the world to share ;  
The promise of the sleep and of the waking, —  
And what is less than those I well may spare.

CARL SPENCER.



## June 25.

*When I awake, I am still with thee.* — PS. cxxxix. 18.

I HAVE a power in my soul which enables me to perceive God ; I am as certain as that I live that nothing is so near to me as God. He is nearer to me than I am to myself. It is a part of His very essence that He should be nigh and present to me. . . . and he is more blessed or less blessed in the same measure as he is aware of the presence of God. It is not because God is in him, and so close to him, and he hath God, that he is blessed, but because he perceives God's presence, and knows and loves Him.

JOHN TAULER, 1340.

## STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When wake the birds, and all the shadows flee ;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, — *I am with Thee.*

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! As to each new-born morning  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,  
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, — *I am with Thee.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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## June 26.

*The day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun. — Ps. lxxiv. 16.*

THE best things are nearest : breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweet things of life.

## NIGHT AND DAY.

THE day is Thine, —  
 The long, bright summer day,  
 From the first dawning light till evening closes;  
 And all its merry birds and blooming roses,  
 And all its golden beauty, bid us say  
 The day, O Lord, is Thine.

The night is Thine, —  
 The long, dark winter's night,  
 Hushing our birds to sleep, our flowers concealing,  
 But, by its hosts of glowing stars, revealing,  
 Through the deep sky, Thy glory and Thy might;  
 The night, O Lord, is Thine.

And life's brief day  
 Is also Thine, when we  
 Must work while light doth last, for our dear Master;  
 Oh that our sluggish feet could travel faster,  
 And we with readier service give to Thee  
 Our life's fast-fleeting day!

That darker night  
 Is also Thine, O Lord,  
 When Thou sweet sleep to Thy beloved givest;  
 For, while they need'st must die, Thou ever livest,  
 And o'er Thy dear ones keepest watch and ward,  
 Till darkness ends in light.

C. E. M.

## June 27.

*As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,  
 neither have entered into the heart of man, the things  
 which God hath prepared for them that love him.  
 But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit. —*  
 1 COR. ii. 9, 10.

OH! when those gates of pearl, those fountains, those  
 golden streets and trees of life will become visible  
 to the eye, what care we for a few days of sorrow on  
 earth? When we gather at the throne, all shall be  
 over; and then, oh! the songs of praise and the notes

of joy that shall be uttered ! Could I take away the veil this morning ; could the invisible appear ; could I see the forms of those that once stood beside me ; could we see the little ones that slipped out of our arms just when we listened with most pleasure to their prattling voices, — what joy would fill our hearts ! I may not see them now, but, thank God, I shall see them and be with them forever.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

WE now call it death to leave this world, but were we once out of it, and instated into the happiness of the next, we should think it were dying indeed to come into it again.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

### COMPENSATION.

IN that new world toward which our feet are set  
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget  
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss ?  
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this ?  
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,  
When on the leafless stock the brown buds swell,  
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song ?

Oh, sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,  
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,  
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,  
The sun-flecked shadow of the stately trees,  
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,  
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,  
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song !

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,  
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light !  
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet  
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet,  
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space  
From snow to roses ; and how dear her face,  
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song !

O happy earth ! O home so well beloved !  
 What recompense have we from thee removed !  
 One hope we have that overtops the whole. —  
 The hope of finding every vanished soul  
 We love and long for daily, and for this  
 Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,  
 Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,  
 And little birds break out in rippling song.

CELIA THAXTER.

## June 28.

*O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee : my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is ; to see thy power and thy glory. — Ps. lxiii. 1, 2.*

GOD is infinite, and without end ; but the soul's desire is an abyss which cannot be filled except by a Good which is infinite. God is a Good without drawback, and a well of living water without bottom ; and the soul is made in the image of God, and is therefore created to know and love God.

JOHN TAULER.

MAN's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness ; it is because there is an infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

## THOU ART GOD.

THOU art the Opener, open Thou the door :  
 Thou art the Teacher, teach my soul to soar :  
 No human masters hold me by the hand :  
 They pass away — Thou bidest evermore.

I cannot reach the road to join with Thee :  
 I cannot bear one breath apart from Thee ;  
 I dare not tell this grief to any man ;  
 Ah hard ! ah strange ! ah longing sweet for Thee !

WHITLEY STOKES (*from Omar Khayyam*).

## June 29.

*Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. — JER. i. 9.*

*Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee. — JER. i. 17.*

GOD'S guidance does not make man's needless, for a very large part of God's guidance is ministered to us through men. And whenever a man's thoughts and words teach us to understand God's thoughts and words more clearly, to love them more earnestly, or to obey them more gladly, — there human guidance is discharging its noblest function.

ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

## SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
     Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
     To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
     And lifts us unawares  
     Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
     And by their overflow  
     Raise us from what is low !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## June 30.

*Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. — ROM. v. 1, 2.*

O MY heart, sing hallelujah; let every power give praise unto Him who has put away thy sin. Crimson to the core with iniquity, yet washed white in the blood of the Lamb! The Lord has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Has Christ put away your sin? If He has, be as happy as the days are long in the sweet summer time, and be as bright as a garden in the month of June, and sing like angels, for you have more to sing about than angels have.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

## JOY IN GOD.

SINCE Jesus is my Friend,  
And I to Him belong,  
It matters not what foes intend,  
However fierce and strong.

He whispers in my breast  
Sweet words of holy cheer,  
How they who seek in God their rest  
Shall ever find Him near.

How God hath built above  
A city fair and new,  
Where eye and heart shall see and prove  
What faith has counted true.

My heart for gladness springs, —  
It cannot more be sad;  
For very joy it smiles and sings, —  
Sees naught but sunshine glad.



The sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ, the Lord I love;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for me above.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.

(Translated by Catherine Winkworth.)

## July 1.

*But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob,  
and he that formed thee, O Israel, — Fear not: for  
I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name;  
thou art mine. — ISA. xliii. 1.*

GOD beholds thee individually, whoever thou art. "He calls thee by thy name." He sees thee, and understands thee. He knows what is in thee, — all thy own peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy dispositions and likings, thy strength and thy weakness. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing and thy day of sorrow. He sympathizes in thy hopes and in thy temptations. He interests Himself in all thy anxieties and thy remembrances, in all the risings and fallings of thy spirit. He compasses thee round, and bears thee in His arms; He takes thee up and sets thee down. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it; and if He puts it on thee, it is as thou wilt put it on thyself, if thou art wise, — for a greater good afterwards.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## SPEAK TO ME, O MASTER.

SPEAK to me, by name, O Master,  
Let me *know* it is to me, —  
Speak, that I may follow faster,  
With a step more firm and free,  
Where the Shepherd leads the flock  
In the shadow of the rock.

Master, speak ! I kneel before Thee,  
 Listening, longing, waiting still;  
 Oh, how long shall I implore Thee  
 This petition to fulfil?  
 Hast Thou not one word for me?  
 Must my prayer unanswered be?

Master, speak ! Though least and lowest,  
 Let me not unheard depart ;  
 Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest  
 All the yearning of my heart, —  
 Knowest all its truest need, —  
 Speak, and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak ! and make me ready  
 When thy voice is truly heard,  
 With obedience glad and steady  
 Still to follow every word.  
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee, —  
 Master, speak, oh, speak to me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## July 2.

*We beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that, as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more. — 1 THESS. iv. 1.*

IT is a tedious thing to be always beginning to live.  
 They live badly who always begin to live.

SENECA.

THE hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday ; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us "leave behind our low-vaulted past."

WILLIAM DYER.

## THE CULPRIT HEART.

WHEN the dawn is on the mountain,  
 And the gloom is on the deep;  
 When the spray about the fountain  
 Seems to tremble from its sleep;  
 When the first bird's thrill of warning  
 Stirs like music in a dream,  
 Ere the full song-gush of morning  
 Floods the thicket by the stream;  
 When the gibbous moon is paling  
 Just above the wooded hill;  
 When the lamps of night are failing,  
 And the air is pure and chill, —  
 Then I whisper, waking early,  
 "As the air, the dawn, the spray,  
 Or the dewdrop hanging pearly,  
 O my heart, be pure to-day!"

. . . . .  
 When the last song from the thicket  
 Dies away, a dreamful tone,  
 And the strident-voiced cricket  
 Takes the night-watch for his own;  
 "Heart!" I whisper, sadder, sterner,  
 "Guilty still, and ill at ease?  
 Grief and shame, O laggard learner,  
 Hast thou learned, indeed, but these?  
 All the day thy feet have stumbled,  
 And thy palms are soiled again;  
 Thou art weary, thou art humbled,  
 Sick of folly, tired of pain.  
 So, poor culprit, thou art weeping  
 With thy head upon thy breast;  
 Nay, 't is now the hour for sleeping,  
 We will pray, forgive, and rest.  
 So, in spite of sin and sorrow,  
 Hope shall fold her wings and stay, —  
 For to-morrow, oh, to-morrow,  
 Heart, thou shalt be pure all day!"

MARY B. DIMOND.

## July 3.

*It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait  
for the salvation of the Lord.*—LAM. iii. 26.

THE power which moves the world is hope. An anxious, doubtful, timid man can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us; hope inspires us. To cultivate and strengthen our hope, we must increase our faith in goodness and in a God of love. We must have faith in the true God, and that is essentially faith in goodness. Look up, poor trembling heart; look up, and see God near. Look up, hard heart, and feel the soft showers of divine grace. Become as little children, be born anew every day, into a fresh inspiration, faith, and hope, and so enter every day the kingdom of Heaven!

As there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## HOPE IN GOD.

HOPE, child, to-morrow and to-morrow still.  
And every morrow hope, — trust while you live.  
Hope! and each time the dawn doth heaven fill,  
Be there to ask, as God is there to give.

Poor angel! say, "For sin is sorrow sent:  
Perchance, if long I weep on bended knee,  
When He has first blessed all the innocent,  
Then all the contrite, God may end with me."

VICTOR HUGO.

## July 4.

*Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. — EPH. vi. 13.*

THE idea of strength is simple, admitting of no analysis; but strength itself may be manifested in either of two ways. It may either make an impression, as when "the sun shineth in his strength,"— it may overcome obstacles, break down barriers, and march forward to the attainment of a proposed end; or it may stand firm as the hills, when it is said that "the strength of the hills is His also,"— it may bear burdens, it may resist impressions that are attempted to be made upon it. The whole strength which any man will be able to exert, in either of these modes, will depend in part on the faculties he may possess, and in part on the energy of the will. . . . Man is no part of a linked and necessary series of cause and effect, but may find in himself grounds of activity that will enable him to resist every impulse and motive that can be brought from without. When pushed fully up to that line where degradation and slavery commence, he has only to stand firm, and God Himself, by the hand of death, will open a gate by which he may pass out, unstained and unhumbled, into perfect freedom. Here is his true dignity, here is strength. So have the martyrs stood. What is "the strength of the hills" compared with this? It is one of the sublimest of all spectacles to see a man stand firm against all possible allurements and threatenings, and, reckless of consequences, hold fast to truth and duty.

MARK HOPKINS.

## ABDIEL.

. . . THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;

Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he passed  
 Long way, through hostile scorn, which he sustained  
 Superior, nor of violence feared aught.

JOHN MILTON.

## July 5.

*For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our  
 Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven  
 and earth is named.* — EPH. iii. 14, 15.

THE *whole* family, in Heaven and earth, — not the two families, nor the divided family, but the *whole* family in Heaven and earth. It appears at first sight as if we were very effectually divided by the hand of death. Can it be that we are one family, when some of us labor on, and others sleep beneath the green-sward? There was a great truth in the sentence which Wordsworth put into the mouth of the little child when she said, — “O Master, we are seven!”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in Heaven!’  
 ‘T was throwing words away; for still  
 The little maid would have her will,  
 And said, ‘Nay, we are seven!’”

Should we not thus speak of the divine family? for death assuredly has no separating power in the household of God.

C. H. SPURGEON.

## MY DEAD.

I CANNOT think of them as dead,  
 Who walk with me no more;  
 Along the path of life I tread, —  
 They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair,  
 Beyond my vision dim, —  
 All souls are His, and here, or there,  
 Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry  
 Within my heart hath place,  
 As when on earth they walked with me,  
 And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;  
 What they to me have been  
 Hath left henceforth its seal and sign  
 Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership  
 Nor time, nor death can free, —  
 For God hath given to Love to keep  
 Its own eternally.



## July 6.

*In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.* — JOHN xiv. 2.

WE rest on this: "I go to prepare a place for you." A place is prepared for each one of us, — a place fitted to our distinct character; a separate work fitted to develop that character into perfection, and in the doing of which we shall have the continual delight of feeling that we are growing; a place not only for us, but for all our peculiar powers. Our ideals shall become more beautiful, and minister continually to fresh aspiration.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

VICTOR HUGO in the fulness of his years said, "The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so

many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn."

Is death the last sleep? No, it is the last final waking.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace, must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing. There is a power in the soul, quite distinct from the intellect, by which God is *felt*. The Christian *knows* through the heart.

JAMES A. FROUDE.

### FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought  
Of future glory which religion taught.  
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,  
And Hope expected so to find it too;  
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,  
"Believe? Expect? I *know* it to be true!"

JOHN BYROM, 1691-1763.

### July 7.

*As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness. —*  
Ps. xvii. 15.

WHOSO liveth in love liveth in Heaven. He will have no new lessons to learn, no new ministries to commence, no new life to live, when he passes through the veil and joins the great company in whom self is slain. He will simply take up the thread he dropped



for a moment, and weave on the golden woof through eternity. You may see the pattern and texture of it here, in lives rich in Christ-like charity. Would you live for eternity? Would you rise to the height of your great destiny? Would you let the whole flood of power which streams down from celestial fountains flow through your life, and bear you along? Heal the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant, reclaim the erring, help the weak, pity the poor. No diviner life, no life more like God's is known to the angels who surround most closely the glory of the central throne.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

DARWIN remarks that we are less dazzled by the light at waking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have here dreamt of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

NOVALIS.

*(Assumed name of Friederich Von Hardenberg.)*

## MORN.

IN what a strange bewilderment do we  
 Awake each morn from out the brief night's sleep!  
 Our struggling consciousness doth grope and creep  
 Its slow way back, as if it could not free  
 Itself from bonds unseen. Then memory,  
 Like sudden light, outflashes from its deep  
 The joy or grief which it had last to keep  
 For us; and by the joy or grief we see  
 The new day dawneth like the yesterday;  
 We are unchanged; our life the same we knew  
 Before. I wonder if this is the way  
 We wake from Death's short sleep to struggle through  
 A brief bewilderment, and in dismay  
 Behold our life unto our old life true.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## July 8.

*If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul ; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day : and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul. — Isa. lviii. 10, 11.*

NEVER do we approach nearer to our Maker than when we cause the sunlight of Heaven to beam upon the broken soul of our suffering brother.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

DESIRE nothing but the knowledge of God's will and the disposition to do and suffer it.

LA COMBE.

LOVE, faith, and obedience are sides of the same prism.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### THE MONK'S VISION OF CHRIST.

BEHOLD, unto a monk the vision grew  
Of Him who waits for all, his loving Lord,  
Him, who all suffering, all patience knew,  
And wore the crown of hate for Love's reward.

The perfect vision of most holy light,  
The Guest of man, unto His follower dear  
Gave (He who gave the blind his mortal sight,) —  
Immortal light to see his Master near.

Long gazed the monk : his rapture grew the more —  
The sight remained, nor grew his soul content,  
Till in his heart a message from the poor,  
Fed by his bounty, whispered, and he went.

His duty called, Christ's own beloved care,  
While in his room Christ seemed himself to stay ;  
But Christ was in his heart : so keeping there  
The vision sweet, he walked his Master's way.

He walked His way, fulfilling, as he went,  
 His Master's word and unforgotten will;  
 Returning, — Heaven-rewarded, self-content, —  
 Lo, the dear vision waited for him still !

“Thy will be done,” in many a prayer before,  
 His heart had lifted. Lo, the vision said  
 (His will being done who visits still the poor,)  
 Lowly, — “Hadst thou remained, I must have fled.”

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

## July 9.

*Fear not: for I am with thee.* — ISA. xliii. 5.

“ORDERED OF THE LORD.” — Just as the ploughman takes furrow by furrow, one ended before another is begun, so our duties come to us, not in battalions, but singly. Our life's plan, if we read it aright, is beneficently designed. We are not abandoned to blind chance. Confusion and entanglement can come only by our choosing to refuse guidance, and to shape our lot for ourselves. So it will seem to us when we have come to the end of it, and can look back, — a divinely-ordered whole, which even our failures cannot mar, for God only asks of us our best and bravest; and if we give Him these, we need not grieve overmuch if some of the furrows refuse to run straight. The failure may be success after all, so far as our discipline is concerned. . . . Our very failures may be an answer to our doubts, — evidence of a time when we shall neither faint nor fail, when the acre will be freed from weeds, and ready for a fair harvest. For in the midst of our saddest blunders we have visions of higher things, unfulfilled aspirations, cravings for growth; and these will be satisfied, every one of them. We who have tested the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge are meant to inherit the tree of life; and somewhere else the task dropped here may be taken up and made good.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

## LIMITATION.

O LOVE, dismayed because thy choicest art  
 Lacks power to touch thy brother's deepest need;  
 O thought, that ripenest not in perfect deed;  
 O word, that misinterpretest the heart;  
 O searching soul, that findest but in part  
 The truth and beauty which thy hunger feed;  
 That stumblest, following where thy visions lead,  
 Yet followest lamely, seeking whence they start;  
 Tell truly, is your weakness utter pain?  
 Or rather, comes therewith a puzzling peace,  
 Betokening that ye strive not all in vain?  
 A bondage strange, which is itself release?  
 A loving pressure of that mighty Hand  
 Within whose hollow we forever stand?



## July 10.

*I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will sing  
 praise to my God while I have my being. — Ps. civ. 33.*

WONDROUS is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, — a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful, because bright.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WE praise God at intervals with our words, but our whole life should be a ceaseless song of praise.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

## UNHEARD.

A TRAVELLER, climbing up steep mountain peaks,  
 Saw height on height of rugged ranges rise,  
 Still unattained, and, sinking weary down  
 With fainting courage, cried : " I'll climb no more,  
 The broad, green vale below hath softer road,

Ease, comfort, troops of friends," — when lo ! a voice,  
 A bird's voice, singing fine, and clear, and sweet,  
 Borne upward as on silver wings of sound ;  
 Perchance his rapture filled no ear before,  
 But just as sweet, though none should ever hear.  
 O poet heart ! sing on ! though high, apart  
 Thy lonely life, some fainting soul may hope  
 And courage take to climb again ; sing on,  
 And gain the heights, content if God but hear.

M. S. SIBLEY.

## July 11.

*Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of  
 the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. —*  
 LUKE XV. 10.

WE all know that we have each our guardian angel  
 who watches over us ; but we must also remember,  
 that all the angels, with one accord, care for our well-  
 being ; for are we not told that the angels rejoice more  
 over one penitent sinner, than many just persons who  
 need no repentance ?

JOHN CALVIN.

GOOD deeds ring clear through Heaven like a bell.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

## BEYOND.

NEVER a word is said  
 But it trembles in the air,  
 And the truant voice has sped  
 To vibrate everywhere ;  
 And perhaps far off in eternal years  
 The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done  
 To wipe the weeping eyes,  
 But, like flashes of the sun,  
 They signal to the skies ;  
 And up above the angels read  
 How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,  
 But it tones the after years,  
 And it carries up to Heaven  
 Its sunshine or its tears :  
 While the to-morrows stand and wait, —  
 The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,  
 And the stars are everywhere,  
 And time is eternity,  
 And the here is over there ;  
 For the common deeds of the common day  
 Are ringing bells in the far-away.

HENRY BURTON.

## July 12.

*Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another ; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous. —*

I PET. iii. 8.

THE processions of the seasons pass on. The constellations march through space. Days die in serenity and are born in splendor. The universe lavishes its largess for your delight ; yet, of the infinite that it gives, how little you take in, how much less you assimilate ! In what poverty you abide ! What scanty measure you give out ! In what perception or faculty or emotion do you rise to the supreme fulness of life ? You are haunted with the consciousness of what you miss, — of what you have never reached. What dulls, and deadens, and irritates you this moment ? Something. — a petty or mean little something, doubtless ; yet it is mighty enough to undermine resolves, to defraud you of the highest and finest essence of life ; more, — to rob you of the possession of your highest and sweetest self. Nor is the victim scarcely ever wholly to blame. The most exquisite flavor of daily existence eludes us chiefly through the lack of a prevailing and pervading courtesy in our constant intercourse with each other, — through a careless lack of tender consideration for the temperamental dif-

ferences and infirmities which exist in all. . . . This lack of courtesy, of sympathetic kindness in little things, is surely the bane of average daily life. We see it, feel it, suffer from it everywhere. It is as culpably palpable in the highest council of the nation as it is in the humblest household.

MARY CLEMMER AMES

### COURTESY.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our foibles springs;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save or serve, but all may please, —  
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence  
A small unkindness is a great offence.  
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

HANNAH MORE

### July 13.

*A man that hath friends must shew himself  
friendly.* — PROV. xviii. 24.

HEARTS more or less, I suppose, most of us have, but we keep them so close-cased and padlocked, — we wear an outside so hard or dry, — that little or none of the love that may be within escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any of the sweetening to society that comes when affection is not only felt but expressed.

J. C. SHAIRP.

### IF YOU LOVE THEM, TELL THEM SO.

OH, my friend, it would be better  
If to those we love we gave  
Tender words while they were with us,  
Than to say them o'er a grave!  
Those who die no longer need them,  
And the words they longed to know  
While they lived, are only wasted  
On the cold, deaf ear below.

Many a heart is hungry, starving,  
For a little word of love ;  
Speak it then, and as the sunshine  
Gilds the lofty peaks above,

So the joy of those who hear it  
Sends its radiance down life's way,  
And the world is brighter, better,  
For the loving words we say.

Loving words will cost us little,  
As along through life we go ;  
Let us, then, make others happy, —  
If you love them, tell them so.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

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## July 14.

*Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life ? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. — JAS. iv. 14.*

EACH day is a branch of the tree of Life, laden heavily with fruit. If we lie down lazily beneath it, we may starve ; but if we shake the branches, some of the fruit will fall for us.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening. Sun-risings and sun-settings are closely connected in every experience.

A LIFE without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

WERE you building a monument to remain for the ages, how majestic and substantial would be its construction ! How much more august and solemn is life !

RICHARD S. STORRS



## RUSKIN'S LIFE-MOTTO.

TO-DAY

Unsullied, comes to thee, — new-born ;  
 To-morrow is not thine :  
 The sun may cease to shine  
 For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,  
 Nor fear approaching night ;  
 Calm comes with evening light,  
 And hope and peace, — thy duty heed  
To-day.



## July 15.

*Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones  
 a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple,  
 verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his  
 reward. — MATT. x. 42.*

WHEN we turn away from some duty, or some fellow creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him on to open the door.

EDWARD GARRETT.

## THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

ONE golden morn to Adine's home there came  
 The angel bearer of a sweet behest, —  
 "With loving care,  
 Adine, thy home prepare,  
 For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest."

With awe, Adine the Heavenly message heard.  
A holy hush fell on her heart and face;  
And going to and fro,  
She whispered low,  
"To-day His presence shall make glad this place."

Long hours she watched; and while she bent her ear,  
And through the twilight strained her eager sight,  
A shadow crossed the floor,  
And at the door,  
A sad-eyed child begged shelter for the night.

But Adine, waiting for her kingly guest,  
With hope and fear at war within her heart,  
No thought or care  
The weary child could spare,  
And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

Then suddenly the childish form was changed,  
And with a look that smote her like a sword —  
All fair and bright,  
In robes of silvery white —  
He turned and said, "Adine, behold thy Lord."

And while with trembling hands her face she hid,  
The glory faded through the place that shone;  
The sheen of pinions fair  
Swept through the silent air,  
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,  
But help from those who need, no more withholds;  
For, evermore,  
In all who seek her door,  
Adine the image of her Lord beholds.

## July 16.

*To do good, and to communicate, forget not : for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. —* HEB. xiii. 16.

STAY not till you are told of opportunities to do good, — inquire after them.

THE words which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Jeanie Deans, in her memorable address to the queen, are true as they are beautiful: "When the hour of trouble comes, — and seldom may it visit your leddyship, — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, — lang and late may it be yours, O my leddy! it is na what we have done for oursels, but what we have done for ithers, that we think on most pleasantly."

## NOONTIDE.

WHEN the weary noonday heat  
Scorches hillside, lane, and street,  
May my life a breeze and shade,  
For Thy wayfarers be made!

Of Thy river, full and free,  
Send a cooling draught by me.  
That Thy thirsty ones may bless  
Thine abounding tenderness.

Let me bear Thy love's perfume  
Into haunts of guilt and gloom,  
Winning so the sin-sick one  
Forth to Thee, the Light, the Sun.

Let Thy joy and beauty grow  
In my path for them, that so  
We may see that Thou hast given  
Earth to be our road to Heaven.

Let me wash Thy wanderers' feet,  
Take them in, and bid them eat;  
While they share my daily bread,  
May our souls by Thee be fed.

Make my heart a home and rest  
For Thine outcast and oppressed;  
Let us find, of Thy sweet grace,  
In Thyself, our dwelling-place.

Shut for one calm hour away  
From the clamor of the day,  
All our work will happier be  
For this noontide rest with Thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

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## July 17.

*My strength is made perfect in weakness.* — 2 COR.  
xii. 9.

TAKEN by itself, your life is certainly a very insignificant affair; but, placed as you happen to be placed, in the kind of a universe which God has happened to make, your life becomes of infinite importance. For God has chosen to work out His designs, not in spite of you, but through you; and where you fail, He halts. Almighty God needs you. You are not your own, either to be insignificant or great, but you are in the service of that which is greater than yourself, and that service touches your life with its own greatness. It is as though you were a light-house keeper set to do your duty on your bare rock. Can any life be more unpraised or insignificant? Why sit through weary nights to keep your flame alive? Why not sleep on, all unobserved, and let your little light go out? Because it is not your light, — that is the point. You are not its owner, you are its keeper. That is your name. You are a light-keeper. You are set there with this as your trust. The great design of the Power you serve takes you thus out of your insignificance.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

## ONLY.

ONLY a seed, — but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And, taking root, grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a thought, — but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught :  
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit, — a hundred fold.

Only a word, — but 't was spoken in love  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,  
And the angels in Heaven rejoiced once more,  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."



## July 18.

*Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. — JOHN vi. 34, 35.*

PRAYER, not only in the morning watch, but prayer sent voiceless from the heart from hour to hour. Then life is wakeful, hallowed, calm. It becomes beautiful with that beauty of God, which eye hath not seen. And day being hallowed thus, do not omit to make holy the night. Take by the power of prayer, through the wild land of dreams, the sanctifying presence of One who loves us. . . . Prayer, continually lived in, makes the presence of a holy and loving God the air which life breathes, and by which it lives, so that, as it mingles consciously with the work of the day, it becomes also a part of every dream. To us, then, it will be no strange thing to enter Heaven, for we have been living in the things of Heaven.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

• CRUMBS.

THE Father's house hath bread to spare;  
At His wide table all find room;  
But, whether high or humblest there,  
He gives it to us, *crumb by crumb*.

He gives us crumbs. The Heavenly bread  
He breaks for us as mothers do, —  
The instant's hunger instant fed,  
The asking and the answer too.

For us no fear of failing year,  
Of season's drouth or mildewed grain;  
In His good time there shall appear  
The early and the latter rain.

He may not promise us, indeed,  
The sight of wheat-fields harvested, —  
He will our years of famine feed,  
But only with His "daily bread."

"Give us," dear Lord, "our daily bread,"  
And give it to us, *crumb by crumb*;  
The little child that's hourly fed  
Doth never wander far from home.

ANNA F. BURNHAM.

—♦—  
July 19.

*Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.* — JOHN xiii. 1.

ALL, except God, must change.

JACQUES BOSSUET.

WHAT was your mother's nature, that cried when you cried, or laughed away your tears, and watched you by night and through the day, and died, taking care of you? You know what that is in a mother. Oh, is there a God like that? Yes, one as much better than that as

infinity is better than finiteness, — as much better than that as divinity is better than humanity. No latitude nor longitude can measure the orb of the glory of that heart which is in God, and which is manifested by Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

### ON THE SHORE.

THE sky was blue, the laughing wind  
Caressed me with its kisses sweet;  
The crested waves came rolling in,  
And sang an anthem at my feet, —

A low, sweet song, whose rippling tones  
Fell in soft cadence on the shore :  
I listened, and the sound grew clear, —  
The waters sang, — “ Forevermore ! ”

“ O waves,” I cried, “ what means your song?  
Why do ye sing it o’er and o’er?  
Our days are brief, all things must change,  
What may we keep forevermore ? ”

Methought the waves an answer gave, —  
A low, sweet murmur on the shore :  
“ *God’s tender love* will be the same  
Forevermore ! Forevermore ! ”

The sky was blue, the laughing wind  
Caressed me with its kisses sweet ;  
My very heart caught up the song  
The waves were singing at my feet.

“ God’s tender love will be the same ! ”  
I sang its sweetness o’er and o’er,  
And still the waves sang their refrain :  
“ Forevermore ! Forevermore ! ”

MARY H. ROWLAND.

## July 20.

*Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. — MARK xiv. 38.*

DAILY ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor, and to say, "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose, and in Thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly; for that which I have hitherto done is as nothing."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

## JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me from stain of sin  
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed  
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will, —  
Prompt to obey;  
Help me to sacrifice myself  
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word,  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips  
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs,  
I do not pray;  
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,  
*Just for to-day.*

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.



## July 21.

*If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.—ISA. lviii.*

13, 14.

THROUGH the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go on from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out forever.

SUNDAY is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## ONE DAY OUT OF SEVEN.

BIRDS cannot always sing, —

Silence at times they ask to nurse spent feeling;

To see some new bright thing

Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

Flowers cannot always blow;

Some Sabbath rest they need, of silent winter,

Ere from its sheath below

Shoots up a small green blade, brown earth to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak:

O God! in this loud world of noise and clatter,

Save us this once-a-week,

To let the sown seed grow, — not always scatter.

SPECTATOR.

## July 22.

*Is it well with the child ? — 2 KINGS iv. 26.*

FROM the moment when the mother hears the first wail of her infant, to the time when one or the other is called away from this world, love, watch, and care never cease. Our children may go from us, they may form other ties of love, — years may pass without a sight of the dear faces from which we have so often kissed the tears of childhood, but still they are *our children*, and we love on, and watch and care for them with the same tenderness.

. . . Go they here or there,  
I know they cannot go beyond  
A mother's love and prayer.

Happy the parents who have made home such a fitting-place for Heaven that they can hope to find all the children again in the Heavenly Home !

## ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN ?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,  
Dense, black, clouds fill the western sky,  
The storm will soon begin ;  
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,  
I hear the great round raindrops dash, —  
Are all the children in ?

They're coming softly to my side,  
Their forms within my arms I hide, —  
No other arms are sure ;  
The storm may rage with fury wild,  
With trusting faith each little child  
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,  
They'll go from this warm shelter here  
Out in the world's wild din ;  
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,  
I'll sit alone, and long to know,  
Are all the children in ?

Will they have shelter then, secure.  
 Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,  
 And love is true, when tried?  
 Or will they find a broken reed,  
 When strength of heart they so much need  
 To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best;  
 I'll shield them now, and leave the rest  
 In His most righteous Hand;  
 Sometimes the souls He loves are riven  
 By tempest wild, and thus are driven  
 Nearer the better Land.

If He should call us home before  
 The children land on that blest shore,  
 Afar from care and sin,  
 I know that I shall watch and wait  
 Till He, the Keeper of the Gate,  
 Lets all the children in.

SUSAN T. PERRY.

## July 23.

*Wait, I say, on the Lord.* — Ps. xxvii. 14.

EVERY to-morrow has two handles; we can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety, or the handle of faith.

### PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour  
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!  
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
 What parchèd ground refresh, as with a shower!  
 We kneel, when all around us seems to lower, —  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;  
 We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others, that we are not *always* strong, —  
 That we are *ever* overborne with care, —  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, — when with us is prayer,  
 And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

## July 24.

*He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.* — Ps. xci.

11, 12.

WHEN the clear, broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in; and, in the maturity of our full-grown faith, we shall exultingly say, — "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

FANNY FERN.

FROM unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescued. By Thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## GRACE.

How much, Preventing God! how much I owe  
To the defences Thou hast round me set:  
Example, custom, fear, occasion slow, —  
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.  
I dare not peep over this parapet  
To gauge with glance the roaring gulf below,  
The depths of sin to which I had descended,  
Had not these me against myself defended.

THE DIAL.

July 25.

*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous. —*  
Ps. cxii. 4.

IT was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set. The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where He bends the arch of light! Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow would not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore He draws the cloud above us, not once in a lifetime, but many times. But, lest the gloom should appall us, he braids the cloud with sunshine, — nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven.

#### THE FOREST GLADE.

As one dark morn I trod a forest glade,  
A sunbeam entered at the further end,  
And ran to meet me through the yielding shade,  
As one who in the distance sees a friend,  
And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes,  
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,  
Received the greeting with a quick surprise  
At first, and then with tears of pure delight;  
For sad my thoughts had been, — the tempest's wrath  
Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow gray;  
That heavenly guidance, humble sorrow hath,  
Had turned my feet into that forest-way,  
Just when His morning-light came down the path,  
Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## July 26.

*According to your faith be it unto you.* — MATT. ix. 29.

FAITH has an eagle's eye and a lion's heart. It has a lion's heart to bear present evils, and it has an eagle's eye to see future good.

ROBINSON, 1559.

I HAVE found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not the way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

## FAITH.

THE tree top, high above the barren field,  
Rising beyond the night's gray folds of mist,  
Rests stirless where the upper air is sealed  
To perfect silence, — by the faint moon kissed.  
But the low branches, drooping to the ground,  
Sway to and fro, as sways funereal plume,  
While from their restless depths low whispers sound, —  
"We fear, we fear the darkness and the gloom;  
Dim forms beneath us pass and reappear,  
And mournful tongues are menacing us here."  
Then from the topmost bough falls calm reply: —  
"Hush, hush! I see the coming of the morn;  
Swiftly the silent Night is passing by,  
And in her bosom rosy Dawn is borne.  
'T is but your own dim shadows that ye see,  
'T is but your own low moans that trouble ye."

So Life stands, with a twilight world around;  
Faith turned serenely to the steadfast sky,  
Still answering the heart that sweeps the ground,  
Sobbing in fear, and tossing restlessly, —  
"Hush, hush! The Dawn breaks o'er the eastern sea, —  
'T is but thine own dim shadow troubling thee."

EDWARD R. SILL.

## July 27.

*Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. — 2 PET. iii. 18.*

GROWTH is gladdening. He who grows in holiness grows in joy. Spiritual strength brings gladness. It is a poor, half-hearted religion, — not spiritual power, but the want of it, — that breeds gloom. The consciousness that a man is becoming stronger in his faith, clearer in his convictions, warmer in his love, must, from its very nature, be a glad consciousness. And the hope of greater strength yet to be attained, of loftier heights yet to be reached, is more joyous still.

ANONYMOUS.

## O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME.

O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede:  
My heart be daily nearer Thee, —  
From sin be daily freed.

Each day let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in Thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall,  
Fade every evil thought;  
That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.

Make this poor self grow less and less;  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,  
More worthy of Thy name.

Daily more filled with Thee, my heart  
Daily from self more free;  
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,  
Oh, my prayer-Hearer be !

Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might,  
My every motive move ;  
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love.

JOHN CASPAR LAVATER.  
(Translated by Mrs. H. B. Smith.)

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## July 28.

*The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament  
sheweth his handiwork. — Ps. xix. 1.*

I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, mid-summer's night, — the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began



to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

EDWARD EVERETT.

AH! that beauty, varying in the light  
Of living Nature, cannot be portrayed  
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,  
But is the property of him alone  
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
And in his heart recorded it with love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## July 29.

*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night  
sheweth knowledge.* — Ps. xix. 2.

WHATEVER leads our minds habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of Nature with the revelation of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see, in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of Him in whom "we live and move and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

## VOICES OF NATURE.

THE Seasons came and went, and went and came,  
To teach men gratitude ; and, as they passed,  
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else  
Had stolen unheeded by: the gentle flowers  
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,  
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.  
The dews came down, unseen, at evening-tide,  
And silently their bounties shed, to teach  
Mankind unostentatious charity.  
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,  
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.  
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,  
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak  
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still  
To courage in distress exhorted loud.  
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,  
Attuned the heart to melody and love.  
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept  
Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,  
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,  
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God  
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,  
She whispered to Revenge, — “ Forgive, forgive ! ”  
The sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced  
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.  
The moon awoke, and, from her maiden face,  
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,  
And, with her virgin stars, walked in the heavens,  
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked  
Of purity, and holiness, and God.  
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night  
Taught knowledge. . . .

ROBERT POLLOK.

## July 30.

*Watch unto prayer.* — I PET. iv. 7.

GO not, my friend, into the dangerous world without prayer. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids; a hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer, and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done, or are done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayer! wakefulness once more omitted; and now is that reparable? We solemnly believe not. There has been that done which cannot be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not ready to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from God. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day in which you shrink from duty. Moments of prayer intruded on by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience, but we cannot get back the rich freshness and strength which were wrapped up in those moments.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## A PRAYER.

GRANT us a body pure within,  
A wakeful heart, a ready will;  
Grant us, by no deep cherished sin,  
The fervor of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!  
With Thy most pure celestial ray;  
So may we walk in safety through  
All the temptations of this day.

BREVARY.

## July 31.

*Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer,  
nor his mercy from me. — Ps. lxi. 20.*

TRUE prayer is no earth-born thing. It is falling helpless at a Father's knee in answer to His call. It is the putting up of empty hands to receive what has been already promised. It is a poor, weak, trembling echo of divine love. It is a pure thought, born in Heaven and struggling back again into its native atmosphere, with some of the dust of earth upon its wings. When you cry for special blessings in such a spirit, be sure that you are not only fulfilling the required conditions of all answered prayer, but that in answering you for your highest good, God is acting in exact accordance with the conditions of His own infinite being. The special answer will follow the special prayer.

W. H. G. TEMPLE

## THE SECRET.

NOT with an empty word,  
But with a loving thought  
My heart hath sought the Lord;  
And so the thing I sought  
His love to me hath brought:  
Who, seeking thus, has erred?

This is the work of love.  
Vain is the freighted tongue  
The Heavenly Power to move;  
Fruitless are praises sung  
By hearts which have not clung  
To that great Heart above.

E. R. CHAMPLIN.

## August 1.

*I awaked, for the Lord sustained me. — Ps. iii. 5.*

*Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense. — Ps. cxli. 2.*

IN the morning there is much to feed the spirit of devotion. The hour is a still one. The hurry and tumults of life are not begun, and we naturally share in the tranquillity around us. . . . How fit it is at this hour to raise to God the eyes that He has opened, and the arm that He has strengthened; to acknowledge His providence, and to consecrate to Him the powers which he has renewed! How fit to employ in His praise the tongue which He has loosed and the breath which He has spared! . . . If God finds no place in our minds at that early and peaceful hour, He will hardly recur to us in the tumults of life.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

## MORNING PRAYER.

A GARDEN so well watered before morn  
Is hotly up that not the swart sun's blaze,  
Down beating with unmitigated rays,  
Nor scorching winds from fiery deserts borne,  
Shall quite prevail to leave it bare and shorn  
Of its green beauty, shall not quite prevail  
That all its morning freshness shall exhale,  
Till evening and the evening dews return, —  
A blessing such as this our hearts might reap,  
The freshness of the garden they might share,  
Through the long day a heavenly freshness keep,  
If, knowing how the day and the day's glare  
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep  
And water them betimes with dews of prayer.

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

## August 2.

*The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. — 1 PET. v. 10.*

A MAN never attains to the jubilant working of a believing spirit until a certain element of heroism is wrought into the springs of his being. This must be the fruit of heroic disciplinary training. By any and every means an immortal spirit must be set to thinking. It must think responsibility with profound and eager moral consciousness. A great faith must feed on great mysteries. The sinews of its strength must grow tense and wiry by the strain of great conflicts. Many need the discipline of great searchings after God in which they do not find Him. Some must agonize in prayers, which in the seeming are dead failures. Not otherwise can some natures grow into that massive and consolidated virtue and that masterful solution of religious problems which shall fit them for their predestined place as powers of control in God's plan.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

## HIS WAY IS BEST.

THE snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn;  
 Long, patient months produce the harvest fair;  
 The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare;  
 'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born;  
 The tempest tracks the mountain's face adorn;  
 In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare;  
 The port is calmer reached through storms of care;  
 The night of weeping melts in joyful morn.  
 Events are not as first they meet the sight;  
 The sons of God by passing griefs are blest;  
 Amid the dark He ever leads to light;  
 His purposes and plans are always right.  
 Commit thy way to Him, His way is best;  
 Oh, wait for Him, — wait patiently and rest

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL.

## August 3.

*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of  
God.* — HEB. iv. 9.

TO step out of self-life into Christ-life ; to lie still and let Him lift you out of it ; to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the hem of His garment ; to let Him lay His cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins ; to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of His, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child, with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfil ; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in His hands, — as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call ; to serve Him by waiting, to praise Him by saying, " Holy, Holy, Holy ; " to cease to hurry so that you lose sight of His face ; to learn to follow Him, and not to run ahead of orders ; to cease to live in self and for self, and to live in Him and for Him ; to love His honor more than your own ; to be a clear medium for His life-tide to shine and glow through, — this is consecration, — this is rest.

## REST.

WHEN the weary at heart, and the laden with sin,  
Have opened to Jesus the things that have been,  
When all is forgiven, — for all is confessed, —  
In the blood of His cross there is rest, blessed rest.

When in struggling for right, and in wrestling with wrong,  
The rough, doubtful path seems most lonesome and long,  
Ah ! then, like a babe, by its mother caressed,  
In the bosom of Jesus is rest, blessed rest.

When the home of our childhood is shadowed and dim,  
And the loved ones we clung to are gathered to Him,  
While we nestle and weep on His sheltering breast,  
Still, still, Jesus only is rest, blessed rest.

But the shadows shall pass, and the tears shall be dried,  
 And the light and the love shall forever abide ;  
 Without cloud, without end, inexpressibly blest,  
 For the people of God there remaineth a rest.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

## August 4.

*This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is, of itself, a lesson of profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.

W. E. GLADSTONE

WHEN the sense of weakness or of guilt and sin overbears the weary hand and heart, I can but remember the trusting and triumphant joy of the apostle, who would leave all the things which were behind, and press onward to those which are before, and run with patience the allotted race.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

## EVERY DAY.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,  
 Every morn is the world made new ;  
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,—  
 A hope for me, and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
 The tasks are done, and the tears are shed ;  
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;  
 Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,  
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.



Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight.  
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never  
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
 Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,  
 Cannot undo and cannot atone.  
 God in His mercy receive, forgive them!  
 Only the new days are our own;  
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are skies all burnished brightly,  
 Here is the spent earth all reborn,  
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
 To face the sun and share with the morn  
 In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning!  
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;  
 And, spite old sorrow and older sinning,  
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
 Take heart with the day, and begin again!

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## August 5.

*Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for  
 you. — 1 PET. v. 7.*

WHAT creed can be more to me than this: that God pities me; that God careth for me; and that to me, a wanderer from His presence and love, He hath sent forth His son, "to bring me nigh to Him?" Nigh to Him! Shelter, protection, peace, joy, blessedness; all, and more than all that words can utter, is summed up in this. The bright realm of Heaven, that overwhelmed me with its awful majesty, melts and dissolves in dews of mercy upon my thirsting and fainting nature.

ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

## HE CARETH FOR YOU.

How strong and sweet my Father's care !  
The word, like music in the air,  
Comes, answering to my whispered prayer, —  
    “He cares for thee.”

The thought great wonder with it brings,  
My cares are all such little things ;  
But to the truth my glad faith clings, —  
    He cares for me.

Yet, keep me ever in Thy love,  
Dear Father, watching from above,  
And let me still Thy mercy prove,  
    And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,  
But make me pure and true within,  
And teach me how Thy smile to win,  
    Who cares for me.

Oh, still, in summer's golden glow,  
Or wintry storms of wind and snow,  
Love me, my Father : let me know  
    Thy care for me.

And I will learn to cast the care,  
Which, like a heavy load, I bear,  
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer,  
    And trust in Thee.

For naught can hurt me, shade or shine,  
Nor evil thing touch me or mine.  
Since Thou, with tenderness divine,  
    Dost care for me.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## August 6.

*Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. — Ps. xlii. 8.*

WE could not afford to have it always night, and we must think that the broad, gay morning light, — when meadow-lark, and robin, and bobolink are singing in chorus with a thousand insects, and the waving of a thousand breezes, — is, on the whole, the most in accordance with the average wants of those who have a material life to live, and material work to do. If all the prayers and good resolutions which are laid down on sleeping pillows could be found there on awaking, the world would be better than it is.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## JOY IN THE MORNING.

O THOU who givest "songs"  
To watchers in the night,  
To whom all Nature's praise belongs,  
Grant me a psalm of light!

Thou who to countless birds  
Dost joyous matins teach,  
The soul of praise unformed in words. —  
Now listen, I beseech,  
As one, Thy care has kept  
From every danger free  
While I so peacefully have slept,  
Would, waking, sing to Thee.

"Joy cometh in the morn,"  
And I, to life renewed,  
With every nerve and sense new-born,  
Or with fresh power imbued, —  
Would consecrate to Thee  
The hours of this new day,  
That thus the harp within may be  
Divinely tuned, alway.

Known unto Thee alone  
Whate'er this day may bring;  
But if, O Master! Thou shalt touch  
Each key and silent string,  
Though pain with joy may blend,  
And smiles may herald tears,  
Thy love will to Life's anthem lend  
Hope, to dispel all fears.

S. LOUISE COLLINS.

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## August 7.

*What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him? and that thou shouldest visit him every morning? — JOB vii. 17, 18.*

ONLY let us love God, and then Nature will compass us about like a cloud of divine witnesses; and all influences from the earth, and things on the earth, will be the ministers of God to do us good. The breezes will whisper our souls into peace and purity; and in a valley, or from a hill-top, or looking along a plain, delight in beautiful scenery will pass into sympathy with that indwelling though unseen spirit, of whose presence beauty is everywhere the manifestation, faint, indeed, because earthly. Then not only will the stars shed upon us light, but they will pour from Heaven sublimity into our minds, and from on high will rain down thoughts to make us noble. God dwells in all things; and, felt in a man's heart, He is then to be felt in everything else. Only let there be God within us, and then everything outside us will become a godlike help.

EUTHANASY.

How many are quite unworthy to see the light, and yet the day dawns.

SENECA.

## DAYBREAK.

THROUGH silence, gloom, and star-strown paths of night,  
 The breathless hours like phantoms stole away.  
 Black lay the earth, in primal blackness wrapt,  
 Ere the great miracle once more was wrought.  
 A chill wind freshened in the pallid East,  
 And brought sea-smell of newly-blossomed foam,  
 And stirred the leaves and branch-hung nests of birds.  
 Fainter the glow-worm's lantern glimmered now  
 In the marsh-land and on the forest's hem,  
 And the slow dawn with purple laced the sky,  
 Where sky and sea lay sharply, edge to edge.  
 The purple melted, changed to violet,  
 And that to every delicate sea-shell tinge,  
 Blush-pink, deep cinnabar ; then no change was,  
 Save that the air had in it sense of wings,  
 Till suddenly the heavens were all aflame,  
 And it was morning. O great miracle !  
 O radiance and splendor of the Throne,  
 Daily vouchsafed to us ! Yet, saith the fool,  
 " There is no God ! "

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

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## August 8.

*Look not every man on his own things, but every man  
 also on the things of others. — PHIL. ii. 4.*

NO man has come to true greatness who has not felt  
 in some degree that his life belongs to his race,  
 and that what God gives him, He gives him for man-  
 kind.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

THE law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love  
 the members of society as themselves. The eternal,  
 universal, unchangeable law of all beings is to seek the  
 good of one another, like children of the same Father.

CICERO.

NOTHING is eternal but that which is done for God and for others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong ; but it perishes. You say it is pleasure, — well, enjoy it. But joyous recollection is no longer joy. That which ends in self is mortal ; that alone which goes out of self into God lasts forever.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

EVERYWHERE are hearts that need and hunger for what you have to give, and God has given love to you for the very purpose of blessing those whom He sends to you day by day.

J. R. MILLER.

### THE KINSHIP OF LOVE.

THERE are a thousand eyes that never see  
The ripple of the long grass on the lea,  
Nor the bright, blushing sunset, — nor, more fair,  
The crescent queen that silvers all the air.

There are a thousand ears that never hear  
The lisp of poplars, when the wind is near,  
Nor the sweet cadence of the tinkling stream,  
Nor the full choirs that wake with morning's beam.

They live, if life be life that is but breath,  
Where only their own living is not death.

There are a thousand eyes that never see  
The shrunk cheek of pale-eyed poverty,  
Nor the wan fever of a famished frame,  
Nor the dense air with pestilence aflame.

There are a thousand ears that never hear  
The ceaseless dripping of the mourner's tear,  
The wail that rises o'er the dearest dead,  
Nor, sadder still, the children's cry for bread.

They live where all is beautiful and bright,  
Like flowers that blossom in a land of light.

Are rich and poor born of one race of men ?  
Or does God's hand divide the earth again,  
And, as He curbed the waters here and there,  
Set by themselves the sad waves of despair ?

Nay, these two things do their like nature prove,  
That none can live, bereft of breath or love.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

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## August 9.

*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling :  
For it is God which worketh in you both to will and  
to do of his good pleasure. — PHIL. ii. 12, 13.*

OUR work for God is God's best work for us. In our doing the work, we are built up in godlikeness. Think what women did for Christ while He lived ! One woman made Him a robe. One woman washed His feet. Another woman anointed His feet with ointment. Another prepared Him a dinner. Another offered Him a stupefying draught just before He was to be crucified. His disciples took His messages and carried them about for Him. That is what man did for Him. What did He do for them ? He took such a son of thunder as John, and made him a son of love. He took such an inconsistent wave of the sea as Peter, and made him a rock. He would have taken such a traitor as Judas, and made him a saint, if Judas would have let Him.

To be a Christian is not merely to serve Christ and love Christ, — it is to let Christ live in you and serve you. God has come in Jesus Christ, looking for us, and trying to find us in order that He may give us something better than material blessings, — that He may give us character, opportunity, joy, faith, hope, love, and all the elements of a divine manhood.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

GIRD me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills,  
The speed of Thy streams give me !  
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,  
I would stand or run for Thee.  
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power,  
As the cataract, or the peak, —  
An eternal thought, in my earthly hour,  
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose-tints of Thy skies,  
Upon morning summits laid !  
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies  
Through Thy shuttles of light and shade !  
Let me rise and rejoice in Thy smile aright,  
As mountains and forests do !  
Let me welcome Thy twilight and Thy night,  
And wait for Thy dawn anew !

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung  
Under clank of its icy chain !  
Give me of the patience that hides among  
Thy hill-tops, in mist and rain !  
Lift me up from the clod, let me breathe Thy breath !  
Thy beauty and strength give me !  
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death,  
In the life that I share with Thee !

LUCY LARCOM.

## August 10.

*Then I said, I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain : yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God. —*  
ISA. xlix. 4.

TO-DAY is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, — in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



WE are in hot haste to set the world right, and to order all affairs: the Lord hath the leisure of conscious power and unerring wisdom, and it will be well for us to learn to wait.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

GIVE what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### BARREN DAYS.

WHAT of these barren days, which bring no flowers  
To gladden with fair tints and odors sweet, —  
No fruits, that with their virgin bloom entreat  
Kisses from rose-red lips, that in dim bowers  
Pout with a thirsty longing? Summer showers  
Softly, but vainly, fall about my feet:  
The air is languid with the summer heat  
That warms in vain, — what of these barren hours.  
I know not; I can wait, nor haste to know;  
The daily vision serves the daily need.  
It may be some revealing hour shall show  
That, while my sad, sick heart did inly bleed  
Because no blossom came, nor fruit did grow,  
An angel hand had sowed celestial seed.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

### August 11.

*Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. —*  
ROM. xiv. 19.

ONE of the solemnities of our life is that we are responsible, not alone for what we purposely do, but also for what we unconsciously do. . . . The shadow you cast when unwatched, when intent on no great errand, but just living your ordinary life, speaking and acting without any thought of what comes of them, is helping or harming others.

M. M. G. DANA.

OUR souls cast shadows wheresoe'er we go,  
 Unconscious ones, but none the less most real.  
 The influence of what we *are* we throw  
 Around us ever.

### THE LOST SONG.

I PLUCKED a wild flower from the river's brim,  
 And drank awhile its faint but fragrant breath,  
 Then cast it forth upon the wave a-swim,  
 And watched it, as I fancied, drift to death.  
 "'T is lost," I said, but far adown the tide  
 A tempted maiden saw its dainty hue ;  
 She snatched it, kneeling at the water side,  
 And vowed : " I will be pure, sweet flower, like you."  
 And I, I never knew.

I plucked a song from out my heart one day,  
 And tossed it on the noisy stream of rhyme.  
 Sadly I watched it slowly float away  
 'Mongst thistles, weeds, and sprigs of fragrant thyme.  
 "'T is lost," I said, "'t is lost forever more,"  
 Although within my heart of hearts it grew.  
 And yet, far down the reedy shore  
 It taught one soul its lesson sweet and true.  
 And I, I never knew.

GEORGE HORTON.

### August 12.

*A word spoken in due season, how good is it ! —*  
 PROV. xv. 23.

NOT a single faithful word is ever uttered that does not repeat itself in echoes till it reaches the throne of God. Not a noble deed is ever done, however obscurely, that is not chronicled in Heaven.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

"THIS is a day the Lord hath made." — Thus spake  
 The good religious heart, unstained, unworn,  
 Watching the golden glory of the morn.  
 Since, on each happy day that came to break  
 Like sunlight o'er this silent life of mine,  
 Yea, on each beauteous morning I saw shine,  
 I have remembered these your words, rejoiced  
 And been glad in it. So, o'er many-voiced  
 Tumultuous harmonies of tropic seas,  
 Which chant an everlasting farewell grand  
 Between ourselves and you and the old land,  
 Receive this token: many words, chance-sown,  
 May oftentimes have taken root and grown,  
 To bear good fruit perennially, like these.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.



## August 13.

*Nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.* — 1 TIM. vi. 17.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing, — a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the Fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

BLANCO WHITE said that a whole Bridgewater Treatise might be written on the proofs of beneficent design manifested in the laws of harmonious sounds and the adaptation of the human ear to their enjoyment. Still wider diffused is the delight in beauty, of which the whole earth and sky afford one endless spectacle. Even the humbler sense of smell gives us a variety of delicate pleasures which we should rank higher than we do, were we to pay attention to their beneficent power over the

memory and the animal spirit. Why has God made us to enjoy beauty and music? or why simply has He made the flowers, but out of love like that of a mother? . . . Why, but to make us happy, to gladden our hearts with His beautiful works, to put some proof of His love into every path our feet may tread.

FRANCES POWER COBBE

### BEAUTY.

FOR Beauty hath this power above all forms  
Of godlike excellence to mortals known,  
It may be seen; it doth invade the sense,  
Possess the reason, overwhelm the gaze,  
And takes the gazer captive when it stands  
In corporate strength before him; other goods  
Must be searched out, and to the constant toil  
Yield of the straining chase; but God hath spread  
His living mantle round the glorious globe,  
Brodered with beauty, that all eyes may drink  
Its catholic goodness, and the stoutest yield  
His reason thrall'd before its potent charm.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

### August 14.

*For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.*  
— Ps. xcii. 4.

IT is a true instinct when men are led to regard the beauty of the world that comes to them through the eye, and the moral light which shines from behind upon the soul, as coming from one centre, and leading upward to the thought of one Being who is above both. In this way all visible beauty becomes a hint and a foreshadowing of something more than itself.

J. C. SHAIRP.

## MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn, —  
That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible  
Around his path are taught to swell ; —

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And, brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ; —

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
By which deep grove and tangled stream  
Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
Their tribute to the genial heaven ; —

Why waste your treasures of delight  
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;  
Who, day by day to sin awake,  
Seldom of heaven and you partake ?

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise,  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of Heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

JOHN KEEBLE.

## August 15.

*For none of us liveth to himself.* — ROM. xiv. 7.

WE shall best honor Christ, as child and man, when our admiration leads us to repeat His life in our own. We are not to suffer our thought and life to be narrow and exclusive. Our affection and our purpose are to reach beyond ourselves and beyond our household, our clan, our country. . . . By every limit we put upon our sympathies, we become *less* like Him. By all the widening of our affection, we become *more* like Him. . . . We must live in a brotherhood larger than Israel, and say the Lord's prayer with all men, in the inspiration of its opening word.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

THERE would be no need for any other law, if we all obeyed perfectly the law of love.

WILLIAM WALSHINGHAM.

## PURITY.

UNSOILED by human hands, all pure and white,  
On mountain summits lie the wreaths of snow ;  
But, in the valley, toiling to and fro,  
In summer's fiercest glare of heat and light,  
Are thirsting men, to whom the snow-crowns bright  
Would be but taunts, if, 'neath the ardent glow,  
They melted not to gushing streams which flow  
To cool and comfort every tired wight.  
Like mountain snow, the purest life would seem  
But useless, distant, mocking with its gleam  
Our thirsting hearts, if, — never touched by love  
Unglorified by that all-potent light, —  
It sent no draught of comfort from above  
To strengthen those below its shining height.

MARY T. EARLE.

## August 16.

*The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me : and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

—JOB xxix. 13.

YOU will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

JOHN RUSKIN.

SPEND yourself, — spending will enrich you. Pour out your life, — the emptying will fill it higher.

C. C. HALL.

'T IS very good for strength,  
To know that some one needs you to be strong.

## STRENGTH FROM THE WEAK.

ONCE, seeing the inevitable way  
My feet must tread, through difficult places lay, —  
I cannot go alone, I cry dismayed ;  
I faint, I fall, I perish, without aid.

Yet, when I looked to see if help was nigh,  
A creature weaker, wretcheder than I,  
One, on whose head life's fiercest storm had beat,  
Clung to my garments, falling at my feet.

I saw : I paused no more, my courage found,  
I stooped and raised her gently from the ground ;  
Through every peril safe I passed at length,  
For she who leaned upon me gave me strength.

PHÆBE CARY.

## August 17.

*All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee. — Ps. cxlv. 10.*

HOW true it is that, till God speaks to the heart of man, man cannot understand the language of God which is uttered around him, and over him, and beneath him! As there are times when we stand in the midst of Nature as if we were in a church, when a joyful song of praise is springing from each breast, and we cannot help but sing also, being drawn into the stream of devotion and carried along with it, — so at other times how mute all creation seems to us, as though all pursued its way alone without a hand in Heaven to guide it! All depends upon whether God speaks in us.

FRIEDRICH A. G. THOLUCK.

## A SANCTUARY.

It was a valley, gentle as a dream,  
Cool with tree-shadows, dewy, fragrant, sweet,  
Where ran, through bowery ways, a mountain stream,  
The troutlet's Eden, and the fawn's retreat.

Round black-gnarled roots that heaved the moistened  
ground,  
By leafy mounds, and banks of odorous grass,  
And in deep channels, out of sight, slow wound  
The brook, — a murmur, — then a braid of glass.

Huge rocks whose frown was smothered in soft bloom,  
Like altars rose; faint as an infant's sigh  
A lone dove cooed; and through the sylvan gloom  
Swam now and then a splendid butterfly.

The very stillness worshipped, and I heard  
The untold secret of the heart of prayer;  
The life that pulsed in all required no word  
To voice the spirit of devotion there.



Upon me fell the Sanctuary's peace ;  
 I met the soul of beauty face to face ;  
 My heart was in the hymn that did not cease  
 To fill with tranquil joy the holy place.

I sought no more. Within the veil I stood,  
 And Nature's tenderest benison was mine ;  
 I heard all speech proclaim the perfect Good,  
 And felt that simple living was divine.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

## August 18.

*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you ;  
 and ye shall be comforted.* — ISA. lxvi. 13.

### GOD'S CRADLE SONGS.

TWO texts of Scripture there are, which, put together, I think are the most wonderful in the Bible. They do suggest a child lying in the cradle, and a loving face bent over it, and a sweet voice murmuring above its head. But I marvel with inexpressible surprise and adoration when I find who the Singer is, and who is the child. This is the first verse : "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." The other verse I find in Zephaniah iii. 17 : "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty ; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy ; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Oh, I have thought, again and again in my history, of this picture ; and I am not too proud to say my eyes have filled with tears of emotion as I have tried to comprehend how the eternal Jehovah seems to *sing* beside one who loves Him, as I remember my mother used to sing restful songs of comfort beside our bed on the old Sabbath nights !

CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

## GOD'S COMFORTING.

THE world grows lonely, and, with many a tear,  
I stretch out longing hands in vain, to clasp  
The treasures of my life, and hold them here,  
But "all dear things seem slipping from my grasp."

Oh, say not so, my heart ! One stands beside  
Whose love, in all its fulness, is thine own :  
That love is changeless, and, whate'er betide,  
He will not leave thee, — thou art not alone !

God keeps my treasures, and some glad, bright day,  
He'll give them to my longing sight again ;  
So Faith and Hope shall cheer me all the way,  
And Love, their sweetest sister, soothe my pain.

Thus, taking God's full cup of comforting,  
Let me give thanks ! and, pouring out most free  
My life in loyal service, let me bring  
To other lives the joy God giveth me.



## August 19.

*Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations : that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.*  
— 1 PET. i. 6, 7.

ALL our dark and hard experiences are not finalities ; they are discipline to fit us for something higher. Ambition thwarted, expectation disappointed, the friend snatched from our side, and the death that daily confronts us with its inexorable claim, are so many John the Baptists, pointing out to us our King. Take that thwarted ambition of yours, recognize its selfishness, and offer

through the experience, in its full pain and illumination, Whittier's prayer : —

“ Change the dream of me and mine,  
To the truth of Thee and Thine.”

Make that stern disappointment an austere John the Baptist to bring you to the Christ. If you pull down the nest of a sparrow, it will build again in the same place ; but if you pull it down several times, it will seek a home elsewhere. Human beings are not so wise ; they go on building habitations for happiness and hope in this poor world of ours, and they see them pulled down and scattered to the winds a score of times, and each time, after a brief interval of sighs and tears, begin building again. Imitate the bird that, when its nest is destroyed, builds again, but higher. Open your mind to the utter vanity of seeking for your heart a home below the heavens, and bid the stern experience welcome, that sends you to the Highest.

GEORGE A. GORDON.

### CLEMATIS.

O BRAVE, lithe Clematis ! I scarce can tell  
When thou art fairest — if in August days.  
When, over brier and bush, thy spendthrift sprays  
Riot in bloom, while every wayside dell  
Shines with thy clustered stars ; or if, again,  
When autumn winds thy silken tresses toss  
Into green-rippling waves of gleam and gloss ;  
Or, later yet, when woodlands glow, and when,  
In the still air, thy snowy locks unbound,  
Thou seem'st a picture of serene old age.  
Thrice fair thou art ; nay, more than fair, most sage,  
Since thy brief season tells this truth profound :  
Rough rock, sharp thorn, dead branch, if used in time,  
Are but the heavenward helps by which we climb.

EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

## August 20.

*Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth : therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty : for he maketh sore, and bindeth up : he woundeth, and his hands make whole. — JOB V. 17, 18.*

LOVE, which is represented in the New Testament, and of which Christ was the particular exemplar, is sympathy for universal sentient existence, — for all that live. And it is a sympathy which carries their welfare with it. It is love, whether it strike, or pierce, or slay, or give bitter medicine, or give the cup of sorrow, or give the cup of joy. It is love, whether it wring tears or inspire smiles.

ANONYMOUS.

## RICH IN THE LORD.

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn, —  
     Would you ask why?  
 It is because all noblest things are born  
     In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain and woe  
     God's Son may lie :  
 Each soul, redeemed from self and sin, must know  
     Its Calvary.

Yet we should crave neither for joy nor grief ;  
     God chooses best :  
 He only knows our sick soul's best relief,  
     And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine  
     For holiness,  
 That Father, in His tenderness divine,  
     Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,  
     Still less a pain :  
 Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;  
     Our faith, the rain.

In His hands we are safe. We falter on  
 Through storm and mire :  
 Above, beside, around us, there is One  
 Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,  
 Our lips in dust ?  
 God's arm shall lift us up to victory :  
 In Him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,  
 Nor things above,  
 Shall ever sever us, that we should go  
 From His great love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

## August 21.

*Pray without ceasing.* — 1 THESS. v. 17.

A HEART enriched with the love of God does more than occasionally advert to God, or draw to Him at times as a duty or as a necessity. God is its atmosphere, its abode. The apprehension of Him is abiding ; the reference to Him habitual ; the help from Him unceasing. Into that soul Jehovah brings the court and kingdom of Heaven, and makes it the wonder and admiration of the very angels.

THOMAS COLLINS.

## ALONE WITH GOD.

INTO my closet fleeing, as the dove  
 Doth homeward flee,  
 I haste away to ponder o'er Thy love,  
 Alone with Thee !

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,  
 Joyous and free,  
 Lord ! I adore Thee, feasting on Thy word,  
 Alone with Thee !

Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,  
 But One I see;  
 Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray  
 Alone with Thee!

O happy life! life hid with Christ in God!  
 So making me,  
 At home, and by the wayside, and abroad,  
 Alone with Thee!

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

## August 22.

*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* — Ps. xxx. 5.

“THE Lord’s mercies are new every morning.” What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfaring through this world! The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. This is enough for all that is coming: “The Lord’s mercies are new every morning.” Live a comforted, happy, and thankful life! Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that, whatever it lays upon you to do or bear, it will bring new mercies for new needs.

A L. STONE.

## A RISING TIDE.

THE west wind clears the morning,  
 The sea shines silver gray;  
 The night was long, but fresh and strong  
 Awakes the breezy day;  
 Like smoke that flies across the lift,  
 The clouds are faint and thin:  
 And near and far, along the bar,  
 The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me  
 A life of loneliness, —  
 A stony shore, that knew no more  
 The bright wave's soft caress ;  
 The morning broke, the visions fled, —  
 With dawn new hopes begin ;  
 The light is sweet, and at my feet  
 The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare black bowlders  
 The ocean sweeps and swells ;  
 O waters wide, ye come to hide  
 Dull stones and empty shells !  
 I hear the floods lift up their voice  
 With loud, triumphant din :  
 Sad dreams, depart — rest, doubting heart,  
 The tide comes foaming in !

SARAH DOUDNEY.

### August 23.

*Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and  
 work : for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts. —*  
 HAG. ii. 4.

*Thy God hath commanded thy strength. —* Ps. lxxviii. 28.

THE only cure for indolence is work ; the only cure  
 for selfishness is sacrifice ; the only cure for un-  
 belief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's  
 bidding ; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into  
 some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

God always has an angel of help for those who are  
 willing to do their duty.

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

## WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

UP, Christian, up! — and sleep'st thou still?  
 Daylight is glorious on the hill!  
 And, far advanced, the sunny glow  
 Laughs in the sunny vale below:  
 The morning's shadow, long and late,  
 Is stretching o'er the dial's plate.

And are thine eyes, sad waker, say,  
 Filled with the tears of yesterday?  
 Or lowers thy dark and anxious brow  
 Beneath to-morrow's burthen now?  
 New strength for every hour is given. —  
*Daily* the manna fell from heaven!

See, link by link, the chain is made,  
 And pearl by pearl the costly braid;  
 The daily thread of hopes and fears  
 Weaves up the woof of many years!  
 And well thy labor shall have sped  
 If well thou weav'st the daily thread.

Up, Christian, up, thy cares resign!  
 The past, the future, are not thine!  
 Show forth *to-day* the Saviour's praise;  
 Redeem the course of evil days;  
 Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,  
 Falls daily nearer to the tomb!

PRIVATE HOURS.

## August 24.

*Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. — 2 COR. ix. 7.*

THE principle is that God is the ungrudging bestower of blessings, and that men are His stewards to distribute these blessings. So far as they enter into His mind, the delight will be in spreading abroad, not in accumulating. Their reward will be a continually growing knowledge of His character and purposes. Their treasure will be in whatever things are good, pure, true; their heart will be occupied with these.

F. D. MAURICE.



SOME may be reiterating, in a slightly changed form, the prayer of Saint Augustine before his conversion, when, though sinning, he could not be happy in sin, nor even imagine that he was. His prayer, day after day, was: "Convert me, Lord, but not to-day; save me, but not yet." So some may hope to reach a period, when they can say: "Lord, take my all;" but as yet they are praying: "Lord, leave me my all a little longer; by and by I will give it to Thee." But God asks for *all*, *now*, without reserve, and without delay.

JOHN H. LOCKWOOD.

## THE LAW OF LOVE.

(2 *Kings* iv. 1-6.)

POUR forth the oil, — pour boldly forth;  
It will not fail, until  
Thou failest vessels to provide,  
Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,  
Though flowing broad and free  
Till then, and nourished from on high,  
It straightway stanced will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And Love has overflowing streams  
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very springs of Love for thee  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
That good thing from above;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —  
Such is the law of Love.

R. C. TRENCH.

## August 25.

*Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.* — MARK xiv. 7.

TOO seldom do we think that one form of our charity toward the very poor is in conceding to them the right to enjoy the blessing of giving as well as of receiving. We are so impressed with their needs, that we forget that one yet greater need, which is common to us all, — of growing by doing, and of getting by giving.

## THE JOY OF GIVING.

THE poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they have been,  
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out  
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness, — for this single cause,  
That we have, all of us, one human heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## August 26.

*As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.* — PROV. xxvii. 19.

WORLD-WIDE apart, and yet akin, as showing that the human heart beats on forever as of old.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE CRADLE TOMB.<sup>1</sup>

A LITTLE rudely-sculptured bed,  
With shadowing folds of marble lace,  
And quilt of marble primly spread  
And folded round a baby's face.

<sup>1</sup> In Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Sophia, daughter of James I., born in 1606. and died in three days.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,  
With Royal blazonries bedight,  
Hangs, as by tender fingers set  
And straightened for the last good-night.

And, traced upon the pillowing stone,  
A dent is seen, as if, to bless  
The quiet sleep, some grieving one  
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

It seems no more than yesterday  
Since the sad mother down the stair  
And down the long aisle stole away,  
And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies,  
And those who prized the baby so,  
And laid her down to rest with sighs,  
Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful pillowed head  
Three centuries brood, and strangers peep  
And wonder at the carven bed, —  
But not unwept the baby's sleep.

For wistful mother-eyes are blurred  
With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,  
And the old dusts are roused and stirred  
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,  
And hearts, o'erleaping place and age,  
Melt into memories, and own  
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies ;  
The crowding years divide in vain,  
And the wide world is knit with ties  
Of common brotherhood in pain, —

Of common share in grief and loss,  
And heritage in th' immortal bloom  
Of love, which, flowering round its cross,  
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## August 27.

*And Jesus answering, saith unto them, Have faith in God. — MARK xi. 22.*

NO matter where the sceptical thought originates, or how it gets access to our minds, we see at once that it flattens the level of life and every aspiration. It narrows the horizon of our outlook, and makes our character less vigorous. The gospel is not simply a philosophy or law of life, but it is an apocalypse, showing the heavens to our thought, and so bringing its spiritual benedictions to every heart and life.

RICHARD S. STORRS.

IF thou wouldst free thyself from doubt,  
Find God within, and work without.

## A FOGGY MORNING.

A SMALL, close world it seems to-day,  
With fog about us, chill and gray,  
As if had giant spiders spun  
Their webs between us and the sun;  
Nor any wind had strength to stir  
Their leagues on leagues of gossamer.

Dim shapes of elm and locust wait  
Like shadowy sentinels at the gate;  
They outline 'gainst the ghostly white  
The utmost limit of our sight;  
There is no street, no passer-by,  
No spire, no mountain-peak, no sky.

And yet, a strong wind, rushing forth  
With cool, fresh breath from out the north,  
Would part this cobweb veil in twain,  
And bring the sweet world back again, —  
The blue of sky, the fervid sun,  
And all bright things he shines upon.

As these gray mists, so doubts arise,  
 Vague, yet with chill to blot the skies ;  
 A power to shadow and efface,  
 To shut the soul in narrow space,  
 Impalpable, and yet so vast  
 That all the world is overcast.

But let the word of Truth be sent,  
 The dreary folds are shaken and rent ;  
 Again beams forth the blessed sun ;  
 Again the world's blithe work goes on ;  
 Hope brightens as the barriers fall,  
 And God's blue sky bends over all.

CLARA DOTY BATES.

## August 28.

*Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left : remove thy foot from evil. — PROV. IV. 26, 27.*

THE worst effect of sin is within, and is manifest, not in poverty, and pain, and bodily defacement, — but in the discredited faculties, the unworthy love, the low ideal, the brutalized and enslaved spirit.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

## BUT ONE EVIL.

HOWEVER sharp the thorns of poverty,  
 The pangs of parting, failure's bitterness,  
 The pain of filling loving eyes with tears,  
 Thou shalt not fear them. Thou shalt dread but this :  
 To know thyself as vile among the pure,  
 With men of honor know thyself untrue ;  
 To feel debased before the climbing hills,  
 Abashed amid the still, aspiring wood,  
 And unresponsive to the beckoning sky ;  
 To wish that God were not, and restlessly  
 To seek remoteness from His influence,  
 Until the spirit's garden grows awaste.  
 Embrace all ills but this, and find them sweet.

M. L. E.

## August 29.

*Let mine eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease. — JER. xiv. 17.*

LET sin be our greatest burden; may all life's ills seem light in comparison with it; may we groan for deliverance from it, and be more earnest in resisting it than in resisting all other evils; and may we welcome Christ as our Saviour from it.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

## DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

DROP, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from Heaven  
The news and Prince of peace!  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercies to entreat;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease;  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let His eye  
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

## August 30.

*Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. — HEB. vii. 25.*

THE Gospel glorifies God in manifesting His mercy. Nature, interpreted by the misgiving human soul, speaks doubtingly of pardon. Revelation declares it with ever increasing clearness. "The Lord our God, plenteous in mercy," is its cheering strain. Old prophets loftily uttered it, the Psalmist sweetly sang it, and

sacred historians recorded it. But the gospel is the very fulness and distinctness of the declaration of God's mercy. There indeed God shines out in the radiance of His forgiving love. In the person and work of Jesus Christ, we guilty men have the highest assurance that our God will be merciful to us. The gospel, in this respect, is as if an arch of magnificent hope were spanning earth, while all above and around, clouds of gloomy judgments are breaking and their thunders dying away.

THATCHER THAYER.

### TO THE UTTERMOST.

OF His high attributes, beyond the most,  
 I thank my God for that omniscient eye  
 Beneath whose blaze no secret thing can lie,  
 In His infinitude of being, lost.  
 I bless my God, I am not wrecked and tossed  
 Upon a sea of doubt, with power to fly  
 And hide, somewhither in immensity,  
 One single sin, out of His reckoning crossed ;  
 For, even there, self-conscious of its thrall,  
 Might spring the terror, — " If He knew the whole,  
 And tracked this skulking guilt out to its goal,  
 He could not pardon ! " But, or great, or small,  
 He knows the inmost foldings of my soul,  
 And, knowing utterly, forgives me all !

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

### August 31.

*But Christ is all, and in all.* — Col. iii. 11.

OUR true knowledge is to know our own ignorance.  
 Our true strength is to know our own weakness.  
 Our true dignity is to confess that we have no dignity,  
 and are nobody and nothing in ourselves, and to cast our-  
 selves down before the dignity of God, under the shadow  
 of whose wings, and in the smile of whose countenance,

alone is any created being safe. Let us cling to our Father in Heaven, as a child, walking in the night, clings to his father's hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

OUR Lord, it is said, once appeared and said to Thomas Aquinas, "Thomas, thou hast written much and well about Me, — what reward shall I give thee?" "Nihil, nisi Te, Domine" (Nothing but thyself, O Lord), was the reply. He could have asked no sweeter, richer, diviner reward, and the very asking was the receiving. When such is our prayer, the reward will be more love, courage, fidelity, joy, — and these are Christ Himself, still going about doing good, and rewarding good with more good.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM.

### NONE OF SELF, AND ALL OF THEE.

OH, the bitter pain and sorrow  
That a time could ever be  
When I proudly said to Jesus, —  
"All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;  
And my wistful heart said, faintly,  
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered, —  
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
*None* of self, and *all* of Thee!

THEODORE MONOD.



## September 1.

*Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. — JER. xxix. 12.*

*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen, and amen. — Ps. xli. 13.*

WHEREVER thou art, thou hast near thee an altar and a sacrifice, for thou art thyself priest, altar, and sacrifice. Our worship is not external, like that of the Jews. Wherever thou art, thou canst build an altar; it suffices that thou shouldst feel deeply the want of God's help; even if thou canst not bend the knee, strike thy breast or raise thy hands towards Heaven. A woman at her spindle can raise her soul to God, and cry with her heart to Him; a merchant, at the market, or at the exchange, can examine himself, and pray with fervor. An artisan at his workshop can pray. God only requires that the heart should be warm and the desire honest.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

## AMEN!

So let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins  
Live ever in our soul and on our tongue!  
So let it be! The worship He assigns, —  
Our great Creator, — with thanksgiving song,  
From hearths, in temples, yea, wild woods among,  
Pour forth! So let it be! As drooping vines  
Drink the reviving shower, so sink along  
Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines  
Full attestation of our faith! "Amen"  
Includes the sum of our assent, and bears  
The seal of truth: it is the wing of prayers  
Speeding the voice of millions, not in vain,  
To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs,  
To ratify in Heaven our glorious gain!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

## September 2.

*I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever : with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations. — Ps. lxxxix. 1.*

I KNOW not what should more cheer and gladden a Christian than to see his spiritual life losing everything of an exotic character ; to have it set in the open air, welcoming the wind from every quarter, acquiescing in all things, because depending only upon one.

THE noblest spirits are those which turn to Heaven, not only in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy ; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, that they may soar up into their native element.

RICHTER.

## AN EOLIAN HARP.

I SET my wind-harp in the wind,  
And a wind came out of the south ;  
Soft, soft, it blew with gentle coo,  
Like words from a maiden's mouth.  
Then like the stir of angels' wings  
It gently touched the trembling strings ;  
And oh ! my harp gave back to me  
A wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp in the wind,  
And a storm from the north blew loud,  
From the icy north it hurried forth,  
And dark grew sea and cloud.  
It whistled down the mountains' height,  
It smote the quivering chords with might ;  
But still my harp gave back to me  
Its tender, heavenly melody.

Ah me ! that such a heart were mine,  
Responsive tuned and true,  
When all was glad, when all was shine,  
Or when storms of sorrow blew.  
That so, 'mid all the fret and strife,  
The jarring undertones of life,  
My life might rise to God, and be  
One long, harmonious symphony !

FREDERICK E. WEATHERBY.

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## September 3.

*In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts  
delight my soul. — Ps. xciv. 19.*

IT is characteristic of minds which are aspiring in their piety, and which have begun to reap the reward of arduous devotional culture, to be habitually conversant with God. Such minds are constantly looking up. In the very midst of earthly toils, they seize moments of relief, to spring up to the eminences of meditation, where they love to dwell. In the discharge of duties most unfriendly to holy joy, they are apt to experience a buoyancy of impulse towards a heavenly plane of thought, which it may even require a power of self-denial to keep down.

AUSTIN PHELPS.

THE busy fingers fly, the eyes may see  
Only the glancing needle which they hold,  
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,  
And every breath is like a litany ;  
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,  
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## EVER TO THEE.

COMPULSION, from its destined course,  
 The magnet may awhile detain ;  
 But when no more withheld by force,  
 It trembles to its north again.

Thus, though the idle world may hold  
 My fettered thoughts awhile from Thee,  
 To Thee they spring, when uncontrolled,  
 In all the warmth of liberty.

## September 4.

*And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit  
 unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that  
 reapeth may rejoice together. — JOHN iv. 36.*

A GENEROUS mind never enjoys its possessions so  
 much as when others are made partakers of them.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE man deserving the name is one whose thoughts  
 and exertions are for others rather than for himself.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## SHARED.

I SAID it in the meadow-path,  
 I say it on the mountain-stairs, —  
 The best things any mortal hath  
 Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,  
 The light without us and within, —  
 Life, with its unlocked treasures, —  
 God's riches, — are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread  
 For rest it yields unnumbered feet ;  
 Sweeter to me the wild-rose red,  
 Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness  
 Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks  
 And me in every guest you bless  
 Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant, peopled way,  
 That opens into worlds unknown,  
 It will be life's delight to say,  
 "Heaven is not Heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brethren's poverty ?  
 Such wealth were hideous ! I am blest  
 Only in what they share with me, —  
 In what I share with all the rest.

LUCY LARCOM.

## September 5.

*See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. —*  
 EPH. v. 15, 16.

IF we but saw how the gates of opportunity open and close ; how the possibilities of to-day, neglected, become to-morrow the things which never can be done ; how unused strength wastes away, and brings up behind it no other strengths ; how the grace that lies about all our occasions, ready to flow upon them at the touches of our intelligence, — slighted, lifts itself up into the heavens and leaves us in hardness and death ; how, on the other hand, when used, it drops upon us like the rain and distils like the dew ; how work done makes work easier ; how the voluntary use of "all that is within us," and without us, too, of soul and sinew, of love and thought, of time and strength, and hours of prayer, will bring upon us the gentle pressures of God's newest, freshest grace, — if we but saw such things as these, what girdings there would be among us !

## OPPORTUNITY.

I DO not know, if, climbing some steep hill,  
Through fragrant wooded pass, this glimpse I bought;  
Or whether in some midday I was caught  
To upper air, where visions of God's will  
In pictures to our quickened sense fulfil  
His word. But this I saw :

A path I sought  
Through wall of rock. No human fingers wrought  
The golden gates which opened, sudden, still,  
And wide. My fear was hushed by my delight;  
Surpassing fair the lands; my path lay plain;  
Alas ! so spell-bound, feasting on the sight,  
I paused, that I but reached the threshold bright,  
When, swinging swift, the golden gates again  
Were rocky walls, by which I wept in vain.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



## September 6.

*She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue  
is the law of kindness. — PROV. xxxi. 26.*

NOT all the good done in the world is done intentionally and knowingly. There are no sweeter or higher influences than those which flow out unconsciously from good lives. A really good life is one to which truth and kindness and nobility have become habitual. The whole nature may become so charged with these qualities that they affect even the smallest acts, and their beauty is present in the most trivial and unconsidered word or deed. Such a person goes surrounded with a moral atmosphere as constant as the perfume which a rose sheds round itself. People meeting such a one are made happier, hardly knowing why. . . . Every one of any moral worth wishes to be of use in the world, and it is the grief of many that they seem

shut off from opportunities of usefulness. But simple growth in right life is growth in usefulness. Just as fast as we acquire in ourselves the spirit of purity and love, we send out an influence of purity and love upon others, whether we know it or not. Indeed, the greatest moral force in the world is of the silent and secret kind. . . . No man liveth to himself. As we ourselves are pure or base, selfish or loving, so do we give our own color to those about us.

### DAY BY DAY.

WAYSIDE roses droop and fade,  
 Bloom and die their own sweet way;  
 And know not where their fragrance goes  
 Floating, floating, day by day.

Pass the foot-sore travellers,  
 Breathing in the dusty air:  
 They catch the odor of the flowers,  
 And bless the grateful perfume there.

Such our lives. Sweet words of kindness  
 Fall. — we know not where or when;  
 Like the fragrance of the roses,  
 Reaching far beyond our ken.



### September 7.

*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy  
 might.* — ECCLES. ix. 10.

IT is a happy thing for us that this is really all we have to concern ourselves about, — what is to do *next*. No man can do the second thing. He *can* do the first.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE.

FROM an old English parsonage, down by the sea,  
There came, in the twilight, a message to me ;  
Its quaint Saxon legend, deeply engraven,  
Hath, as it seems to me, teaching for Heaven;  
And all through the hours the quiet words ring  
Like a low inspiration, — “ Doe ye nexte thyng.”

Many a questioning, many a fear,  
Many a doubt, hath its quieting here ;  
Moment by moment, let down from Heaven,  
Time, opportunity, guidance, are given.  
Fear not to-morrows, child of the King ;  
Trust them with Jesus, — “ Doe ye nexte thyng.”

Oh ! He would have thee daily more free,  
Knowing the might of thy royal degree ;  
Ever in waiting, glad for His call,  
Tranquil in chastening, trusting through all.  
Comings and goings no turmoil need bring ;  
His all the future, — “ Doe ye nexte thyng.”

Do it immediately, do it with prayer,  
Do it reliantly, casting all care ;  
Do it with reverence, tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before thee, with earnest command.  
Stayed on Omnipotence, safe 'neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings, — “ Doe ye nexte thyng.”

Looking to Jesus, ever serener,  
Working or suffering, be thy demeanor !  
In the shade of His presence, the rest of His calm,  
The light of His countenance, live out thy psalm ;  
Strong in His faithfulness, praise Him and sing ;  
Then, as He beckons thee, — “ Doe ye nexte thyng.”



## September 8.

*And Moses went and spake these words unto all Israel. And he said unto them, I am an hundred and twenty years old this day ; I can no more go out and come in : also the Lord hath said unto me, Thou shalt not go over this Jordan. The Lord thy God, he will go over before thee, and he will destroy these nations from before thee, and thou shalt possess them : and Joshua, he shall go over before thee, as the Lord hath said. —*  
 DEUT. xxxi. 1-3.

**P**ESSIMISM, which reckons everything at the worst, is quite as unmanly and unchristian as optimism, which reckons everything at the best. There is a Providence that shapes our ends ; and when we have labored wisely and faithfully to secure an end, and then have failed, we should accept the result cheerfully and quietly, as indicative of God's will.

## SERVICE.

FRET not that the day is gone,  
 And thy task is yet undone.  
 'T was not thine, it seems at all ;  
 Near to thee it chanced to fall,  
 Close enough to stir thy brain,  
 And to vex thy heart in vain.  
 Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,  
 Yesterday, a babe was born ;  
 He shall do thy waiting task ;  
 All thy questions he shall ask,  
 And the answers will be given,  
 Whispered lightly out of Heaven.  
 His shall be no stumbling feet,  
 Falling, where they should be fleet ;  
 He shall hold no broken clue ;  
 Friends shall unto him be true ;  
 Men shall love him ; falsehood's aim  
 Shall not shatter his good name ;  
 Day shall nerve his arm with light,  
 Slumber soothe him all the night ;  
 Summer's peace and winter's storm  
 Help him all his will perform.  
 'T is enough of joy for thee  
 His high service to foresee.

EDWARD R. SILL.

## September 9.

*For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel:  
In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness  
and in confidence shall be your strength. — ISA. xxx. 15.*

A QUIET, loving heart clears the moral atmosphere, and disperses the clouds that darken the judgment and cast a chill over the affections of selfish and worldly men. Under the serene influence breathed through life by a sweet and gentle spirit, impulse is deprived of its disturbing force, passion is softened down into energy, and prejudice takes the harmless form of earnest conviction ; the sentiment of duty comes forth in all its clearness and strength, and, sustained by the genial purity and tenderness of the affections, puts will in its true attitude, and inspires it with a prevailing tendency to truth and right. Life becomes less stimulating, but not more insipid. All its great interests remain as strong as before to engage our sympathies and invite our exertions ; but the sting of evil is taken out of them, and they furnish fewer provocations to ambition, and jealousy, and discontent. . . . Oh ! let us take with us to the solemn verge of being the same quiet, trustful heart which has been the best reward of our faithful endeavors in life ; let the consciousness of a Father's presence bless with its holy peace the awful moment of transition, and, when the ear is closed to the last sounds of earthly joy and woe, that voice of comfort will be heard : " Be still, and know that I am God."

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

## THE RIVER SHORE.

WALKING by the quiet river,  
Where the slow tide seaward goes,  
All the cares of life fall from us,  
All our troubles find repose :

Naught forgetting, naught regretting,  
 Lovely, ghosts from days no more  
 Glide with white feet o'er the river,  
 Smiling, towards the silent shore.

So we pray in His good pleasure,  
 When this world we 've safely trod,  
 We may walk beside the river  
 Flowing from the throne of God :  
 All forgiving, all believing,  
 Not one lost we loved before,  
 Looking towards the hills of Heaven,  
 Calmly from the eternal shore.

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

## September 10.

*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
 and I will give you rest.* — MATT. xi. 28.

THE soul is made for God, and never finds rest till it returns to Him again. When God and the soul meet, there will follow contentment. God, simply considered, is not all our happiness, but God as trusted in, and Christ as we are made one with Him.

RICHARD SIBBES.

If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou then attain to the everlasting rest? Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience. Seek true peace, — not in earth, but in Heaven ; not in men, nor in any other creature, but in God alone.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

## REST.

*" There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."*

God gave to man the earth all fair and glowing,  
 Rich with sweet flowers and fruits, and lofty trees,  
 And grassy vales, their pleasant shades bestowing,  
 And thymy downs to greet the summer breeze.

God gave to man the sky, all star-bespangled,  
 His diamond footprints on the purple height,  
 Changeless in beauty, through their maze entangled,  
 To guide the way-worn wanderer aright.

God gave to man his nature's noble presence,  
 His stately form and heaven-directed soul,  
 His comprehensive mind and deathless essence,  
 And bade all things acknowledge his control.

God gave to man his home's unbought affection,  
 Where eyes of love his answering glance may meet;  
 Blest in fruition of his heart's selection,  
 Gladly he homeward turns his weary feet.

God upon man all kindly gifts hath lavished,  
 Save *one*, the dearly sought for and the best;  
 With fairest sights and sounds each sense hath ravished,  
 Yet here in vain may man demand for *rest*.

He finds it not in shady glades reposing,  
 He finds it not the starry heavens among,  
 Nor even when, his home around him closing,  
 He lists at sunset to his children's song.

God keeps back rest alone, that the world-weary,  
 E'en though his cup high mantles to the brim,  
 Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,  
 May seek and find repose alone in Him!

THE ARGOSY.

## September 11.

*If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. —*  
 JOHN xv. 7.

WHAT man needs here is spiritual assurance of the living, loving God. That assurance rests not on reasonings concerning that which transcends our reasoning power, but on actual communion of the soul with God, on the positive and personal experience of life, on prayers answered, on strength bestowed, on comfort given, on peace poured into the open heart, on the felt

inflow of heavenly grace, on the granted fellowship of the Holy Spirit. . . . Men who have been weak, and, seeking God, have found themselves strong; men who have been afraid, and, seeking God, have found themselves fearless; men who have been broken-hearted, and, seeking God, have found themselves all whole of heart and soul; men who have been desolate, and, seeking God, have found a companionship and love above the love of women; men who have been trembling cravens, and, seeking God, have found themselves triumphant martyrs, — these, and such as these, and such as these alone, it is, who possess or can possess that spiritual assurance which is the dominating and essential element in real religious conviction.

## DOUBT.

O DISTANT Christ, the crowded, darkening years  
 Drift slow between Thy gracious face and me:  
 My hungry heart leans back to look for Thee,  
 But finds the way set thick with doubts and fears.

My groping hands would touch Thy garment's hem,  
 Would find some token Thou art walking near;  
 Instead, they clasp but empty darkness drear,  
 And no diviner hands reach out to them.

Sometimes my listening soul, with bated breath,  
 Stands still to catch a footfall by my side,  
 Lest, haply, my earth-blinded eyes but hide  
 Thy stately figure, leading Life and Death.

My straining eyes, O Christ, but long to mark  
 A shadow of Thy presence, dim and sweet,  
 Or far-off light to guide my wandering feet,  
 Or hope for hands prayer-beating 'gainst the dark.

O Thou! unseen by me, that like a child  
 Tries in the night to find its mother's heart,  
 And, weeping, wanders only more apart.  
 Not knowing in the darkness that she smiled, —

Thou, all unseen, dost hear my tired cry,  
 As I, in darkness of a half belief,  
 Grope for Thy heart, in love, and doubt, and grief;  
 O Lord! speak soon to me, — "Lo, here am I!"

MARGARET DELAND.

## September 12.

*I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage.* — JOSH. i. 5, 6.

HOW the Bible fills our hope, even overwhelms our hope, by its exceeding great and precious promises ! Ought we not to bare our souls more continually to the kindling influences of God's promises ? They never rise nor set, nor are clouded in. It is our privilege to take into the very fibres of our souls their unbounded warmth and hopefulness.

JAMES H. ECOB.

REAL faith is as satisfied, and rests as firmly on the abiding promises of Jehovah, as if it had all the blessings of grace and glory in hand.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

I HAVE a pledge from Christ, have his note of hand, which is my support, my refuge, and heaven ; and though the world should rage, to this security I cling. How reads it ? " Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." If Christ be with me, what shall I fear ? If He is mine, all the powers of earth to me are nothing more than a spider's web.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

## THROUGH THE STORM.

I HEARD a voice, a tender voice, soft falling  
Through the storm ;  
The waves were high, the bitter winds were calling,  
Yet breathing warm

Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying  
In peace beyond,  
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,  
Made answer fond ;

Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies meeting  
Arose the gale, —  
But, over all, that sweet voice kept repeating,  
" I shall not fail."

NORA PERRY.

## September 13.

*For we are saved by hope : but hope that is seen is not hope : for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for ? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. — ROM. viii. 24, 25.*

**D**ID it ever occur to you what a world of thought is wrapped up in that little word "hope?" Its very pronunciation makes every bosom bound and burn. It is music to the ear of the young, health to the sick, and life rejuvenated to the old. Grief makes hope a solace, and desolation makes it the brightest flower that adorns earthly creation, while even disappointment and delusion whisper darkness out of the sky of to-day into sunshine of to-morrow. . . . When you connect the word "hope" with salvation, then what a wonderful word it becomes ! At once it comes to measure man's most delightful Christian attainment. Indeed, so intimately is it associated with practical goodness, that religion itself is called "a good hope through grace." More than this, our God is called the "God of hope," our Saviour is called "Christ our hope," and His finished work is known as "the hope set before us in the gospel," while those who accept Him are said "to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

THOMAS ARMITAGE.

## DO NOT FEAR TO HOPE.

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain  
 More than the Father's heart rich good invent ?  
 Each time we smell the Autumn's dying scent  
 We know the primrose time will come again ;  
 Not more we hope nor less would soothe our pain.  
 Be bounteous in thy faith, — for not misspent  
 Is confidence unto the Father lent :  
 Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.

His thoughts are as thine own ; nor are His ways  
 Other than thine, but by their loftier sense  
 Of beauty infinite and love intense.  
 Work on ! One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,  
 A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays ;  
 Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## September 14.

*Be strong and of a good courage ; be not afraid, neither  
 be thou dismayed : for the Lord thy God is with thee  
 whithersoever thou goest. — JOSH. i. 9.*

THERE is no courage that has not conscience behind  
 it, and no courage that will sustain a man in the  
 hour that tries men's souls, that has not, as its reserve  
 guard, faith in God, and in an eternal future.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PILATE was guilty ; and guilt is cowardice, and cowardice is weakness.

## COURAGE.

COURAGE, the highest gift, — that scorns to bend  
 To mean devices for a sordid end !  
 Courage, an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,  
 By which the soul stands raised triumphant, high, alone.  
 Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,  
 Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.



## September 15.

*The light of the body is the eye : if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light ; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. —*

MATT. vi. 22, 23.

*Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body. —*

ROM. vi. 12.

*And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body ; and be ye thankful, . . . singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*

— COL. iii. 15, 16.

IF the lyre within accords ever so imperfectly with the divine diapason, what a delicious calm there is in self-possession, in the feeling of a harmonious equilibrium between all the powers of our being ! What freedom within us thenceforth, and how rich and beautiful the world appears to our serene and unembarrassed gaze ! When the heart is fervid, and full of pious ecstasy, how enchanting are the aspects of nature, which reveal God so sweetly in His wonderful works !

MADAME SWETCHINE.

### PEACE.

IF sin be in the heart.

The fairest sky is foul, and sad the summer weather,  
The eye no longer sees the lambs at play together,  
The dull ear cannot hear the birds that sing so sweetly,  
And all the joy of God's good earth is gone completely,

If sin be in the heart.

If peace be in the heart.

The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,  
The midnight lightning-flash but shows the path of duty,  
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,  
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory,

If peace be in the heart.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

## September 16.

*And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.* — 1 JOHN iv. 16.

BY my very sorrows, I know that God loves me; I say not whether with approbation, but with an infinite kindness, an infinite pity. What I need is but to *feel* it, to pray for that feeling, to meditate upon all that should bring that feeling into my heart; to take refuge amidst my sorrows in the assurance that God loves me; that He does not willingly grieve or afflict me; that He chastens me for my profiting; that He could not show so much love for me by leaving me unchastened, untried, undisciplined. . . . Great is the faith that must save us! It is a faith in the Infinite; a faith in the infinite love of God. . . . Creature of God's love! believe in that love which gave thee being. Believe in that love which every moment redeems thee from death, and offers to redeem thee from the death eternal. Believe in God's love, and be wise, be patient, be comforted, be cheerful and happy, — be happy in time; be happy in eternity!

ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

## FEAR NOT.

O THOU of dark forebodings drear,  
O thou of such a faithless heart,  
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,  
That thou hast ventured so to fear?

No weed, on ocean's bosom cast,  
Borne by its never-resting foam  
This way and that, without a home,  
Till flung on some bleak shore at last;

But thou the lotus, which above,  
Swayed here and there by wind and tide,  
Yet still below doth fixed abide, —  
Fast rooted in the Eternal Love.

R. C. TRENCH.

## September 17.

*Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. —*

MATT. vi. 10.

THERE is many a thing that the world calls disappointment; but there is no such word in the dictionary of faith. What to others are disappointments, are to believers intimations of the will of God.

WHEN the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing, and the body acteth nothing, that is contrary to the will of God, — this is perfect sanctification.

*Anonymous, in an old Bible, 1599.*

PUT any burden upon me, only sustain me; send me anywhere, only go with me; sever any tie but the one that binds me to Thy service and to Thy heart.

*On the fly-leaf of Miss Brigham's Bible.<sup>1</sup>*

## THY WILL BE DONE.

YET to the faithful there is no such thing  
As disappointment: failures only bring  
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say, —  
*His* purpose stands, though mine has passed away.

C. M. N.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Mary Brigham, president-elect of Mount Holyoke College, was killed by railway accident, June 29, 1889.

## September 18.

*Come ye, and let us walk in the light of the  
Lord. — ISA. ii. v.*

YOU are stirred with truest joy, and braced to labor best at your little tasks, while you welcome and keep before you the loftiest ideal of the method and the aim of work and being which God has made known to you. That is, indeed, His revelation, — the vision of Himself. So He declares what He would have you do, what He will enable you to do. So He calls you to be prophets.

CANON WESTCOTT.

You and I, toiling for earth, may toil also for Heaven ; and every day's work may be a Jacob's ladder, reaching up nearer to our God.

THEODORE PARKER.

## WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel  
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarolle ;  
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,  
Far more than of the flax : and yet the reel  
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,  
With quick adjustment, provident control,  
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,  
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal  
To the dear Christian Church, that we may do  
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,  
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong ;  
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue  
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work  
The better for the sweetness of our song.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## September 13.

*My flesh and my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. — Ps. lxxiii. 26.*

GOD Himself—His thoughts, His will, His love, His judgments—is man's home. To think His thoughts, to choose His will, to love His loves, to judge His judgments, and thus to know that He is in us, and with us, is to be at home. And to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, is the way home ; but only thus, that, as all changes have hitherto led us nearer to this home, the knowledge of God, so this greatest of all outward changes—for it is but an outward change—will surely usher us into a region where there will be fresh possibilities of drawing nigh in heart, soul, and mind, to the Father of us all.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## SONG OF YEARS.

THE bright hours pass like birds on pinions golden,  
 And leave their empty nests in Memory's halls ;  
 And in the past, with all its mysteries olden,  
 Oblivion, like a twilight, o'er them falls.  
 They have sweet songs to cheer, they have glad voices,  
 Their flashing wings like flaming sunbeams burn ;  
 But, ah ! e'en while the listening ear rejoices,  
 They speed away, and never more return !  
 God rains the moments down like golden showers ;  
 We gather them, and lo ! they are but dew !  
 They melt like flakes of snow, they fade like flowers,  
 Or glittering stars on morning's brightening blue.  
 Day is a rainbow arched from morn to even ;  
 'Tis lost when Night breathes darkness on the air,  
 Yet with the dawn it smiles again in heaven ;  
 So life, when Death has kissed away our care.

Ah, me ! the golden fancies that have perished,  
 And left behind but footprints of their cheer !  
 Some autumn falls on every summer cherished ;  
 Each laughing day ends with a dewy tear !

Yet will I not for years departed sorrow, —  
 The gentle lesson of the bright to-day  
 Shall be my key to ope the fair to-morrow,  
 When Night's cold tear in smiles is charmed away.  
 Be glad, O soul! sing not a mournful story!  
 Hope, like a sun, awakes the Future's dawn;  
 The past shall live again, where, bathed in glory,  
 Through Death's hushed hall God's angel becks us on!

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.



## September 20.

*Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee. — JOB xxii. 21.*

COME out of yourself, and be at peace. How? by turning gently towards God.

OH! how seldom the soul is silent, in order that God may speak!

FERVENT prayer is nothing less than love of God.

FÉNELON.

It is impossible for an artist to portray any bit of nature with entire sincerity and adequate power, without suggesting what every bit of nature suggests, a beauty above itself, and a power higher than that which is manifested in natural processes.

THE OUTLOOK.

## THE ANGELUS.

THIS picture, lighting up the vacant wall,  
 Gives to my sight, as through an opened door,  
 The artist's own rapt view: the furrowed moor,  
 The peasants gathering up their harvest store, —  
 Reverent amid their toil; o'erhanging all,  
 The wide and mantling sky. List! How the air,

Translucent with the sunset's hue and glow,  
 And stirred by beat of wings, where birds fly low,  
 Expands with billowy sound! From distant tower  
 The silver chime sings out the appointed hour;  
 Now rising, now receding, soft and sweet  
 Each new vibration doth the call repeat,  
 And bid the world in joy, or in despair,  
 To mark departing day with voice of prayer.

Yet something more inspired the painter's touch,  
 A something all might feel who seek for such  
 Among life's common things. The only wise  
 Are they who catch the spirit of the skies;  
 Who breathe in daily air diviner balm, —  
 In earth's unrest are stilled with heavenly calm  
 As these who worship. Fountains ever draw  
 From hidden springs their fulness, Nature's law  
 But typifies the spirit's. Heaven to earth bends  
 When earth, from common day, in mind ascends.

Nor question how this scene can truth impart!  
 'Tis simple things do most affect the heart;  
 One cordial salutation gilds my day;  
 One bird's brief warble chaseth care away;  
 One wayside flower awakes a poet's lay;  
 And here the artist, who hath hallowed art,  
 By this same picture, moveth me to pray.

## September 21.

*Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. — ISA. lv. 3.*

THE bird which seeks its branch, the bee which seeks its flower, the river which seeks its sea, — but fly, but run, to their repose. So flies my soul, O God ! so wanders my intelligence, till it finds its branch, its flower, its outlet. And all these it finds in Heaven, where reigns an order infinitely perfect. In Heaven, the seat of intelligence, all intellectual needs will be satisfied. This I believe, this I hope. Only thus can I comprehend existence ; for in this world-shadow of that other, it is but the shadow of happiness we see.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

## PRAYER.

WHAT in me is dark,  
 Illumine! what is low, raise and support!

JOHN MILTON.

FAR are the wings of intellect astray,  
 That strive not, Father, to Thy Heavenly seat :  
 They rove, but mount not ; and the tempests beat  
 Still on their plumes ; O Source of mental day,  
 Chase from before my spirit's track the array  
 Of mists and shadows raised by earthly care,  
 In troubled hosts, that cross the purer air,  
 And veil the opening of the starry way  
 Which brightens on to Thee ! Oh, guide Thou right  
 My thought's weak pinion ; clear mine inward sight,  
 The eternal springs of beauty to discern  
 Welling beside Thy throne ; unseal mine ear,  
 Nature's true oracles in joy to hear ;  
 Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

## September 22.

*Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see  
 God. — MATT. v. 8.*

SEE that the feelings, thoughts, actions, of each hour  
 are pure and true ; then will your life be such. The  
 wide pasture is but separate spires of grass ; the sheeted  
 bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

OH, keep me innocent, — make others great.

QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA OF DENMARK.



## A LEGEND.

THERE has come to my mind a legend, — a thing I had half  
 forgot,  
 And whether I read it, or dreamed it, — ah, well, it matters  
 not.  
 It is said that in Heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly  
 swings,  
 And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music  
 that rings,  
 If he puts from the heart's inner chamber all the passion,  
 pain, and strife,  
 Heartache and weary longing, that throb in the pulses of  
 life, —  
 If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked  
 things,  
 He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angel  
 rings.  
 And I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to  
 see,  
 Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.  
 Let us look in our hearts and question, — can pure thoughts  
 enter in  
 To a soul, if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?  
 Oh, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and  
 see  
 If the twilight bells of the angels could ring for us, — you  
 and me.

ROSE OSBORNE.



## September 23.

*I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I  
 hoped in thy word. — Ps. cxix. 147.*

MORNING prayers, — morning prayers: orisons in  
 the first light of day, from the bended soul, if not  
 from the bended knee; were not the morning desecrated  
 and denied, if a part and portion of it were not prayer?

ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT  
SUNRISE.

SOIL not thy plumage, gentle dove,  
With sublunary things,  
Till in the fount of light and love  
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall Nature from her couch arise,  
And rise for thee in vain?  
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies  
Such types of truth contain?

See, — where the Sun of Righteousness  
Unfolds the gates of day;  
Go, meet Him in His glorious dress,  
And quaff the orient ray!

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand  
To crown the circling hours,  
Soar thou, and from that blissful land  
Bring down unfading flowers: —

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,  
Some spice of Gilead's balm,  
Some Lily washed in Calvary's flood,  
Some branch of heavenly palm!

And let the drops of sparkling dew  
From Siloa's spring be shed,  
To form a fragrance fresh and new, —  
A halo round thy head.

Spread, then, thy plumes of faith and prayer,  
Nor fear to wend away:  
And let a glow of Heavenly air  
Gild every earthly day!

SIR SAMUEL E. BRYDGES.

## September 24.

*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. — ISA. xliii. 2.*

I ENVY no quality of mind or intellect in others, — not genius, power, wit, or fancy ; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing : for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, calling up the most delightful visions, where the sensualist and the sceptic see only gloom, decay, and annihilation.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

God's way is often in the deep. Dark clouds are His chariot. He disappoints and whelms the soul in billows that seem for the time to have quenched every ray of light. Then we need the steady grasp of faith upon the unseen paternal Hand. Then we need a bright page of memory and of experience within, upon which we can read, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." This will bring a gleam of comfort into the soul, and it will know how to glory in tribulations for Christ's sake, and to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

OWEN STREET.

## FAITH.

SECURELY cabined in the ship below,  
Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea,  
A pathless wilderness of waves to me ;  
But yet I do not fear, because I know  
That he who guides the good ship o'er that waste  
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.  
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,

Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain-pass,  
 Through thorn-set barren and through deep morass ;  
 But, strong in faith, I tread the uneven ways,  
 And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,  
 Because my Father's arm is round me cast ;  
 And if the way seems rough, I only clasp  
 The Hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA.

## September 25.

*Stand in awe, and sin not : commune with your own heart  
 upon your bed, and be still. — Ps. iv. 4.*

MEDITATIVE self-knowledge is the true school of reverence, of sympathy, of hope, and of immovable humility ; for there we see, side by side, what we are, and what we ought to be ; for there, too, we meet, spirit to spirit, the Almighty Holiness that lifts us to Himself.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## ALONE.

'T is a good thing sometimes to be alone, —  
 Sit calmly down and look Self in the face,  
 Ransack the heart, search every secret place ;  
 Prayerful, uproot the baneful seeds there sown,  
 Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown,  
 Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,  
 Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base.  
 Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine own.  
 Who has this courage thus to look within,  
 Keep faithful watch and ward, with inner eyes,  
 The foe may harass, but can ne'er surprise,  
 Or over him ignoble conquest win.  
 Oh, doubt it not, if thou wouldst wear a crown,  
 Self, baser Self, must first be trampled down !

JOHN ASKHAM.

## September 26.

*As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.* — REV. iii. 19.

IT is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly, — made to feel his need of God ; to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in Heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in Heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in Heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I HAVE lived to thank God that *all* my prayers have not been answered.

JEAN INGELow.

## THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought  
Not into evil wrought ;  
Lord, for the wicked will,  
Betrayed and baffled still ;  
For the heart from itself kept, —  
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer ;  
For pain, death, sorrow, sent  
Unto our chastisement ;  
For all loss of seeming good, —  
Quicken our gratitude.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## September 27.

*See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. — DEUT. xxx. 15.*

THIS is certain, O man, that in thine own little sphere of narrow, yet real trial, it is possible, it is probable, — nay, is it not certain? — that, sooner or later, if the heart is set to serve God, thou must face some struggle with what appear overwhelming forces, and thou must decide. These are the decisions which form the soul in life or death, — which shape its eternity. . . . Such decisions, indeed, are rarely made, though they be finally ratified, in a moment. As a matter of fact, we prepare ourselves by multitudes of repeated decisions for the final crisis; and if, in the previous trials, the soul has been faithful, or, though unfaithful at times, — as who is not? — if it yet has retraced its steps by a path of penitence, — if it turns to the Divine Redeemer and trusts Him, — then, in the final crisis, the grace of God is never wanting, which is the one element needed to secure the victory.

W. J. KNOX-LITTLE.

## ONCE.

ONCE, to every man and nation, comes the  
moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for  
the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the  
sheep upon the right: —  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt  
that darkness and that light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## September 28.

*If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart,  
and knoweth all things. — 1 JOHN iii. 20.*

*Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we  
confidence toward God. — 1 JOHN iii. 21.*

A SENSE of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

## DUTY.

AND what are things eternal? — powers depart,  
 Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat;  
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists; — immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the forms  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies;  
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## September 29.

*He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.* — LUKE xvi. 10.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## A SINGLE STITCH.

ONE stitch dropped as the weaver drove  
His nimble shuttle to and fro,  
In and out, beneath, above,  
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow  
As if the fairies had helping been, —  
One small stitch which could scarce be seen ;  
But the one stitch dropped, pulled the next stitch out,  
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout ;  
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye  
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,  
How futile it seems as the ages roll,  
Do what it may, or strive how it can,  
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole !  
A single stitch in an endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb !  
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,  
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed ;  
And each life that fails of its true intent  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.



## September 30.

*Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. — ISA. lv. 7.*

THE forgiveness that is with God is such as becomes Him, such as is suitable to His greatness, goodness, and other excellencies of His nature, such as that *therein*, He will be known to be God. It is not like that narrow, difficult, halving, and manacled forgiveness that is found amongst men ; but it is full, free, boundless, bottomless, absolute, — such as becomes His nature and excellencies, and before which our sins are as a cloud before the east wind and a rising sun. Hence He is said to do this work with His whole heart and His whole soul, freely, bountifully, largely, — to indulge and forgive unto us our sins, and to cast them into a bottomless ocean, — an emblem of infinite mercy.

DR. J. OWEN.

## A PRAYER.

LORD, who art merciful as well as just,  
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust !  
Not what I would, O Lord, I offer Thee,  
Alas ! but what I can.  
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,  
And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou art there,  
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.  
Four things that are not in Thy treasury,  
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition : —  
My nothingness, my wants,  
My sins, and my contrition.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## October 1.

*Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you. — 1 PET. I. 3, 4.*

“THE unknown country,” “the bourne from which no traveller returns,” — we are much more apt to think of Heaven as truly described by either of these expressions than by the dear word “home,” — the Father’s home, to which He calls His children. And though such expressions as the above are, for the most part, true, they are not what a loving and believing Christian would dwell upon. Unknown in the sense of untried, yes; but unknown in the sense of unheard of, oh, no! Perhaps the city which has “no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof,” is too far above the ordinary soaring of our imagination to be readily conceived. But I think, in most cases, it is from want of use that the wings of thought droop so soon, and will carry us so little way upwards.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

## IN AUTUMN.

COME out with me to the hillside;  
The world is in gay attire;  
The maples along the lowlands  
Glow with October fire;  
The elm-tree and the ash-tree  
Have changed their green for gold.  
And the sumach shines in scarlet.  
But — the year is growing old.

See, when the breeze comes blowing  
 Its way down the steep hill's crest,  
 The leaves like birds are flying  
 North, south, and east, and west;  
 Through the haze that is over the landscape,  
 A breath comes, chillingly cold,  
 Like a sigh in the midst of singing,  
 For — the year is growing old.

Oh, the beauty that 's all about us, —  
 How soon it must fade and die!  
 I wonder if bare boughs dream of  
 Green leaves and the summer sky!  
 I wonder if old folks' dreaming  
 Is the same when the days are cold,  
 Or is it Heaven's spring they think of,  
 When life, like the year, grows old!

What matters the autumn's coming,  
 And the fall of the ripened leaf!  
 There 's an endless springtime nearing,  
 And winter's reign is brief.  
 Oh, sorrowful thoughts, — forget them;  
 Look forth, with a joy untold,  
 To the time all hearts have faith in,  
 Where nothing we love grows old.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## October 2.

*For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit. — JER. xvii. 8.*

ANY religion whose secret springs do not exceed its surface waters, will evaporate in the burden and heat of the day.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

MAN needs some higher aid than he can get from his intentions, his aspirations, or from the universal human conscience. He who would "abide" in truth, strength, and purity, must find the secret springs of these in the Most High.

GEORGE A. GORDON

### TRUSTING.

OH, spread out thy roots by the river,  
The wonderful river of God!  
Grow deep by the stream that forever  
Pours life-giving currents abroad!

Clear waters of crystalline splendor,  
That shine in their marvellous flow,  
Shall keep thy leaf fadeless and tender,  
Nor withering drought shalt thou know.

Thy trust is the tree, that forever  
Shall yield to thy God blessed fruit;  
God's wonderful love is the river  
That never shall fail at thy root.



### October 3.

*Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God:  
for unto thee will I pray. — Ps. v. 2.*

**B**E sure you go out to every day with prayer and humility, lest you lead some one wrong.

### HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,  
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,  
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,  
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high!

Unseen, yet not unfelt, if any thought  
Has raised our mind from earth. or pure desire  
A generous act or noble purpose brought,  
It is Thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of Thy creatures, kneeling,  
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,  
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,  
That I may live to glorify Thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,  
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,  
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,  
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

I am unworthy — yet for their dear sake  
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;  
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,  
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,  
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew;  
Let them not, Lord, by me be upas-shaded, —  
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,  
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,  
Those who have found in me some trace of gold, —  
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,  
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest;  
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,  
When on His soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,  
That we might fly a well-deservèd fate;  
Poured out His soul in supplication warm,  
Looked with His eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,  
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;  
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make me clean;  
Oh, speak the word, — Thy servant shall be healed!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

## October 4.

*Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?*  
— ECCLES. vi. 12.

IT were not better for men that what they desire should come to pass. It is sickness that makes health pleasant and good ; hunger, fulness ; fatigue, rest.

HERACLITUS, B. C. 513.

THE very worst calamity, I should say, which could befall any human being, would be this: to have his own way from his cradle to his grave ; to have everything he liked, for the asking, or even for the buying ; never to be forced to say, " I should like that, but I cannot afford it ; I should like to do this, but I must not do it."

## LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

SINCE in a land not barren still,  
Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,  
My lot is fall'n, — blest be Thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill  
Some tares in me, which choke or spill  
That seed thou sow'st, — blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,  
And happy I, to be so crost,  
And cured by crosses, at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,  
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest ;  
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

ANCIENT HYMN.

## October 5.

*I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity.* — ECCLES. ii. 1.

*Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.* — ECCLES. xii. 13.

*He that keepeth the law, happy is he.* — PROV. xxix. 18.

A LIFE of mere pleasure! A little while — in the spring-time of the senses, in the sunshine of prosperity, in the jubilee of health — it may seem well enough; but how insufficient, how mean, how terrible, when age comes, and sorrow, and death. A life of pleasure! What does it look like when these great changes beat against it, — when the realities of eternity stream in? It looks like the fragments of a feast, when the sun shines upon the withered garlands, and the tinsel, and the overturned tables, and the dead lees of wine.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

HAPPINESS is a legitimate object, but not the first or leading object of life; and whenever it is made so, it defeats its own purpose, and happiness is lost in the very effort to gain it.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

HAPPINESS is not the end of life, — character is.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## RETRIBUTION.

OH, righteous doom, that they who make  
Pleasure their only end,  
Ordering the whole life for its sake,  
Miss that whereto they tend;

While they who bid stern duty lead,  
Content to follow, — they,  
Of duty only taking heed,  
Find pleasure by the way.

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

## October 6.

*My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.* — MATT. xi. 30.

LET not the word “yoke” frighten you; we must bear the weight, but God helps us to bear it; it is a burden that two must carry, and God shares it with us.

FÉNELON.

## THE BURDEN.

To every one on earth  
God gives a burden, to be carried down  
The road that lies between the cross and crown;  
No lot is wholly free:  
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,  
Open and visible to any eyes,  
And all may see its form, and weight, and size;  
Some hide it in the breast,  
And deem it there unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,  
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;  
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,  
He says, “Cast it on Me,  
And it shall easy be.”

And those who heed His voice,  
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,  
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,  
And hope lights up the way  
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus  
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet;  
And, whether it be sorrow or defeat,  
Or pain, or sin, or care,  
Oh, leave it calmly there!

It is the lonely road  
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven;  
But, borne with Him, the soul, restored, forgiven,  
Sings out, through all the days,  
Her joy, and God's high praise.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.



## October 7.

*Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving  
the Lord.* — ROM. xii. 11.

IN the morning, when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present : " I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied, if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world ? Or have I been made for this, — to lie in the bed-clothes, and keep myself warm ? "

But this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist, then, to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion ? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees, working together to put in order their several parts of the universe ? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being ? and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature ?

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

Go, wake the seeds of good asleep  
Throughout the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE THRUSH IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

GLAD prophet hidden in the leaves,  
Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain ;  
The air a thrill of hope receives,  
The day begins to breathe again,  
The dull day, weeping ceaseless rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears  
But faintly stirs this cloistered space,  
Where noiseless feet of passing years  
Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,  
But cast fresh spells about the place.

Ah, not for us such green repose,  
 Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air,  
 Where floats the soul of each dead rose  
 The endless years have seen uncloze,  
 And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more  
 In this fair prison of the soul,  
 But rise and gird us, and before  
 The sun sets hasten toward the goal,  
 Break loose these sweet bonds of the soul.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song  
 Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here :  
 The day is short, the way is long ;  
 Up ! let us labor and be strong,  
 Nor falter till the end appear.

E. C. BRADLEY.

## October 8.

*I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me. — Ps. xiii. 6.*

*Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path. — Ps. xxvii. 11.*

**A**NNIHILATE not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

LET never day nor night unhallowed pass,  
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WE have little conception of the soul's joy, or capacities of joy, till we see it established in God. The Christian soul is one that has come unto God, and rested in the peace of God. It dares to call Him Father, without any sense of daring.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

WITH God go over the sea, — without Him, not over the threshold.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

## MORNING SONG.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,  
 For the shades have passed away,  
 And out from the dark, like a joyous lark,  
 My heart soars up with the day ;  
 And its burden all is blessing,  
 And its accents all are song,  
 For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,  
 And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt Thou hear this morning,  
 For the day is all unknown ;  
 And I am afraid, without Thine aid,  
 To travel its hours alone.  
 Give me Thy light to lead me,  
 Give me Thy hand to guide,  
 Give me Thy living Presence  
 To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,  
 Sun that shall ne'er decline,  
 Day that is bright with unfading light,  
 Ever above me shine !  
 For the night shall be all noontide,  
 And the clouds shall vanish far,  
 When my path of life is gilded  
 By "the bright and morning Star."

GEORGE MATHESON.

—♦—

## October 9.

*If ye love me, keep my commandments.* — JOHN xiv. 15.

EVERY duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience. And little duties make the will dutiful ; that is, supple, and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and discipline : it trains the will, heart, and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministry of heaven.

H. E. MANNING.

ENGRAVE upon your hearts, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord;" and then take up, piece by piece, the work He lays before you, and do it thoroughly. It may look little and insignificant all the way, but at the end the golden grains shall have made a shining mountain.

LOVE's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.

F. W. FABER.

### THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID, "Sweet Master, hear me pray,  
For love of Thee the boon I ask, —  
Give me to do for Thee each day  
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."  
And, listening long, with hope elate,  
I only heard Him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought  
Beyond the wonted round of care;  
And I was vexed with anxious thought,  
And found the waiting hard to bear.  
But when I said, "In vain I pray!"  
I heard Him answer gently, "Nay."

So praying still, and waiting on,  
And pondering what the waiting meant,  
This knowledge sweet at last I won, —  
And oh, the depth of my content!  
My blessed task for every day  
Is humbly, gladly, to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail  
To bring my task to Him complete,  
And must with constant tears bewail  
My failures, at my Master's feet,  
No other service would I ask,  
Than this, my blessed, blessed task.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

## October 10.

*Behold I and the children which God hath given  
me. — HEB. ii. 13.*

LITTLE children were about her, now in her arms, now running by her side; and, as they travelled, she occupied herself in caring for them. She taught them how to place their little feet, she gave them timely warnings of the pitfalls, she gently lifted them over the stumbling-blocks. When they were weary, she soothed them by singing of that brighter land, which she kept ever in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. All unknown to her, she was constantly watched by two angels, who reposed on two golden clouds which floated above her. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over her right shoulder; another kept as strict watch over her left. . . . Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her little children; but the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but patiently wait to lure back a little truant who had turned his face away from the distant light; but the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but soothe an angry feeling, or raise a drooping eyelid, or kiss away a little grief; but the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes her eye was fixed so intently on that golden horizon, and she became so eager to make progress thither, that the little ones, missing her care, did languish or stray. Then it was that the angel over the left shoulder lifted his golden pen, and made the entry, and followed her with sorrowful eyes, until he could blot it out. Sometimes she seemed to advance rapidly; but in her haste the little ones had fallen back, and it was the sorrowing angel who recorded her progress. Sometimes so intent was she to gird up her loins and have her lamp trimmed and burning, that the little children wandered away quite into forbidden paths, and it was the

angel over the left shoulder who recorded her diligence. — Now the observer, as she looked, felt that this was a faithful and true record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. . . . She longed to tell her of the angels keeping watch above her, to entreat her to be faithful and patient to the end, — to think no duty trivial which must be done, for over her right shoulder and over her left were recording angels, who would surely take note of all.

MRS. ELIZABETH S. PHELPS.

### THE LEAST OF THESE.

SHE had little of earthly beauty,  
She had less of earthly lore ;  
She climbed by a path so narrow,  
Such wearisome burdens bore !  
And she came with heart a-tremble  
To the warder at Heaven's door.

She said, " There were hearts of heroes ;"  
She said, " There were hands of might ;  
I had only my little children,  
That called to me day and night ;  
I could only soothe their sorrows,  
Their childish hearts make light."

And she bowed her head in silence,  
She hid her face in shame, —  
When out from a blaze of glory  
A form majestic came,  
And, sweeter than all Heaven's music,  
Lo, some one called her name !

" Dear heart, that hath self forgotten,  
That never its own hath sought,  
Who keepeth the weak from falling,  
To the King hath jewels brought ;  
Lo, what thou hast done for the children,  
For the Lord Himself was wrought."

ELLEN E. CHASE.

## October 11.

*The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever. —*  
ISA. xxxii. 17.

LIVE not for selfish aims. Live to shed joy on others. Thus best shall your own happiness be secured; for no joy is ever given freely forth that does not have quick echo in the giver's own heart.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LITTLE self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations, — these are the silent threads of gold, which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

CANON FARRAR.

## TO-DAY'S TO-MORROW.

OH, if like children straying guilelessly  
Down some fair lane of childhood, filled with  
flowers,  
My thoughts to-day run sinlessly for me  
In the sweet path of all the day's glad hours;

And if to-day my words, like flowers, spring  
Upon the wayside of the world's hot road,  
And words melt into deeds that haply bring  
Relief to some bent brother of his load;

Why, then, to-morrow I shall wake at morn  
From sleep so sweet, that, wondering, I shall say:  
"If from unselfishness such rest is born,  
Oh, make to-day, dear Christ, as yesterday!"

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

## October 12.

*He wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. — Isa. l. 4.*

*The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. — Ps. cxi. 2.*

*Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name . . . who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies. — Ps. ciii. 1, 4.*

THE contemplation of the rare splendors, the richer glories, of the new creation will be the gentle task, the pure delight, of our eternity. And in this world we are permitted to begin it. The life eternal begins here; and the eternal task, the eternal joy. To see the face of God in the creation, and to hear His voice from all its echoes; to see the smile of the Eternal Father of our spirits stealing up into the face of Nature, when the dawn glints its first flush across the eastern heavens, and the mountains, the trees, the woodlands, grow rosy with life and joy, — this pure, sweet, serene rest and refreshment of heart, mind, and spirit, our Mother Nature has to offer us; it is the soft, gentle, tender side of the care of the great Father, God.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

## MORNING.

O WORD and thing most beautiful!  
Our yesterday was hard and dull,  
Gray mists obscured its noonday sun,  
Its evening sobbed and wept in rain;  
But to and fro in hiding night,  
Some healing angel swift has run,  
And all is fresh and fair again.

O word and thing most beautiful!  
The hearts that were of cares so full,  
The tired hands, the tired feet,



So glad of night, are glad of morn !  
 Where are the clouds of yesterday ?  
 The world is good, the world is sweet,  
 And life is new, and hope reborn !

O word and thing most beautiful !  
 O coward soul and sorrowful,  
 Which sighs to note the ebbing light  
 Give place to evening's shadowy gray !  
 What are these things but parables, —  
 That darkness heals the wrongs of day,  
 And dawning clears all mists of night ?

O word and thing most beautiful !  
 The little sleep our pain to lull,  
 The long, soft dusk, — then full sunrise !  
 To waken fresh and angel fair,  
 Life all renewed, and griefs forgot,  
 Ready for Heaven's glad surprise,  
 So Christ, who is our Light, be there.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### October 13.

*Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest  
 unto thy people : O visit me with thy salvation. —*  
 Ps. cvi. 4.

IT is not a belief in immortality that will deliver a man from the woes of humanity, but faith in the God of life, the Father of lights, the God of all consolation and comfort. Believing in Him, a man can leave his friends, and their and his own immortality, with everything else, even his and their love and protection, with utter confidence, in His hands. Until we have this life in us, we shall never be at peace. The living God dwelling in the heart He has made, and glorifying it by inmost speech with Himself, — that is life, assurance, and safety. Nothing else is, or can be, such.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GOD is closest to earth when His dwelling-place is a consecrated human heart, a dedicated human intellect.

E. WINCHESTER DONALD.

### DESIRES FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

WILT Thou not visit me ?  
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;  
Each blade of grass I see,  
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?  
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;  
And every hill and tree  
Lends but one voice, — the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
Come, like Thy holy Dove,  
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me ;  
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so well,  
As when, from sin set free,  
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY.

### October 14.

*The sabbath was made for man.* — MARK. ii. 27.

CONSIDER the dignity of manhood ; even so sacred an institution as the Sabbath was made for man !  
“ All things ” — including the Sabbaths — “ are yours.”

To receive actual refreshment, repose in its highest sense, the soul must be lifted out of its daily routine, and brought into immediate contact with the unseen and spiritual. Talk as we may of the union of the spiritual with our commonest daily tasks, it is nevertheless a sad

fact that the material does, for the most part, smother the spiritual: the soul forgets her birthright, and loses sight of the glorious future, in the changing, wearying present; or, rather, it would do so, but for the returning "day of rest," when there is time for thoughts of God, thoughts of duty, and immortality.

### THE DAY OF REST.

O SWEET, fair day of silence,  
When echoes come and go,  
Of voices praising Him, the King,  
Who died so long ago;

When all the crimsoned Autumn,  
Aflood with humid gold,  
Seems whispering of Christ the King,  
Who loved us from of old;

When sunlight's benediction  
Lies wondrous to behold,  
As though no sin had entered in  
To stain its fretted gold;

As though its mystic beauty  
His loving Hand confessed  
More dreamy fair on all the air,  
This still, sweet day of rest;

As though in benediction  
It brought us nearer Heaven,  
His face to see, His own to be, —  
Day sweetest of the seven.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

## October 15.

*I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.* — MATT. xxii. 32.

IN Revelation, the twenty-second chapter, and third, fourth, and fifth verses, we have the sevenfold vision of the complete blessedness of the saints: "There shall be no night there," — perfect day; "no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it," — perfect government; "His servants shall serve Him," — perfect service; "His name shall be in their foreheads," — perfect resemblance; "they shall see His face," — perfect communion; "no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light," — perfect light; "they shall reign forever and ever," — perfect glory. What a delightful thought, that, though here below we do not attain to fulness of service, death does not interrupt our service, but, rather, enables us with perfected powers to serve God with tireless energy, "day and night, in His temple"!

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

## ART THOU LIVING YET?

Is there no grand, immortal sphere  
Beyond this realm of broken ties,  
To fill the wants that mock us here,  
And dry the tears from weeping eyes?  
Where winter melts in endless spring,  
And June stands near with deathless flowers;  
Where we may hear the dear ones sing  
Who loved us in this world of ours?  
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet  
With tears for one I cannot see;  
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,  
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,  
 Thou unseen angel of my life ;  
 I hear thy hymns around me trill,  
 An undertone to care and strife ;  
 Thy tender eyes upon me shine,  
 As from a being glorified,  
 Till I am thine, and thou art mine,  
 And I forget that thou hast died.  
 I almost lose each vain regret  
 In visions of a life to be ;  
 But, mother, art thou living yet,  
 And dost thou still remember me ?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade,  
 The winters blow along my way ;  
 But, over every light or shade,  
 Thy memory lives by night and day.  
 It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,  
 Like some sweet song that cannot die,  
 And, like the murmur of the main,  
 Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.  
 I know the brightest stars that set  
 Return to bless the yearning sea, —  
 Oh, mother, art thou living yet,  
 And dost thou still remember me ?

JAMES G. CLARK.

## October 16.

*Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,  
 and for His wonderful works to the children of men ! —*  
 Ps. cvii. 15.

LET not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him, because they be common. I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed that he would not willingly turn his eyes to behold all the other vari-

ous beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, most men forget to pay their praise ; but let not us.

IZAAB WALTON, 1593-1683.

WE wear the love of those about us like an every-day garment. It is only when we lose it, that we know the world is cold.

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

*And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.* — 1 KINGS XX. 40.

### THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

SURPRISING falls the instantaneous calm,  
The sudden silence in my chamber small, —  
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm,  
The clock has stopped, — that 's all !

The clock has stopped ! Yet why have I so found  
An instant feeling, almost like dismay ?  
Why note its silence sooner than its sound ?  
The clock has ticked all day !

So may a life beside my own go on,  
And such companionship unheeded keep, —  
Companionship scarce recognized, till gone,  
And lost in sudden sleep.

And so the blessings Heaven daily grants  
Are, in their very commonness, forgot. —  
We little heed what answereth our wants,  
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falleth on familiar ways,  
As if some pulse were gone without recall, —  
Something unthought of, linked with all our days :  
Some clock has stopped, — that 's all !

GEORGE H. COOMER.

## October 17.

*Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.* — HEB. xii. 11.

BE ye of good cheer, every one that is afflicted, for the Lord is preparing for you the city of God. Whatever be your sorrow, it is the token of His love; for the Man of Sorrows is our King, and the path of sorrow is the path of His kingdom; there is none other that leadeth unto life. Your reward is sure, if you are but true to yourself. Do we believe these things? Are they realities, or are they words? They are God's word, which is a reality.

J. M. MANNING.

## PEACEABLE FRUIT.

WHAT shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,  
For this dark and suffering night?  
Father, what shall Thine "afterward" be?  
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,  
And a new and joyous light?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,  
For the moan that I cannot stay?  
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,  
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,  
When the night hath passed away?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,  
For this helplessness of pain?  
A clearer view of my home above,  
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love?  
Shall this be my lasting gain?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?  
How long must Thy child endure?  
Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not.  
Thine "afterward" cometh, I cannot tell what,  
But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?  
 I wonder, and wait to see  
 (While to Thy chastening hand I bow)  
 What "peaceable fruit" may be ripening now, —  
 Ripening fast for me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## October 18.

*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee : he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.*  
 — Ps. lv. 22.

PRISON-WALLS may be strong and dreary enough ; the soul may struggle with all its Heaven-given powers against a circumscribed, crippled life ; but if the decree has gone forth from our God, no escape is open. His wisdom and love are stronger than our efforts, and His work is never done in the dark. We cry out in our blindness, and His ear hears ; but His faithfulness refuses to do us harm according to our petitions. " Bear thy cross cheerfully, and it will bear thee," said Thomas à Kempis.

TIME must end, and the soul shall yet be free, — free to live in God's own light, free to know and be itself. Our bonds are but for now. If they are appointed by God, not forged by our own wrong-doing, can we not bear them bravely, knowing that triumph and eternity await us?

## A CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

I AM so weary, Lord ! my load of care  
 Seems still more heavy with each opening day ;  
 I cannot lift it. Father, hear my prayer,  
 And give me strength to keep the upward way.



I am so lonely, Lord ! the gay and bright  
 And prosperous ones of earth all pass me by ;  
 The friends of happier days ignore my night ;  
 I come to Thee, O Father ; hear my cry !

I am so hungry, Lord ! my soul is faint  
 For heavenly nourishment amid the strife.  
 I starve, O Father ; hear Thy child's complaint,  
 And feed my spirit with "the bread of life."

I am so thirsty, Lord ! my heart would sink,  
 Withered and parched, upon earth's arid plain ;  
 Fill Thou my cup, O Father ; let me drink  
 Of "living water," ne'er to thirst again.

I am so sad, O Lord ! the cries of woe  
 From suffering human souls afflict mine ear ;  
 Oh, save and help them, Father, and I know  
 They must be comforted, when Thou art near.

Weary and lonely, hungry, thirsty, sad,  
 With all my sorrows, Lord, to Thee I come ;  
 Safe in my Father's arms, I will be glad,  
 And wait, in faith, till He shall call me home.

## October 19.

*For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit  
 against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the  
 other : so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.*  
 — GAL. v. 17.

CHRISTIAN living and Christian character without  
 Christ are impossibilities ; with Christ, they have  
 been made a reality, before which the world has ever  
 offered the homage of its admiration and respect.

Joy or despair is no test of the genuineness of Chris-  
 tian character. Joy and despair are feelings. The test  
 of Christian character is the determination, the resolve,  
 the choice, to love Christ, and be true to Him.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger, and followed by reactions.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### DESPONDENCY.

THOSE fervent raptures are forever flown ;  
 And, since their date, my soul hath undergone  
 Change manifold, for better or for worse :  
 Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
 Heavenward, and chide the part of me that flags,  
 Through sinful choice, or dread necessity  
 On human nature from above imposed.  
 'T is, by comparison, an easy task  
 Earth to despise ; but to converse with Heaven, —  
 This is not easy. To relinquish all  
 We have, or hope, of happiness or joy,  
 And stand in freedom loosened from this world,  
 I deem not arduous ; but must needs confess  
 That 't is a thing impossible to frame  
 Conceptions equal to the soul's desires,  
 And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*  
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### October 20.

*The sheep hear his voice : and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him : for they know his voice. —*  
 JOHN x. 3, 4.

CHRIST'S incarnation was a girding of Himself to go after His lost sheep. His whole life upon earth, His entire walk in the flesh, was a following of the strayed one ; for, in His own words, He was come, — this was the very purpose of His coming, namely, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

EVER and ever does our Lord seek to lead, never to compel, but always to lead us to a more full and unperverted reception of His own life in our freedom. . . . He longs for our love, — our love, which is so feeble and faint, and yet so precious in His sight when we give it to Him freely. And why does He so desire it? Ah! we cannot too often remember that it is because, if we love Him, He can make us supremely happy.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

### THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

THE lowland pastures yield but scanty fare,  
 Sunless and chill the shadowed valleys lie;  
 Yet, just beyond, are ledges broad and high,  
 Where fields of fragrant herbage scent the air.  
 "Up, up!" the call, and yet they scarcely dare  
 (The foolish sheep) to heed the earnest cry,  
 Although the tender Shepherd stands close by,  
 And holds them all beneath His watchful care.  
 Trembling, within the gloomy vale they stay,  
 Until the patient Leader doth repeat  
 Each one by name, and up the rugged way  
 Doth go before, with bruised and bleeding feet.  
 O wondrous Love! What timid sheep can stray?  
 What wayward one resist a call so sweet?

B. E. E.

### October 21.

*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High: to shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night. — Ps. xcii. 1, 2.*

LET the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

TOUCH my heart, O God, with thoughts of Thy love ;  
 in my soul—Thy temple—erect Thou an altar of praise,  
 of penitence, of thanksgiving. Hold me up this day  
 above the mists of passion, of selfishness, of earthliness ;  
 increase in me this day desires after holiness ; incline  
 my heart unto Thee, the God of my life. Give strength  
 to my higher, my better self, against my lower nature,  
 that is prone to gain the mastery, and save me for Thy  
 goodness' sake.

### BEGIN WITH GOD.

BEGIN the day with God !  
 He is thy Sun and Day ;  
 His is the radiance of thy dawn ;  
 To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn !  
 Join the glad woods and hills ;  
 Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,  
 Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God !  
 Not to thy fellow-man ;  
 Not to the creatures of His hand,  
 But to the Glorious One.

· · · · ·

Take thy first walk with God !  
 Let Him go forth with thee ;  
 By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,  
 Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be  
 With God Himself above ;  
 So shall thy business prosper well,  
 And all the day be love.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## October 22.

*Fear not, nor be dismayed, be strong and of good courage.* — JOSH. x. 25.

THERE are many persons who brood over their own weakness, and waste their precious time in pining over opportunities lost, instead of arming for the conflict, and going forward with double energy to regain what has been lost.

CHRISTIAN WORLD.

LET no one despair, even though his bad habits and vicious courses have got him in their full grip. What others have done in such circumstances he can do. He has only to look to God and take courage, to throw himself in faith and hope on the recuperative force which hitherto he has allowed to slumber unused, or to be crowded down by his baser appetites. It is only to do this, to confide to the strength which belongs to it, and resolutely put it forth, and the work is done, the change effected.

H. F. EDES.

## COURAGE.

WISE men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?  
Yet lives our pilot still; is 't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?

SHAKESPEARE.

## October 23.

*When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? . . . Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. — JOHN v. 6, 8.*

THAT the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins is evidenced by the simple fact that man is able, *in the divine strength*, to reform the evils of his life. As we succeed, little by little, in putting them away, so do we attain little by little unto the blessedness of divine forgiveness. We may know then that we are forgiven, as we are enabled to do better. This is the sign of forgiveness; this is the sure proof of its presence. What greater satisfaction can we ask than this, knowing that the Lord will grant forgiveness unto all that seek it, having before us the definite way for the attainment of its blessedness, and the sure sign of its accomplishment? In our spiritual inactivity, we are all on the bed sick of the palsy; and to all of us who would be forgiven our sins, the Lord says, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house."

C. H. MANN.

## THE TROUBLING OF THE POOL.

NOT when Bethesda's pool a tranquil mirror lay,  
Kissed into radiance by an Orient sun,  
But when the angel stirred its crystal depths,  
The wondrous power of healing was begun.  
Calm, and unruffled by a troublous thought,  
Like fair Bethesda's pool, a soul may lie  
Bathed in the placid sunlight of content,  
While seasons of rich grace are passing by;  
But when the Spirit stirs the sluggish depths,  
Until its calm gives way to wild unrest,  
Then comes sweet healing, and the sin-sick heart,  
Dropping its burden there, finds peace and rest.

MINNIE E. KENNEY.

## October 24.

*Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,  
and am no more worthy to be called thy son. — LUKE  
XV. 21.*

WE only go astray when we follow our own guidance.

FÉNELON.

How often we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource ! We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## HIS WAY.

GOD lets us go our way alone,  
Till we are homesick and distressed,  
And humbly, then, come back to own  
His way is best.

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,  
And hunger in the wilderness ;  
Yet at our feeblest, faintest knock,  
He waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands,  
And feed on husks, and feel the smart,  
Till we come home with empty hands,  
And swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring,  
The Father's welcome and the feast,  
While over us the angels sing, —  
Though last and least.

ANNA F. BURNHAM.

## October 25.

*And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.*

— LUKE XV. 20.

BY cowardice, by perfidy, by sloth, or sensuality, or covetousness, by sin in any form, the soul is bereft of its bloom, its strength, its peace, its joy, its Heaven; and existence becomes a burden, and a burden that cannot be cast off. We are at war with God in us. He is invisible, and we may deny Him; but none the less He works the dire confusion and ruin of the soul that will not walk in the light, and by the dictates of the word and spirit of Jesus Christ.

Yet He delights in mercy. He springs up in every man's soul as a wellspring of life. The faith of children, the ingenuousness of youth, the beautiful aspirations of early manhood and womanhood, the cravings for perfection, the whisperings of the conscience, the testimony of the prophets, and the living witness of Jesus Christ, are from Him. He is mighty to save, and is bent on saving. He who carries a flower to its bloom would flush the souls of His children with eternal joy.

GEORGE F. CHIPPERFIELD.

*Praise Him,<sup>1</sup> Al-Tawwâb; if a soul repents,  
Seven times and seventy times thy Lord relents.*

At the gates of Paradise,  
Whence the angry angels drave him,  
Adam heard in gentle wise

<sup>1</sup> It is a custom of many pious Muslims to employ in their devotions a three-stringed chaplet, each string containing thirty-three beads, and each bead representing one of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah." On certain occasions, the Faithful pass these ninety-nine beads of the rosary through their fingers, repeating with each "Name of God" an ejaculation of praise and worship.



Allah's whisper, which forgave him:  
 "Go," it said, "from this fair place,  
 Ye that sinned ; yet not despairing ;  
 Haply there shall come a grace  
 And a guidance ; and in fearing  
 Me, and following My will,  
 Blessed shall your seed be still."

Know ye not that God receives  
 Gladly back the soul that grieves ?  
 Know ye not that He relents  
 Ere the sinner well repents ?  
 Terribly His justice burns ;  
 Easily His anger turns.

Spake our Lord : " If one draw near  
 Unto God, — with praise and prayer, —  
 Half a cubit, God will go  
 Twenty leagues to meet him so."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

## October 26.

*My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in  
 the Lord.* — Ps. civ. 34.

A MAN'S nature is insensibly but inevitably moulded by that which is in his thoughts ; and the lives, even of Christians, are often earthly and sensual, because their thoughts are not with things above. Tell me what<sup>s</sup> you think most frequently and most earnestly, and I will tell you what you are. For your thoughts are the invisible influences which give their complexion to your life, éven as the insect is colored by the leaf on which it feeds. What a man desires to be, that he will be. If his thoughts are ever of sin, he will be possessed of sin, he will be the slave of sin ; but if his thoughts are ever of God, and the things of God, then "with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he will be changed into the same image from glory to glory."

CANON FARRAR.

## THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild ;  
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,  
 Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength and Stay,  
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love ! the root of every grace  
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place ;  
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,  
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears !  
 The tale of love unfolded in those years  
 Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,  
 I love again, and yet again, to trace.

Thoughts of His glory ! on the cross I gaze,  
 And there behold its sad, yet healing rays ;  
 Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,  
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

Thoughts of His coming ! for that joyful day  
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;  
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee ;  
 Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be !

Thus, while I journey on, my Lord to meet,  
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,  
 Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay,  
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

MARY J. (DECK) WALKER.

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## October 27.

*Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed  
 by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what  
 is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.*  
 — ROM. xii. 2.

THAT you may be weaned from the world, that fasci-  
 nates your heart, pray for the love of God, that the  
 light and paltry things of the world will be tasteless and  
 irksome. What do our heavy hearts prove but that

other things are sweeter to us than His will, — that we have not attained to the full mastery of our true freedom, — that our sonship is still but faintly realized, and its blessedness not yet proved and known? Our consent would turn all our trials into obedience. By consenting, we make them our own, and offer them, with ourselves, again to Him.

J. M. MANNING.

### TRANSVERSE AND PARALLEL.

My will, dear Lord, from Thine doth run  
 Too oft a different way;  
 'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done,"  
 In every darkened day.  
     My heart grows chill  
     To see Thy will  
 Turn all life's gold to gray

My will is set to gather flowers, —  
 Thine blights them in my hand;  
 Mine reaches for life's sunny hours, —  
 Thine leads through shadow-land;  
     And all my days  
     Go on in ways  
 I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine  
 From failure and from loss.  
 The will that runs transverse from Thine  
 Doth thereby make its cross.  
     Thine upright will  
     Cuts straight and still  
 Through pride, and dream, and dross.

But if, in parallel to Thine,  
 My will doth meekly run,  
 All things in Heaven and earth are mine, —  
 My will is crossed by none;  
     Thou art in me,  
     And I in Thee;  
 Thy will, — and mine, — are done.

## October 28.

*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. — 1 COR. xv. 58.*

STEADY IN DEEP WATER. — Little boats always totter about on the surface of the water, going all ways, as it happens, and overturning in a breath, while the great ship sinks deeply and more deeply in, and goes steadily on. The cause of its steadiness is its depth. So abiding in the great truths of God gives steadfastness of motion to the soul. Under all the pressure of error and unbelief and false doctrines, it is unmovable, abounding in the work of the Lord. It is not "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive." It is a great thing to take the truth and hold to it. It is a great thing to know error and let it alone. Holding on to the fundamentals of truth, and seeking God's help, the soul is sure to come into the light. Everything by turns, and nothing long, — what growth, what progress can be hoped for?

C. L. GOODELL.

## SURE ANCHOR.

OUT of the Heavens come down to me,  
O Lord, and hear my earnest prayer:  
On life, above the life I see,  
Fix Thou my soul, and keep it there.

The richest joys of earth are poor,  
The fairest forms are all unfair;  
On what is peaceable and pure  
Set Thou my heart, and keep it there.

Pride builds her house upon the sand;  
Ambition treads the spider's stair;  
On whatsoever things will stand  
Set Thou my feet, and keep them there.

The past is vanished in the past;  
 The future doth a shadow wear;  
 On whatsoever things are fast  
 Fix thou mine eyes, and keep them there.

In spite of slander's tongue, — in spite  
 Of burdens grievous hard to bear,  
 To whatsoever things are right  
 Set Thou my hand, and keep it there.

Life is a little troubled breath.  
 Love but another name for care;  
 Lord, anchor Thou my hope and faith  
 In things eternal, — only there.

ALICE CARY.

## October 29.

*He [the Lord] bringeth them unto their desired  
 haven. — Ps. cvii. 30.*

THE voyage of human life under any other head than Christ, and under any other wind than the wind of His Spirit, is sorrowful beyond all expression. Whatever port is reached, the port of peace, the joyful eternal home, cannot be reached. The vessel in which we are passing over the sea of mortal life is always driven by contrary winds till the Lord embarks. All voyagers who know the pleasantness of having Christ on board, and the certainty of getting safe to land under Him, pray Him with all their hearts to abide with them.

J. PULSFORD.

## THE PILOT.

MY bark is wafted on the strand  
 By breath divine;  
 And on the helm there rests a Hand  
 Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail,  
 I have on board;  
 Above the roaring of the gale,  
 I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite, —  
 I shall not fall ;  
 If sharp, 't is short ; if long, 't is light, —  
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land ! safe to the land !  
 The end is this ;  
 And then with Him go, hand in hand,  
 Far into bliss.

HENRY ALFORD.

## October 30.

*And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will  
 give thee rest. — Ex. xxxiii. 14.*

GOD sometimes gives to good men a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that songful "land of Beulah," where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfected manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them ; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of these not yet ascended saints !

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## OCTOBER REVERIES.

O RARE, sweet autumn days, that linger still,  
 And softly pass, with slow, regretful tread,  
 The while my wakened vision heavenward turns !  
 Such uttermost content breathes in the air,  
 As though the golden gates had flown ajar,  
 And blessedness, and light, and love come through !  
 As though once more the Earth her Sabbath kept,  
 And God, who saw, called all things "very good."

Each tree and wild green thing, where'er it grew,  
 Hath lived its own best life, all graciously,  
 Whether for beauty, or for lowly use, —  
 Content to do God's work, or great or small,  
 And trustfully to leave the end with Him :  
 And now each life stands crowned and perfected ;  
 The eager work and striving all are done ;  
 The storms all past, — rest and fruition come !

Once more the Year puts on her robes of praise,  
 And chants her fullest Benedicite,  
 Laying her offering at His throne, whose feet  
 Once made the whole wide earth His holy ground.  
 Upon her brow she wears the seal of peace,  
 Like some saint-life awaiting its translation ;  
 While strange revealings from the bright beyond  
 Shine out upon her calm, still countenance !

When the near autumn of my days shall come,  
 Bringing my soul her latest harvest-home,  
 O Lord, be Thou, Thyself, my rest and crown.

MARY K. A. STONE.

## October 31.

*The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as  
 the waters cover the sea. — ISA. xi. 9.*

WE hear, beneath the still, sad music of humanity,  
 the notes of an inner harmony prophesying peace  
 and joy. We see beyond the gloomy night of time the  
 flushing of a dawn of a perfect eternity. Our soul exults  
 to think that God will conquer evil with His consuming  
 fire of love. We tarry here in our Jerusalem in prayer  
 and broken praise, waiting for the promise of the Father.  
 It will come at last. A new Pentecost will break upon  
 humanity. The rushing wind, which symbolized the  
 new language of redeemed and exalted souls, the mighty  
 inspiration of God, shall fill not only a house, but the  
 universe ; shall glow and act not only in a few disciples,

but in the souls of all the race, till, in the fulness of time, there shall go up in exultation from the lips of a regenerated humanity the anthem chorus of St. Paul: "Of God, and through God, and to God are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

### MILLENNIAL PROMISE.

THROUGH the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear;  
That song of love, now low and far,  
Ere long shall swell from star to star!  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired apocalypse.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### November I.

*Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me,  
O God of my salvation. — Ps. xxvii. 9.*

THERE is no true life for us apart from Christ.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

THERE is one thing closer than proximity, and that is possession. Christ is our Emmanuel, not only in the sense that He is "God with us," — *near* to us, — but "God with us," — *within* us. This possession and this love give the soul a heavenward and earthward glance; the heavenward glance is faith, the earthward glance is duty.

NEHEMIAH BOYNTON.

THE Master's work may make weary feet,  
But it leaves the spirit glad.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.



## GO NOT AWAY.

Go not away, Lord ! Leave us not  
Amid the mystery of our lot,  
Life's baffling problem half unwrought, —  
Nor haunting doubt, nor halting thought,  
Can work the far solution out ;  
Thy love alone can make it plain, —  
Why high resolve in us is slain,  
Why dear to us the tempter's call,  
And why we falter till we fall ;  
Thou, who rememberest we are dust,  
Who gave our little day in trust,  
Knoweth the meaning of it all.  
Go not away ! We travel on ;  
And every hour that rest is won  
We feel we need Thy love anew, —  
To save us from the deed we'd do,  
To strengthen for the deed undone,  
To help the aching feet to run  
With patience all the tiresome road :  
To lighten some the weary load  
That every life must bear alone,  
Save Thou dost make its weight Thine own.  
The spirit's cry  
Is all for Thee, O Love unseen,  
To fill the need that hath not been  
By any human passion filled,  
By any human giving stilled ;  
For Thee, — for only Thee, — its cry,  
O Love Supreme, to satisfy !

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

## November 2.

*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. — LUKE xix. 10.*

LET a man look down into his heart, and see if there is not a want which all the things of earth never can satisfy, and a desire which looks upward for the infinite Father, and takes pleasure in worshipping, adoring Him. Let him look backward upon his life, and consider how he has grown up to his present stature, what wants he has had, what difficulties he has been aided through, what dangers he has shunned, not by his own might, but by a mysterious Providence which wisely holds the scales of life, and has led him safe through all. Let him consider how his dearest plans have never been thwarted but to give him some greater blessings than he looked for, and how curiously this every-day life of his is fashioned and woven by the Almighty for wisest ends, — and can he be indifferent still?

THEODORE PARKER.

## HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF.

BECAUSE I seek Thee not, oh, seek Thou me, —  
Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry  
I do not utter as Thou passest by,  
And from my life-long bondage set me free,  
Because content I perish, far from Thee.  
Oh, seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try  
My soul in Thy consuming fire; draw nigh,  
And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.

If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears, —  
If I were clamoring to see Thy face,  
I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,  
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,  
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place, —  
Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

## November 3.

*And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. — LUKE xviii. 1.*

*If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered. — JOHN xv. 6.*

GOD is love; and toward the fuller possession and fruition of this life there is but one straight road, — devotion. Other things are good and useful; one is vital, — heart-communion with God. We may well fear that not only the world, but the Church also, is growing too busy to pray.

BISHOP THOROLD.

PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

PRAYER is needed, not to prepare God to bless us, but to prepare us to receive God's blessing. In carrying to Him our want, we carry to Him an open heart; and not even Almighty grace can give help to the soul that is closed against the great Father's loving help.

OPEN your heart; open it without measure, that God and His love may enter without measure.

FÉNELON.

## PRAYER.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say, —  
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain  
Straighten myself by Thy right line again.

Oh, come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;  
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots!

My well is bitter ; cast therein the tree,  
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?  
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might  
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won ;  
Withdrawn from thence, 't is cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided. presently  
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf, divided from its stem,  
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain head  
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live, from God their sustenance wait,  
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,  
When angel-hands from Heaven are scattering gold.

R. C. TRENCH.



## November 4.

*What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. — Ps. viii. 4, 5.*

IT is out from the depth of our humility that the height of our destiny looks grandest. For let me truly feel that in myself I am nothing, and at once, through every inlet of my soul, God comes in, and is everything in me.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

MAN, being taught by Christianity to respect himself, learns to respect others. Man, finding God, finds himself and his brother-man.

W. J. KNOX-LITTLE.

### AB ASTRIS.

I SAW the stars sweep through ethereal space, —  
 Stars, suns, and systems in infinity, —  
 Our earth an atom in the shoreless sea  
 Where each had its appointed path and place,  
 And I was lost in my own nothingness.  
 But then I said: "Dost thou not know that He  
 Who guides these orbs through trackless space guides  
 thee?  
 No longer, grovelling thus, thyself abase;  
 For, in the vast, harmonious, perfect whole,  
 In infinite progression moving on,  
 Thou hast thy place, immortal human soul, —  
 Thy place and part, not less than star and sun.  
 Then with this grand procession fall in line,  
 This rhythmic march led on by power divine.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

## November 5.

*Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things :  
 to whom be glory forever. Amen. — ROM. xi. 36.*

THE world is extremely beautiful, — it is brimful of beauty, — of more beauty, a thousand-fold, than the keenest sense has ever yet discovered. How dim and poor the love of the beautiful is, in most minds; in how many is it almost wholly wanting! . . . But is it not better to have little of it, or none, than to permit it to fasten our eyes, and our thoughts, and our enjoyments to this earth; to make us love it for itself, and be content with it; to dim our thoughts, and weaken our desires and aspirations after a higher happiness than can ever come through the senses? For this is the "lust of the eye." And when is this enjoyment of the beautiful the happiness of the eye, and not its lust? It is when you

cannot see the beautiful, and delight in it, without recognizing it as His work, His gift, and as the expression of His own perfect order and perfect love.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

### THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

HE looks abroad into the varied field  
Of Nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers ; his to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling, say, " My Father made them all ! "  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
And by an emphasis of interest his,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world  
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?

But, O Thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all Thy gifts the crown !  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor ;  
And with Thee, rich, take what Thou wilt away.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### November 6.

*And thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee and unto thine house. —*  
DEUT. XXVI. 11.

BISHOP SIMPSON thus wrote to his wife : " Be careful of your health ; be cheerful. Look aloft. The stars display their beauty to us only when we look at them ; and if we look down at the earth, our hearts are never charmed. Be resolved to be happy to-day, — to be joyful now, — and out of every fleeting moment draw all possible pure and lasting pleasure."

WE may lay plans that run through all the years to come, and it is right we should do so ; we may build high hopes of future achievement, — the man is to be pitied who does not thus build ; but while working out our plans, while cherishing our hopes, we may each and every day nourish our souls at the fountains of pure pleasure springing everywhere around us. The sky above us is full of varied beauty. “Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.”

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

GOD’S children, guarded by His providence, sheltered by His love, watched over by His angels, kept by His grace, hopeful of His Heaven, have a right to be happy. And it is distrust — when we sift it to the bottom — which makes us feel the chill wind and the cold shade, when life is at its best and fairest.

#### TO-DAY.

THE night will come again ! Ah, yes ! I know, —  
 The night, the storm, the bitter cold, the snow !  
 But sunshine, warmth, and greenness fill to-day  
 My little world ; and, though it pass away  
     Beyond recall, yet, after all,  
     It is no dream, nay, but a gleam  
 Of God’s eternity, — this one glad day !  
 And, since He gave, ’t is His alone to take, —  
     Ay more ! to keep for aye !

EMMA E. BROWN.

### November 7.

*For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.* — 1 TIM. iv. 10.

THERE is one way of regarding the smaller trials of patience, to which every one is subjected in his intercourse with others, that may ennoble and dignify the work even to the most sensitive. It is to look upon

each as it comes, not as one little provoking circumstance, not as an insignificant vexation to which an evil lot has exposed us, but as a part of the great work of life, — as a part of that discipline of the soul, which, if borne worthily, is to make us stronger, and purer, and nobler, until we are fitted for Heaven, — until a heaven of peace has begun within us. Did we but always feel that God is with us ever, that it is His will that through patience we should be made perfect, that to prepare for each task, and to meet it resolutely and manfully, is the work He has given us to do, how would each hour of our lives be sanctified, and each trial of our patience become a glorious opportunity !

### GOD'S PRESENCE.

When some great cross is laid across our way, we say,  
 "God chose this cross to be  
 My burden: though it woundeth me,  
 I am content:"  
 But when the fair sky of our day is rent  
 By lesser ills of life, and we  
 Go blundering into ways we could not see;  
 Start, wounded by man's hand;  
 And stand  
 Impatiently perplexed, we say,  
 "Man and bewildering circumstance combine to lay  
 My plans upon the dust, — my peace to take:"  
 And so forgotten, we would make  
 Of second causes power which only dwells  
 With God. He spells  
 The wording of life's page with stammering lip, who reads  
 That chance, or man's mistaking hand, leads  
 On the thread of life. God rules.  
 The tools  
 Of evil, by His hand constrained,  
 Work out His bidding, and, though stained  
 Life's record, in between us and all second cause  
 God stands, permitting or restraining; and because  
 His presence is our shield, we well may say,  
 "No chance befalls me any day,  
 And men are but His tools, to shape me still  
 A closer pattern of His will."

GEORGE KLINGLE



## November 8.

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee : because he trusteth in thee. — ISA. xxvi. 3.*

WHEN the tide has been coming in, I have often seen how it chafed and fretted, running into some narrow-mouthed bay, filling it, swirling round, and lapping on the shores, till by and by, still flowing, and flowing, and flowing, it filled the bay full. The tide had spent itself; there ran a smoothing ripple all over the surface, and the whole bay at last was at rest. And so the soul, while yet it is being filled, is disturbed by ripples and eddies; but by and by, when it shall have been filled full of the power and presence of God, it will be satisfied, and will be perfectly at peace, and will be full of joy.

## DOMINUS REGIT.

SORE with the burden of a sad world's woe,  
My heart sometimes in tears doth overflow;  
And griefs that love or skill may not allay  
Brood o'er my soul, as clouds obscure the day.  
Then, like a starbeam through a rift of night,  
Shineth this word, that puts all fear to flight:  
"God rules. Shall not the Judge of earth do right?"

Oh, then my crushing burdens I resign  
Into the hands of Him whose love divine  
Straight through the mists and damps of human woe  
Can send a healing beam of light, to show  
How present suffering, sorrow's fleeting night,  
But fits the soul for Heaven's unfading light.  
In this God rules, and shall not He do right?

So, weary with my struggling and unrest,  
I fold my tired hands upon my breast.  
Not mine to question why these hearts must bleed;  
Not mine to fathom all the piteous need.  
Mine but to rest upon His tender might;  
Mine but to trust His love, in Him delight,  
Seeing He rules who surely will do right.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

## November 9.

*Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. — EPH. v. 18-20.*

IF we sincerely loved the will of God, and only this, we should change our earth into a Heaven. We should thank God for *everything*, — for evil as well as good from His hand. O my God, what do I see in the course of the stars, in the revolutions of the seasons, in the events of life, but the accomplishment of Thy will! May it also be accomplished in me, and may I love it! May it sweeten and endear all events to me! May I annihilate my own, to make Thy will reign in me! For it is Thine to will, and mine to obey.

FÉNELON.

HE gives, or He withholds, in love;  
In this one truth we rest.

## THANKSGIVING.

To give God thanks when brief, oblivious nights  
The tranquil eve and blithesome morning part, —  
Easy as lark-song that. But how when smites  
The mace of sorrow, — stings the malice-dart?  
Ah, unbelieving heart!

To give God thanks in words, — this is not hard;  
But incense of the spirit, — to distil  
From hour to hour the cassia and the nard  
Of fragrant life, His praises to fulfil?  
Alas, inconstant will!

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

## November 10.

*This thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people : and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you. But they hearkened not, nor inclined their ear, but walked in the counsels and in the imagination of their evil heart, and went backward, and not forward. — JER. vii. 23-24.*

WHERE there is no increase of moral excellence, there is always danger of *decrease*. Conscience, without fresh stimulants, is prone to grow inert.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

## FORWARD.

LET me stand still upon the height of life;  
 Much has been won, though much there is to win.  
 I am a little weary of the strife;  
 Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin  
 To cool my hot brow, ease the travel-pain,  
 And then address me to the road again.

Long was the way, and steep, and hard the climb ;  
 Sore are my limbs, and fain I am to rest ;  
 Behind me lie long sandy tracts of time, —  
 Before me rises the steep mountain-crest ;  
 Let me stand still ; the journey is half done ;  
 And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still ! Even as I pause,  
 The steep path shifts, and I slip back apace ;  
 Movement was safety ; by the journey-laws  
 No help is given, no safe abiding-place,  
 No idling in the pathway hard and slow ;  
 I must go forward, or must backward go.

I will go up, then, though the limbs may tire,  
 And though the path be doubtful and unseen ;  
 Better with this last effort to expire,

Than lose the toil and struggle that have been,  
And have the morning strength, the upward strain,  
The distance conquered, in the end made vain.

Ah, blessed law ! for rest is tempting sweet,  
And we would all lie down, if so we might ;  
And few would struggle on with bleeding feet,  
And few would ever gain the higher height,  
Except for the stern law which bids us know  
We must go forward, or must backward go.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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## November 11.

*Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*  
— EPH. vi. 11, 12.

THE daily life of every one of us teems with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battlefield, or fire, or wreck ; for we are born into a state of war, with falsehood, and disease, and wrong, and misery, in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within calling us to take our stand as men, in the eternal battle against these. And in this lifelong fight, to be waged by every one of us, single-handed, against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, — the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness must be loyalty to truth, — the most rare and difficult of all human qualities. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection, asks ever more and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness always rising higher and higher ; and this great lesson we learn from Christ's life, the more earnestly and faithfully we study it.

THOMAS HUGHES.

## DUTY AND FAME.

My life was a long dream; when I awoke,  
 Duty stood like an angel in my path,  
 And seemed so terrible, I could have turned  
 Into my yesterdays, and wandered back  
 To distant childhood, and gone out to God  
 By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up,  
 By Thy sweet inspiration, as the tide  
 Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach !  
 I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
 But in the armor of a pure intent.  
 Great duties are before me, and great songs,  
 And, whether crowned or crownless when I fall,  
 It matters not, so as God's work is done.  
 I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed,  
 Not the applauding thunder at its heels,  
 Which men call Fame.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

## November 12.

*Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. —*  
 EPH. vi. 14-17.

THE true hero is the great wise man of duty, — he whose soul is armed by truth, and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, and no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

## THE INEVITABLE.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must  
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
 That God is God, — that, somehow, true and just  
 His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
 Is shed, when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
 Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust,  
 Than living in dishonor; envies not,  
 Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,  
 Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,  
 But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest  
 To every toiler: he alone is great,  
 Who, by a life heroic, conquers fate.



## November 13.

*Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?* — MARK. vi. 3.

TO form a *character* is the work of our personal life. And when once we see this, the inequalities of our outward circumstances cease to be startling. If wealth, or fame, or knowledge, or length of days, were the final goal of human endeavor, then, indeed, the difference between man and man would be an unspeakable injustice. . . . The highest service may be prepared for and done in the humblest surroundings. In silence, in waiting, in obscure, unnoticed offices, — in years of uneventful, unrecorded duties, the Son of God grew and waxed strong.

CANON WESTCOTT.

## DIGNITY OF LOWLY WORK.

A LESSON, Lord, those eighteen years to me;  
 Not elsewhere I could so divinely learn  
 That humble tasks are best, howe'er I yearn  
 For higher sphere where I may work more free.

Blest were those patient, toiling years to Thee,  
 Their secret kept within Thy lonely heart,  
 While Thou wast trained by daily skill of art  
 To build new world for human destiny.  
 Thy Future was the Now. 'T was from its height  
 Thine eye read meanings in the passing day.  
 If cross of Death cast shadows on Thy way,  
 What sun was that so darkened in his light?  
 O Nazarene, out of these toils there came  
 That which we prize most dear, — a brother's name!



## November 14.

*How excellent [precious] is thy lovingkindness, O God!  
 therefore the children of men put their trust under the  
 shadow of thy wings. — Ps. xxxvi. 7.*

“UNDER His wings shalt thou trust!” Not shalt thou *see*! If a little eaglet wanted to see for itself what was going on, and thought it could take care of itself for a little while, and hopped from under the shadow of the wings, it would be neither safe nor warm. The sharp wind could chill it, and the cruel hand might seize it then. So you are to trust, rest quietly and peacefully “under His wings;” stay there, — not be peeping out and wondering whether God is really taking care of you! You may be always safe and happy there. Safe, — for “in the shadow of Thy wings will I take my refuge;” happy, — for “in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.” Remember, too, that it is a command, as well as a promise; it is what you are to do to-day, all day long. “Under His wings shalt thou trust!”

## AT MORN.

WHEN I awake at morn,  
 With heart and will in unison with Thine,  
 O Love Divine,  
 This prayer, by faith upborne, —  
 “Be with me, Lord, throughout this-day,

My feeble, faltering steps to stay," —  
 Shall bring me aid  
 From Him who said,  
 "I will be with thee till the end of days,  
 Death's dark, mysterious, dreamless night,  
 And when the night comes on,  
 To bear thee up, to keep thee in thy ways."

Before the light  
 Of the celestial dawn  
 Shall meet my wondering, wakening eyes,  
 This prayer, unspoken, shall arise : —  
 "Be with me, Lord,  
 Thy help afford."  
 I'll trust Thy loving promise then, as now ;  
 In life my Guide, in death my Refuge, Thou.

## November 15.

*They helped every one his neighbor ; and every one said  
 to his brother, Be of good courage. — ISA. xli. 6.*

IT is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help  
 one another.

MENANDER.

LET us be so charitable and tender to our fellow-travellers, as they halt and wait on this paltry planet to gather strength for the journey through the universe, that, meeting them in the immeasurable future, they may remember us not by storied urn or eulogistic epitaphs, but by the gentleness, and sympathy, and helpfulness we have shown them, — when little, both in time and action, counted much.

JULIUS HENRI BROWNE.

## THE LESSER MINISTRIES.

A FLOWER upon my threshold laid,  
 A little kindness wrought unseen ;  
 I know not who love's tribute paid,  
 I only know that it has made  
 Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.



God bless the gracious hands that e'er  
 Such tender ministries essay, —  
 Dear hands, that help the pilgrim bear  
 His load of weariness and care  
 More bravely up the toilsome way.

Oh, what a little thing can turn  
 A heavy heart from sighs to song!  
 A smile can make the world less stern,  
 A word can cause the soul to burn  
 With glow of Heaven all night long!

It needs not that love's gift be great, —  
 Some splendid jewel of the soul  
 For which a king might supplicate, —  
 Nay! true love's least, at love's true rate,  
 Is tithe most royal of the whole.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

## November 16.

*I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment:  
 lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day. — ISA.  
 xxvii. 3.*

IN the East, a garden without water soon ceases to be a garden at all; nothing can come to perfection, grow, or even live. When irrigation is kept up, the result is charming. Oh, to have one's soul watered by the Holy Spirit, uniformly, — every part of the garden having its own stream; plentifully, — a sufficient refreshment coming to every tree and herb, however thirsty by nature it may be; continually, — each hour bringing not only its heat, but its refreshment; wisely, — each plant receiving just what it needs! In a garden you can see by the verdure where the water flows, and you can soon perceive where the Spirit of God comes.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

## DAYSPRING OF ETERNITY.

DAYSPRING of eternity !  
Dawn on us this morning-tide ;  
Light from Light's exhaustless sea,  
Now no more Thy radiance hide,  
But dispel with glorious might  
All our night.

Let the morning dew of love  
On our sleeping conscience rain ;  
Gentle comfort from above  
Flow through life's long parchèd plain ;  
Water daily us Thy flock  
From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy  
Cold obedience faintly given ;  
Wake our hearts to strength and joy  
With the flushing eastern heaven ;  
Let us truly rise ere yet  
Life hath set.

Brightest Star of eastern skies,  
Let that final morn appear  
When our bodies, too, shall rise,  
Free from all that pained them here,  
Strong their joyful course to run  
As the sun.

To yon world be Thou our Light,  
O Thou glorious Sun of grace !  
Lead us, through the tearful night,  
To yon fair and blessed place,  
Where, to joy that never dies,  
We shall rise.

VON ROSENROTH, 1684

## November 17.

*He hath made everything beautiful in his time.* — ECCLES. iii. 11.

THE changing beauty of the outward world is an ever fresh revelation of the Creator, adapted to renew day by day the loving adoration of His children. No phasis of the outward world lasts long enough to stagnate in our thought. We have not ceased to marvel anew at the thin leafage of spring, hardly less ethereal than the fleecy clouds that bend over it, when we are surprised by the outburst of bloom and the dense foliage through which the sunbeams find no passage. Summer kindles, faster than we can count the days, into the gold and scarlet of the autumn forests, and the kaleidoscopic splendor of the October sunset skies. Autumn seems short when we are overtaken by the hoary majesty of winter, with its glittering wreaths and fantastic masses of driven snow, its stalactites from roof and tree, and those glorious nights when the moon, conqueror and queen in a cloudless sky, is mirrored in frost-crystals, pure and white as her own radiance. Thus along the lyre-strings of universal Nature throb ever new strains of harmony, as if the Creator willed that the tones should never fall upon the listening ear, and never cease to call forth from the soul responsive notes of loving praise and worship.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

## GLAD SUNSHINE FILLS THE SKY.

TALK not of sad November, when a day  
Of warm glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,  
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,  
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

On the unfronted pool the pillared pines  
Lay their long shafts of shadow; the small rill,  
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,  
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird voices and the hum of bees ;  
 In the thin grass the crickets pipe no more ;  
 But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,  
 And drops his nut-shells from the shag-bark trees.

Softly the dark-green hemlocks whisper ; high  
 Above, the spires of yellowing larches show  
 Where the wood-pecker, and the home-loving crow,  
 And jay, and nut-hatch, winter's threat defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old !  
 O sights and sounds of Nature, doubly dear  
 When the low sunshine warns the closing year  
 Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold !

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing  
 The sweet day yields ; and, not disconsolate,  
 With the calm patience of the woods I wait  
 For leaf and blossom when God gives us spring !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



## November 18.

*Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice : let them  
 ever shout for joy, because thou [protectest] defendest  
 them : let them also that love thy name be joyful in  
 thee. — Ps. v. 11.*

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past  
 us, and we see nothing but sand ; the angels come  
 to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them,  
 and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day  
 only is ours ; we are dead to yesterday, and are not born  
 to to-morrow.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

It is our duty to be happy, because happiness lies in contentment with all the divine Will concerning us.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

TRUE piety is cheerful as the day.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### WE LIVE NOT IN OUR MOMENTS.

WE live not in our moments or our years ;  
 The present we fling from us like the rind  
 Of some sweet Future, which we after find  
 Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,  
 And water it beforehand with our tears, —  
 Vain tears for that which never may arrive:  
 Meanwhile, the joy whereby we ought to live,  
 Neglected or unheeded, disappears.  
 Wiser it were to welcome and make ours  
 Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings, —  
 Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,  
 With a child's pure delight in little things ;  
 And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,  
 Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

## November 19.

*For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious. — 2 COR. iii. 11.*

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. — Ps. xxiii. 6.*

TO-DAY is not yesterday : we ourselves change ; how can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful, yet ever needful ; and, if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## FULNESS OF BLESSING.

"THE amber of the sunset yesterday !  
Its blue and gold, oh ! could they always stay !"  
" Say not so, child, — they only went away  
To bring in the new brightness of to-day."

" The pleasures of my golden yesterday !  
Its radiant visions ! would that they might stay ! "  
" Say not so, heart. — they only went their way  
As heralds of the blessings of to-day."

" Not mine the golden glimpse of yesterday,  
Whose colors dazzle but to fade away ;  
For, though it wear a guise of sombre gray,  
Real is the silver of my own to-day."

JEANIE GRACE CRAWFORD.



## November 20.

*So shall we ever be with the Lord.* — I THESS. iv. 17.

IT is sometimes given to souls to long for a release from earthly limitations, and enter upon that life of "open vision." Nor is this always a sign of unwillingness to endure pain, physical and mental, according to the Father's will. Rather it is the proof of ripeness of holy character. Purity is to the soul so ineffably lovely, that it would soar away on swiftest wing to be with Christ.

## AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

" FOREVER with the Lord ! "  
Amen, so let it be !  
Life from the dead is in that word ;  
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love, —  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear, at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of Heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,  
(Remembered or forgot),  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## November 21.

*If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be. — JOHN xii. 26.*

WE sometimes look longingly for the day when, in Heaven, we shall see the full glory of God, which now an impenetrable veil seems to hide from our vision. We need not wait. The glory of Heaven is reflected from earth. It is not in the green fields, the perennial fruits, the crystal sea; it is not in the flashing domes, the golden streets, the pearly gates; it is not in flowers more beautiful, music more celestial, than earth knows, that the glory of Heaven consists. "The Lamb is the Light thereof." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork," says David. But the cross of Christ, which David never saw, sheweth His heart-work; and the song which the morning stars sang together in the hour of their birth is forgotten in the "new song," which the redeemed of the Lord sing unto the Lamb who hath bought them with His most precious blood.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## AT HOME IN HEAVEN (PART II.).

In darkness as in light,  
Hidden alike from view,  
I sleep, I wake within His sight  
Who looks existence through.

From the dim hour of birth,  
Through every changing state  
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,  
Till its appointed date, —

All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once, as He hath seen,  
And shall forever see.



How can I meet His eyes ?  
 Mine on the cross I cast,  
 And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
 Mercy from first to last.

"Forever with the Lord !"  
 Father, if 't is Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word,  
 Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,  
 Then can I never fail ;  
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;  
 Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne, —  
 "Forever with the Lord !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## November 22.

*Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter. —*  
 JOHN xiii. 7.

WE walk in a daily wonder, ourselves the greatest of mysteries. Our lives are as the bubbles upon the waves of the great deep. Our knowledge is only the glimmer of light upon the surface of the ocean of existence. Beneath are "the deep things of God ;" and, to a thoughtful mind, the most familiar things are among the greatest marvels. The moment you begin to penetrate beneath the surface of things, your thoughts are out-fluttering over these "deep things of God." . . . Whence came evil? How did death gain dominion over us? How did this hard, poisonous core of sin ever

grow in the midst of this fair, luscious life? In this mass of questionings, our reason flickers like the lighted torch of birch-bark held up in the forest, and only bringing out the surrounding gloom. . . . "The deep things of God" are intended for finite minds to search. God means us to think, and to think hard. But to gain knowledge is not our chief errand here. We have a higher calling, a more urgent duty. God gratifies our love for knowledge only in so far as it seems to be for our moral good. While the shadows lie over many a field of knowledge, the light does fall directly, — straight from the presence of God, over the narrow path of duty; and, though we may not see far into the shades of the forest on either side, we can keep, with resolute feet, in the narrow path which leads into the open day.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

### SABBATH VERSES.

OUR human life is one vast need;  
We sigh to know to-morrow's need;  
And, yearning, seek to comprehend  
The why of Being, and its end!

For every pang of soul and sense,  
'T would be the richest recompense  
To know the joy that is to be, —  
To see the life we cannot see!

Thy ways are past our finding out;  
We walk in mystery and doubt;  
Dear Lord, outstretch Thy patient hand,  
And lead us, till we understand.

From burdened brows before Thee bent,  
Smooth all the lines of discontent;  
Let longing heart and aching head  
Rest on Thy bosom, comforted.

And when the tired soul shall faint,  
Oh, weary not of its complaint,  
But lift us to the shining Gates.  
And show us where fruition waits.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

## November 23.

*If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.* — JOHN vii. 17.

How can a man learn to know himself?  
By reflection never; only by action.  
In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty  
Shalt thou know what is in thee.  
But what is thy duty? The demand of the hour.

GOETHE.

ASK God to show you your duty, and then do that duty well, and from that point you mount to the very peak of vision.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

## OUR DUTY.

I REACH a duty, yet I do it not,  
And therefore see no higher; but, if done,  
My view is brightened, and another spot  
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,  
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,  
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite,  
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore  
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,  
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more  
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes  
On duties crowding only to appal?  
No! Duty is our ladder to the skies,  
And climbing not, we fall.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

## November 24.

*Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. — COL. i. 12.*

ENTERING upon my ninetieth year, let me adopt as my motto these words of Paul. How many things we have to be thankful for, to God, the infinite Father! Life itself, with all its comforts and privileges, is His gift. Above all, let us think of our spiritual blessings,—all included in the great gift of eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and especially that *we* should be made partakers of that greatest of all gifts. If we are thus favored and honored, let us remember that it is for no worthiness nor merit of ours. It is not of nature, but of grace,—divine grace. The Father himself has “made us meet” for it. What joy to think of this, and what cause for thankfulness, and eager hope, and earnest aspiration and striving, from day to day, that we may walk more “worthy of God who hath called us to His kingdom and glory.”

“Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor fail to reach our crown.”

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

## AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

How blest is he whose tranquil mind,  
When life declines, recalls again  
The years that time has cast behind,  
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So, when the transient storm is past,  
The sudden gloom and driving shower,  
The sweetest sunshine is the last;  
The loveliest is the evening hour.

## November 25.

*Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no. — DEUT. viii. 2.*

THE past, the long past, must of necessity hold a large and growing place in the interior life of advancing years. I want to urge the young to take good heed to the memories which they are laying up for the lengthened years which they all hope to reach. Beware how you burden the memory with what you can never recall without increasing sorrow! There are willing and overt offences against the law of God and the enlightened moral sense of mankind, which one probably never forgives himself, even if God have forgiven him. . . . The most precious memory of all will be the golden record of faithful duty, as under the open eye of God, and in the close following of Christ. . . . In the book of remembrance we are making daily records as long as we live, and, though with a feebler pen-stroke as age creeps over us, yet we have reason to believe that all we write remains legible, and will be distinctly read in the light of the eternal day. The more reason that, if there be in the earlier pages aught that we could wish were not there, we be the more diligent and earnest to fill the remaining leaves with a fairer record.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

## THE WAY.

WHEN, after weary travelling through life's day,  
We reach with trembling feet the higher plain  
Which in the distance seemed so hard to gain,  
We backward look, and scan our toilsome way;  
We mark the dangerous steep, the hidden snare,  
The diverse roads that led us far astray,  
The tempting toils that held us, day by day,  
Until we had no longer heart to dare,

And think, 't is well : we would not now retrace  
 The destined path our feet so lately trod.  
 We turn in trust our few scant years to face,  
 And meekly bend us to their chastening rod,  
 Hoping, perchance, within them lies some grace,  
 Not our desert, to bring us nearer God.

FRANCIS ALLEN HILLARD.

## November 26.

*The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.* — Ps. cxxvi. 3.

*Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.* — Ps. xcvi. 2.

HOW many happy months are swept beneath the silent wing of Time, and leave no name nor record in our hearts ! Sweet moments of quietness and affection, glad hours of joy and hope, days — yea, many days — begun and ended in health and happiness, times and seasons of Heaven's gracious beneficence, stand before us yet again in the light of memory, and command us to be thankful, and to prize as we ought the gift of life.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

STILL thy winds, O wild November ; let their angry music sleep !  
 Give us Sabbath o'er the city ; hush thy tempest on the deep !  
 With the golden sheaf of Autumn lifted in its stalwart hands,  
 At the threshold of the Winter, lo, a grateful nation stands !  
 Up the year's long path of blessing, heedless, thankless, we have trod ;  
 But, to-day, the people's altar sends its incense up to God.  
 Ring aloud, in spire and turret, — in your windy prison-cells, —  
 Ring the morning in with anthems of Thanksgiving, O ye bells !

Gather, O ye people, gather, where the ruddy hearths are  
 bright,  
 And the shades of care and sorrow vanish backward from  
 the light !  
 Link anew the charmèd circle of the household's broken  
 chain ;  
 Let the land be full of worship, and the heart of love, again ;  
 Homeward to the festal service call the wandering child that  
 roams :  
 For, to-day, the nation's altars are its firesides and its homes.  
 Moon by moon the year has circled, and before us is unrolled  
 All the seasons' perfect drama, as in countless years of old :  
 In the valley sank the snow-drift, and the snowdrop sprang  
 anew,  
 And, anon, Earth woke in flowers from a summer-dream of  
 dew ;  
 Winter, Spring, and Summer failed not, and she drank the  
 light and rain,  
 Till the sun-lit heaven lay mirrored in her waving fields of  
 grain.  
 O'er the wave the white-winged vessels *came*, as *went* the  
 ships of Greece, —  
 Happy Argonauts, returning with the prairies' golden fleece.  
 O'er the land the song of Labor, in the workshop and the  
 field,  
 Forth, from ocean unto ocean, in a choral wave has pealed.  
 'Therefore, wake, in all your turrets, —in your windy prison-  
 cells, —  
 Ring the morning in with anthems of Thanksgiving, O ye  
 bells !

DAVID GRAY.

## November 27.

*Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.* — GAL. iii. 28.

IN Heaven, if not on earth, men will discover that their differences were much less, and their agreement much greater, than at the time appeared. All honest, earnest seekers of God are in heart united, whether they know it or not. Though distinct as the billows, they are one, as the sea ; though distinct as the colors of the rainbow, they are one, as the pure white light which those colors compose. The mount of Truth has

many paths. Those who are ascending by different ways look too often upon each other with suspicion and contempt. But they will all be led onwards and upwards by the Holy Ghost, till eventually they find themselves standing, side by side, before the throne of the Eternal.

ALFRED W. MONERIE.

### SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

FROM the near city comes the clang of bells :  
 Their hundred jarring, diverse tones combine  
 In one faint, misty harmony, as fine  
 As the soft note yon winter robin swells.  
 What if to Thee, in Thine infinity,  
 These multiform and many-colored creeds  
 Seem but the robe man wraps, as maskers' weeds,  
 Round the one living truth Thou givest him, — Thee ?  
 What if these varied forms that worship prove,  
 Being heart-worship, reach Thy perfect ear  
 But as a monotone, complete and clear,  
 Of which the music is, through Christ's name, Love ?  
 Forever rising, in sublime increase,  
 To "Glory in the Highest, — on earth, peace ?"

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK.

### November 28.

*Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit;  
 and there are differences of administrations, but the  
 same Lord: and there are diversities of operations,  
 but it is the same God which worketh all in all.*  
 — I COR. xii. 4-6.

AMONG the best men are diversities of opinions, which are no more, in true reason, to breed hatred, than one that loves black should be angry with him that is clothed in white ; for thoughts are the very apparel of the mind.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



I HAVE one great principle which I never lose sight of: to insist strongly on the difference between Christian and non-Christian, and to sink into nothing the differences between Christian and Christian.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

### THREE DOORS OF PRAYER.

THREE doors there are in the temple  
Where men go up to pray,  
And they that wait at the outer gate  
May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking ;  
They lie on the Master's breast,  
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,  
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking ;  
They doubt, where their reason fails,  
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer  
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking ;  
They put their strength to the wheel,  
For they have not time for thoughts sublime :  
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer, —  
Each in his kindred way ;  
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,  
And grant him his needed day.

Give to the yearning spirits,  
That only Thy rest desire,  
The power to bask in the peace they ask,  
And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to the soul that seeketh,  
'Mid cloud, and doubt, and storm,  
The glad surprise of the straining eyes  
To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh  
At the doors of earthly care  
The strength to tread in the pathway spread  
By the flowers Thou hast planted there.

Then, in the common temple,  
 There shall worship, hand in hand,  
 The lives that man's heart would hold apart  
 As unfit to dwell in one land.

For the middle wall shall be broken,  
 And the light expand its ray,  
 When the burdened of brain and the soother of pain  
 Shall be ranked with the men that pray.

GEORGE MATHESON.

## November 29.

*Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor,  
 and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all  
 malice — EPH. iv. 31.*

WOULD you like any one to retail and dwell upon little incidents which made you appear weak, tiresome, capricious, foolish? Yet everything which we say of others, which we would not like them to say of us (unless said with some right and pure object which Jesus Himself would approve), is transgression of this distinct command of our dear Lord, and therefore *sin*, — sin, which needs nothing less than His blood to cleanse, — sin in which we indulge at our peril, and to the certain detriment of our spiritual life. And Jesus hears every word, and sees, to the very depth, the want of real conformity to His own loving spirit.

### CEASE, RAILER, CEASE.

CEASE, railer, cease! unthinking man!  
 Is every virtue found in thee?  
 How plain another's faults we scan, —  
 Our own how faintly do we see!

So one who roves o'er marshy ground,  
 When evening fogs the scene obscure,  
 Sees vapor hang on all things round,  
 And falsely deems his station pure.

C. T.

## November 30.

*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain  
mercy. — MATT. v. 7.*

WE may imitate the Deity in all His attributes ; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal Him. We cannot, indeed, give like God ; but surely we may forgive like Him.

LAURENCE STERNE.

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of His love.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained, —  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed, —  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway, —  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings ;  
It is an attribute to God Himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

## December 1.

*He knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me,  
I shall come forth as gold. — JOB xxiii. 10.*

THE hand of God weaves the tapestry of life ; we see but the tangled threads and ragged ends ; to us it seems but a confused mass of orderless ravellings. " It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but He knows what threads of trouble and temptation to weave into our lives, and how to weave them. A Master Artist stands on the other side, and will show unto us at the great turning-day the pattern we were following.

## DECEMBER.

WE watched the Springtime's robe of green,  
The Summer's wondrous wealth of flowers,  
The stain where Autumn's touch had been,  
The gloom of Winter's darkening hours.  
A moment now we turn to look  
Along the path the year has trod,  
Ere yet the angel bears the book  
Of good and evil up to God.

The time has vanished. What is won  
When we have counted up our gains ?  
The time has vanished. What is done ?  
Of all our toil, what end remains ?  
The storm-clouds darken over life.  
The wheat dies out, the tares take root ;  
And in our hearts the seeds of strife  
Spring up and bear a bitter fruit.

So was it ever. So it must  
Be ever, till the end draws near ;  
The spirit, fettered by the dust,  
Must ever strive for mastery here.  
Well for us that through life's dark loom  
A wiser Hand the shuttle throws ;  
Well for us that amid the gloom  
A ray of comfort comes, — He knows.

He knows, and He can understand, —  
 To weary hearts the thought should be  
 A fountain in an arid land.  
 A rainbow o'er the stormy sea.  
 The year has gone on rapid wing,  
 The past is dark, the future dim;  
 We know not yet what life may bring;  
 He knows, — and we can trust to Him.

R. S. W.

## December 2.

*What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. —* HEB. ii. 6, 7.

AS a raindrop falling into the ocean leaves no noticeable change in the atmosphere from which it fell, so a man dropping out of life into the mysterious depths of death leaves no very perceptible and durable vacuum in the social sphere wherein he wrought out his destiny. How humiliating to human pride is this fact! But, looking again at the lost raindrop, we see it raised in the arms of the sun to its former place in the heavens, while it swells the cloud which gives moisture, verdure, and beauty to the productive earth. In this, too, it is emblematic of the good man, whose influence is not buried in his grave, but lives on in the souls he helped while living, and will, through them, be distilled on still other human hearts. How grand a creature, therefore, is man, who can transmit an endless benediction to the world!

ANONYMOUS.

## TRUE NOBILITY.

THINK not too highly of thyself, O man!  
 'Tis but one little thing thou hast to do, —  
 Then if He find thee diligent and true,  
 New tasks await thee, and a wider span;  
 Perhaps a better knowledge of the plan

Of that great web on which thy hands have wrought.  
 And be not thou too lowly in thy thought;  
 No man before thee, since the world began,  
 Could do the work that lies upon thy loom;  
 If thou neglect or slight it, it is loss  
 To all the world, in all the time to come.  
 What is thy kinship to the Saviour worth,  
 If thou demean thee as the sons of earth?  
 And what if Jesus had despised His cross?



### December 3.

*Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me;  
 nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.* — LUKE  
 xxii. 42.

WHAT discord should we bring into the universe, if our prayers were all answered! Then *we* should govern the world, and not God. And do you think we should govern it better? It gives me only pain when I hear the long, wearisome petitions of men, asking for they know not what. As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers. Thanksgiving with a full heart, — and the rest, silence, and submission to the divine will!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WE must dare to say, "Through whatsoever way Thou wilt; only up, up, up, into perfect purity and truth."

### HIS WAYS.

I ASKED for grace to lift me high  
 Above the world's depressing cares;  
 God sent me sorrows, — with a sigh  
 I said, "He has not heard my prayers."

I asked for light, that I might see  
My path along life's thorny road;  
But clouds and darkness shadowed me,  
When I expected light from God.

I asked for peace, that I might rest,  
To think my sacred duties o'er;  
When lo! such horrors filled my breast  
As I had never felt before;

And "oh," I cried, "can this be prayer  
Whose plaints the steadfast mountains move?  
Can this be Heaven's prevailing care?  
And, O my God, is this Thy love?"

But soon I found that sorrow, worn  
As Duty's garment, strength supplies,  
And out of darkness meekly borne  
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears which stirred  
My startled soul God's will to do,  
On me more real peace conferred  
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in Thy mysterious ways  
Lead my dependent spirit on,  
And whensoever it kneels and prays,  
Teach it to say, "Thy will be done!"

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,  
Thine image and Thy glory see;  
Let every other wish and care  
Be left confidingly to Thee!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## December 4.

*I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.* — 2 TIM. i. 12.

THERE are to be found to-day men and women to whom Christ is as real as though they held his fleshly hand and looked into His sweet human face. They are as sure that Heaven is around them as that their heart beats within them. They know that God loves them, as certainly as if He awoke them each morning with a kiss. . . . Some time ago, I met with a picture representing two women in great sorrow. Standing behind the chairs on which they were sitting, there appeared the figure of Christ stretching out His hand over them. They could not see Him, because their eyes were dim, but He was none the less present with them. He was near in all His effulgent brightness, with all His sympathetic consolation, and with all His helpful power. At the foot of the picture this verse was written : —

“Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks on earth, — the Wonderful, —  
And all great deeds are done for Him.”

What we need is the power to see, — to see the chariots and horses on the mountains ; to see God all about us ; to see the strong right arm of the Almighty stretched out to help us ; to see that the darkest clouds and most threatening surroundings are under the all-controlling power of the Everlasting Father. And seeing this, we shall have the prophet's hope and the prophet's faith, and the prophet's trust that they who are with us are more than they who are against us. The prayer, then, that befits our lips day and night continually, is, “Lord, we pray Thee, open our eyes, that we may see.”

WALKER JUBB.



## UNSEEN, BUT LOVED.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
 That radiant form of Thine ;  
 The veil of sense hangs dark between  
 Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
 Yet art Thou oft with me ;  
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
 As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,  
 When slumbers o'er me roll,  
 Thine image ever fills my thought,  
 And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still  
 Must rest in faith alone,  
 I love Thee, dearest Lord, — and will, —  
 Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
 And still this throbbing heart,  
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,  
 All-glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER.

— ♦ —

## December 5.

*And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the  
 only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.*  
 — JOHN xvii. 3.

*He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love.*  
 — I JOHN iv. 8.

THE only way we can obtain possession of spiritual truth is by living spiritual lives. "Man by searching cannot find out God." There is a point beyond which man cannot go. "The natural man cannot understand the things that be of God." The way to

make a Christian is not by having correct views of certain points in theology, or by culturing the intellect where it may grasp hold of spiritual things; it is by the surrender of the will to God. There is a vast difference between knowing about God, and knowing God. The scholars of all the ages have never found out about God. Man would have to be God to really comprehend all about God. To know God, what must I have? The willing mind, the mind that is surrendered to God, the mind that wills to do the will of God. Into this man can God pour all the rich treasures of His wisdom and His knowledge.

B. FAY MILLS.

### GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

'T is not the skill of human art  
Which gives me power my God to know;  
The sacred lessons of the heart  
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell  
The wonders that he learnt above;  
No other master knows so well, —  
'T is Love alone can tell of Love.

Oh, then, of God if thou wouldst learn,  
His wisdom, goodness, glory, see,  
All human arts and knowledge spurn;  
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks, —  
The morning light, with rising ray, —  
To Thee, O God, my spirit wakes,  
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,  
And midnight spreads its dark control,  
Love's secret whispers still inspire  
Their holy lessons in the soul.

MADAME GUYON.

## December 6.

*He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul. —*

PROV. viii. 36.

*I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. —* Ps. li. 3.

BE fearful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man, a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.

THOMAS FULLER.

To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

A CONSCIENCE void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

## TWO WOUNDS.

"Ah me ! my foe hath smitten me," he cried ;  
" Behold how deep, how painful is the wound !"  
Yet scarce one moon had passed ere he had found  
A soothing balm, which, when he had applied,  
Healed all his hurt, nor left a scar behind ;  
He saith, " Forgiveness is so sweet, I find."

But lo ! he dealt at his own soul a blow ;  
 A little hurt it seemed to be at first,  
 But, since the light of his mind's truth hath burst  
 Upon it, — deeper, deadlier, doth it grow,  
 And in it Memory's poison rankles yet.  
 So hard it is his folly to forget !

ANNIE LOUISE BRAKENRIDGE.

## December 7.

*Strive to enter in at the strait gate : for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. —*  
 LUKK xiii. 24.

ONE of the affecting features in a life of vice is the longing, wistful outlooks given by the wretches who struggle with unbridled passions towards virtues which are no longer within their reach. Men in the tide of vice are sometimes like the poor creatures swept down the stream of mighty rivers, who see people safe on shore, and trees, and flowers, as they go quickly past ; and all things that are desirable gleam upon them for a moment, to heighten their trouble, and to aggravate their swift-coming destruction.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## THE FUGITIVE IDEAL.

As some most pure and noble face,  
 Seen in the thronged and hurrying street,  
 Sheds o'er the world a sudden grace,  
     A flying odor sweet.  
 Then, passing, leaves the cheated sense  
 Balked with a phantom excellence ;

So, on our soul the visions rise  
 Of that fair life we never led :  
 They flash a splendor past our eyes, —  
     We start, and they are fled ;  
 They pass, and leave us with blank gaze,  
 Resigned to our ignoble days.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## December 8.

*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. — Ps. lxxiii. 25.*

MAN, we believe, never wholly loses the sentiment of his true good. There are yearnings, sighings, which he does not himself comprehend, which break forth alike in his prosperous and adverse seasons, which betray a deep, indestructible faith in a good that he has not found, and which, in proportion as they grow distinct, rise to God, and concentrate the soul in Him, as at once its life and rest, the fountain at once of energy and peace.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

WHAT cares the child when the mother rocks it, though all storms beat without? So we, if God doth shield and tend us, shall be heedless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow they never so rudely.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## REST.

CRADLE an infant on the softest bed,  
Soothe it with songs of lullaby to rest:  
More gently will it lay its little head,  
More sweetly slumber, on its mother's breast,  
Where the first draught of life and health it found;  
There will its sleep be sweet, its slumber sound.  
Return, my soul, to God, thine only rest;  
There, and there only, art thou truly blest.

## December 9.

*For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. — 2 COR. i. 20.*

## PRECIOUS PROMISES.

DOES your spirit faint? They are a dropping honey-comb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? they are the flowing stream of the Water of Life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well-nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean, and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water.

ANDREW GEIKIE.

## A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

THE way is dark, my Father, dark and drear;  
My feet are weary, and my soul oppressed;  
I faint beneath the burden that I bear.—  
“Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

I fain would come, but my poor wandering feet  
Turn from the narrow path that leads to Thee;  
For blinding are the storms that round me beat,—  
“As thy day is, e'en so thy strength shall be.”

So chill the wind, so barren is the soil,  
 So weary am I, that I fain would cease  
 From scattering seed, — it seems a fruitless toil, —  
 “Plant thou and water, God shall give increase”

Weak, faithless, murmuring, wasting time in tears,  
 What have I garnered? Lord, my spirit grieves  
 That I have gleaned so little through the years, —  
 “Thou yet may'st come rejoicing, bringing sheaves.”

Appalling shadows gather round my way;  
 Lost in the darkness of a starless night,  
 Perplexed, bewildered, I may go astray, —  
 “The Lord shall be thy Everlasting Light.”

Foes press me round; my heart is filled with dread  
 And deathly terror, as my way I wend;  
 Must I alone this fearful pathway tread?  
 “Lo, I am with you alway, to the end.”

The end is near; the river, deep and wide,  
 That I must cross, my coward soul alarms;  
 My feet are slipping in the rushing tide, —  
 “Beneath thee are the Everlasting Arms”

SARAH G. DULEV.

## December 10.

*I would not live alway.* — JOB vii. 16.

JESUS CHRIST is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Let us get His fadeless youth in our souls. He is the Light of the world; Light for morning; Light for noonday; Light for eventide. We have only to compare Cicero De Senectute with St. Paul to see the glory of Christian old age, — sin pardoned; passion conquered; hope strengthened; and Heaven at hand! Just a few more strokes at the oar, a little more sea to cleave with your breaking craft, and many of you will be at

home. It is said that Columbus, nearing the shores of the new world, believed the story which the waves and skies brought him, that land was not far away. Birds came near and floated on the mild air, and at last perched upon the masts and twittered their praise of the shore. Berries were seen in the sea, and were caught up from the waves, and eaten by the happy sailors. Land was nigh. That is a picture of Christian old age. The heavenly shores are near enough, so that the rich fruits of the other world are within reach of the weary mariner. Angels of hope and benediction come to the soul, and flutter over the tired life, and ride home to land with the creaking old ship.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

### LONGING FOR HOME.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell;  
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade  
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,  
In bonds no more to dwell, —

So will its weary wing  
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,  
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,  
And the soft fresh gales of spring.

Oh, not more sweet the tears  
Of the dewy eve, on the violet shed,  
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"  
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, amid the foam  
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,  
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore  
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove to fly!  
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;  
Oh for its home in the upper life!  
When, — when will death draw nigh?



## December 11.

*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.* — 1 COR. xvi. 13.

SUCH is our own liability to error, and such the artfulness of our spiritual enemy, that the very doctrine of our own insufficiency may be made a cover for inertness, and for a culpable and cowardly secession from the "good fight of faith."

JOHN H. GURNEY.

It is less success than faithfulness which Christ approves.

## LIVE AND WORK.

Why live, when life is sad,  
 Death only sweet?  
 Why fight, when closest fight  
 Ends in defeat?  
 Why pray, when purest prayer  
 Dark thoughts assail?  
 Why strive, and strive again,  
 Only to fail?  
 Why hope, when life has proved  
 Our best hopes vain?  
 Why love, when love is fraught  
 With so much pain?  
 Why not cool heart and brain  
 In the deep wave?  
 Why not lie down and rest  
 In the still grave?

Live, — there are many here  
 Needing thy care;  
 Pray, — there is One at hand  
 Helping thy prayer:  
 Fight, — for the love of God,  
 Not for renown:  
 Strive, — but in His great strength,  
 Not in thine own;

Hope, — there is Heaven's joy  
 Laid up for thee ;  
 Love, — for true love outlives  
 Its agony.  
 Fight, pray, and wrestle on,  
 Loving God best ;  
 Then, when thy work is done,  
 Lie down and rest.



## December 12.

*Mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord: in thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute.*— Ps. cxli. 8.

TOO much taken up with our work, we may forget our Master ; it is possible to have the hand full, and the heart empty. Taken up with our Master, we cannot forget our work ; if the heart is filled with His love, how can the hands not be active in His service ?

ADOLPHE MONOD.

## CALLING THE ANGELS.

We mean to do it    Some day, some day,  
 We mean to slacken this fevered rush  
 That is wearing our very souls away,  
 And grant to our goaded hearts a hush  
 That is holy enough to let them hear  
 The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it.    Oh, never doubt,  
 When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,  
 We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out  
 As the patriarch sat at the open door  
 Of his tent, with a heavenward-gazing eye,  
 To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noon-tide,  
 When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat,  
 Yet never have bidden them turn aside  
 And tarry awhile in converse sweet,  
 Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
 To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts, that, when the stress  
 Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close, —  
 When the weight that we groan with hinders less,  
 We 'll loosen our thoughts to such repose  
 As banishes care's disturbing din,  
 And *then*, — we will call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
 When, tired of every mocking quest,  
 And broken in spirit, and shorn in strength,  
 We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,  
 And wait, and watch, as the day wanes on;  
 But the angels we meant to call, are gone.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## December 13.

*Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the  
 power of his might.* — EPH. vi. 10.

NEVER think of natural weakness, when face to face  
 with some sacrifice God requires of us, and some  
 conflict in which we must engage.

LOBSTEIN

LET us seek moral courage; never be subject to our  
 passions, — having only noble thoughts, and not being  
 slaves to the opinions of others.

JACQUES B. BOSSUET.

THOSE who, struggling against some infirmity, perse-  
 vere with faith, in spite of failures and distress, are  
 already conquerors in the struggle.

JOHN CALVIN.

## SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right,  
 From fear of what was wrong;  
 I would not brave the sacred fight,  
 Because the foe was strong.

But now, I cast that finer sense  
 And sorer shame aside;  
 Such dread of sin was indolence,  
 Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,  
 And calmly do my best;  
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes  
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led:  
 Men count my haltings o'er;  
 I know them; yet, though self I dread,  
 I love His precept more.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



## December 14.

*Thou hast holden me by my right hand; thou shalt guide  
 me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.*  
 — Ps. lxxiii. 23, 24.

CHRISTIANS might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, — that God is able to make them supremely happy in Himself, independently of all circumstances. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them.

EDWARD PAYSON.

## NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
 Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led  
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open door,  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,

So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
 Our playthings, one by one, and, by the hand,  
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,  
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far th' unknown transcends the what we know.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## December 15.

*In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old.* — ISA. lxiii. 9.

*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.* — PS. ciii. 2.

WE can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

SENECA.

GRATITUDE is the homage the heart renders to God for His goodness; Christian cheerfulness is the external manifestation of the homage.

### MY BROKEN-WINGED BIRD.

FOR days I have been cherishing  
 A little bird, with broken wing:  
 I love it, in my heart of hearts, —  
 To win its love I try all arts;  
 I call it by each sweet pet name  
 That I can think, its fear to tame;  
 My room is still, and bright, and warm;  
 The little thing is safe from harm;  
 If I had left it where it lay  
 Fluttering in the wintry day,

No mate remaining by its side,  
Before nightfall it must have died.  
It sips the drink, it eats the food, —  
Plenty of both, all sweet and good ;  
But all the while my hand it flies,  
Looks up at me with piteous eyes, —  
From morn till night, restless and swift,  
Runs to and fro, and tries to lift  
Itself upon its broken wing,  
And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird ! Myself I see  
From morn till night, in watching thee.  
A Power I cannot understand  
Is sheltering me, with loving hand ;  
It calls me by the dearest name,  
My love to win, my fear to tame ;  
Each day my daily food provides,  
And night and day from danger hides  
Me safe : the food, the warmth I take, —  
Yet all the while ungrateful make  
Restless and piteous complaints,  
And strive to break the kind restraints.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



## December 16.

*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.* — JOB xiii. 15.

THE rain and the sunshine visit every heart, and the choicest blessings are those of which no external circumstances can ever deprive us. Despondency, hopelessness, dejection, and gloom do not come from heavy sorrows or acute disappointments. They are often most fully developed in those who have every outward means of happiness ; while some who have suffered the most intense anguish, and been deprived of the most precious joys, have yet the light of hope in their eye, and the energy of life in their step.

God can feed his own planted ones.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

"The young explorer, Dr. Kane, was once delighted to discover the warm and bright bud of a poppy under seven feet of northern snow."

FLOWER of the burning heart !  
Flower of the fervent eye !  
Poppy ! Thy cup, in days of yore,  
Was aye with sunbeams running o'er, —  
Why art thou here apart,  
Beneath an arctic sky ?

Apart from all thy kin,  
That, gypsy gleaner, stay,  
Red-cloaked, among the yellow corn,  
In sunnier lands where I was born,  
And golden largess win  
The livelong harvest day.

Here, fathom-deep the snow  
Hath lain, and long shall lie  
(Fold closer yet thy scarlet vest),  
Heaped coldly o'er thy glowing breast,  
Yet shall not chill the glow,  
Nor close the fervent eye.

Flower, thou shalt counsel me !  
Though fathom-deep of care,  
Of faded hopes, and gnawing fears,  
May o'er me drift through cheerless years,  
Yet warm my heart shall be  
To do, and trust, and dare.

It shall be true and bold, —  
The heart of long ago  
Shall keep its hold on truth and right,  
On love and faith through earth's bleak night ;  
Not all her drifting snow  
Shall make the warm heart cold.

THE ATHENÆUM.

## December 17.

*Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. — JOHN xiv. 23.*

THE man who finds not God in his own heart, will find him nowhere ; and he who finds Him there, will find Him everywhere. The reason why men are so often disappointed in their search for God is that they do not look for Him first of all where He should chiefly be sought, — in the manifestations He makes of Himself in their own minds and hearts. They suffer the noises of the world to drown the “still, small voice” that never ceases to plead with them to keep in the path of righteousness and peace.

DAVID SWING.

## THE PRESENT CHRIST.

DEAR Christ, not in poor Palestine  
Poor signs of Thee we trace ;  
Not through the boundless star-shine search  
For semblance of Thy face ;  
Not for a far-off earth-time wait  
Our Saviour to behold,  
Nor gaze beyond the stream of death  
Through yonder gates of gold.

The stars be near, the times be here ;  
And walls all diamond strown ;  
The myriad throng, the golden song,  
And the eternal throne ;  
Here seraphim and cherubim  
Before thee reverent bow ;  
Lord Jesus, we, too, worship Thee,  
We see Thee here and now.



To our long yearning, waiting hearts,  
 Thou hast this word to say :  
 "He sees the Master's face who loves  
 The Master to obey ;  
 My father and my mother they  
 Who gladly do my will ;  
 They serve me well who for my poor  
 The cup of blessing fill."

So search we, Lord, not for some rare  
 Far visions of Thy face ;  
 In present-loves and joys and toils  
 Let us Thy spirit trace ;  
 In brave contentions for the right,  
 Forgivenesses of wrong,  
 The fears that hope, the tears that smile,  
 Weak lives by faith made strong.

To them that love Thy will, O Christ,  
 There is no lack of Thee ;  
 Only our deafness will not hear,  
 Our blindness will not see.  
 Earth's discords are the surplus strains  
 That beat in wildness round ;  
 Her darkness, surplus light with which  
 Unseen stars strew the ground.

DENIS WORTMAN.

## December 18.

*My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the  
 Lord. — JER. xxxi. 14.*

### ALL SEEN AT LAST.

IT is not too much to think that, when God shall have made up all His jewels, and the number of the elect shall be complete, He will make it a part of their happiness to look back from the height of Heaven upon all their winding track, and to see that every step has been ordered in infinite love ; that their sorest trials have been

merciful ; that their freest choices have been links in God's chain of purpose ; that their very sins have been overruled for good. And if this shall appear amazing in the history of an individual, how shall it shine resplendent in the nations of them that are saved, when ten thousand times ten thousand intermingling and entangled lives shall visibly accord with one infinite plan, and centre in one sovereign purpose !

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

### SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when o'er this life the shades of death are falling,  
When suns and stars are never more to shine,  
When from the murky mists we hear strange voices calling  
To Life Eternal and to Love Divine ;

It may be in that hour, before the light so glorious  
Shall flood our souls with radiance untold,  
Before there burst to view the realms of the victorious,  
The pearly streets and gates of shining gold, —

That to our wondering eyes, from which the scales are lifted,  
A vision of the life that's past may come :  
And we may see the rocks on which our souls had drifted,  
If God's kind care had failed to draw us home.

Then with our souls uplifted in thanksgiving  
To Him whose love this earthly life has blessed,  
I think that we shall cry, — " O Father, so forgiving,  
Thy love was perfect, and Thy will was best."

MARIAN L. GREY.

## December 19.

*I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which  
thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye.—*  
Ps. xxxii. 8.

WE must not be in a hurry to fix and choose our own lot; we must wait to be guided. We are led on, like the little children, by a way that we know not. It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls; as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found,—in loving obedience.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I SEE my way as birds their trackless way;  
In some time — His good time — I shall arrive!  
He guides me and the bird.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## WAITING.

HERE I must pause, — the roads diverge;  
And one, I know, is mine.  
Impatient heart, be still, nor urge  
Thy heat, thy haste; my Father's will  
Is that I wait; Lord, take my will in Thine.

Lights beckon o'er one road, and one  
Grows chill, and dark, and dim;  
Joy for the heart, glad work begun,  
Hope, promise, blessing, gild the one,  
And one is cold, — O heart, trust thou in Him!

I may not choose; Thine are the ways;  
All ways lead up to Thee;  
If sun or shade lie on my days,  
I need not ask; be Thou my sun,  
And light my soul, till I Thy candle be.

What though I burn? Thine is the flame,  
 Thine is the air that feeds;  
 Soul of my soul, thrice sacred Name,  
 Where'er I go, where'er I stay,  
 Through life, through death, Thine be the hand that leads!

D. H. R. GOODALE.

## December 20.

*Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.* — JOHN xvii. 17.

TRUTH is the property of God; the pursuit of truth is what belongs to man.

VON MÜLLER.

I SAY, *without seeking*, truth cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from pulpits, nor set down in articles, nor in any wise "prepared and sold" in packages ready for use. Truth must be found for every man by himself out of the husk; with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## "WHAT IS TRUTH?"

(*John xviii. 38.*)

OH, how we pine for truth! for something more  
 Than husks of learning! How did ancient Greece  
 Hang on the virtuous lips of Socrates,  
 Turning from words more sounding to adore  
 The wisdom that sent souls to their own store  
 For knowledge. So let us our hearts release!  
 'T is time the jargon of the schools should cease, —  
 Errors that rot Theology's deep core,  
 Lying at the base of things. Down, down must fall  
 The glittering edifice, cemented much  
 With blood, but baseless. At Truth's simple touch  
 All the vain fabric will be shattered, — all!  
 But not the Bible! Nature there is stored,  
 And God! Eternal is the Saviour's Word!

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

## December 21.

*I am the Lord, I change not.* — MAL. iii. 6.

OUR hope is not hung on such an untwisted thread as "I imagine so," or "It is likely;" but the strong cable of our fastened anchor is the promise and oath of Him who is eternal verity. Our salvation is fastened with God's own hand and Christ's own strength to the stronghold of God's unchanging nature and truthfulness.

If you fear, cast all your cares on God;  
That anchor holds.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS."

It fortifies my soul to know,  
That, though I perish, Truth is so;  
That, howsoe'er I stray or range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step, when I recall,  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

## December 22.

*Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.* — MATT. xxii. 37.

*I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.* — PS. xviii. 1.

OH! to love Him with all the heart, and soul, and strength, is not a rhapsodical fantasy, but a reality, — to strive for, to win, to accept even from His own hands; and, in accepting, to find peace and happiness. And while He is beckoning you to come to His side, to His arms, — while He is showing you, even by my poor

words, the place which He asks you to come to Him and fill, — you will remember that what you are through eternity, how near to Him, or how far away, and the character and the nature of your happiness, — all depend on what you do, with His help and the strength He gives, but of yourself and for yourself in this life. . . . No conceivable happiness can be compared with that of the man who by his own act, not in independence of God, but in a free and voluntary co-operation with God, chooses a life which will forever and forever bring him nearer and yet nearer to the likeness of his Father.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

### LOVE TO MY LORD.

“HAD I a thousand hearts, I'd raise  
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,”

    We sometimes cry;  
And still we find it hard to give  
Our one poor offering, and live  
    As He were by!

O purest, truest, boundless love!  
Worthy of Him who reigns above, —  
    Our Heavenly Guide!  
He takes the heart we fain would give,  
He deigns in it Himself to live,  
    With us to 'bide.

Tune. Lord, this heart, as 'twere a lyre  
Of heavenly make, till every wire  
    And every chord  
Wake but one strain, — one deepest thrill,  
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still, —  
    Love to my Lord!

LOUISA VON PLETTENHAUS.

## December 23.

*Therefore we will wait upon thee : for thou hast made  
all these things. — JER. xiv. 22.*

THE flowers are God's undertones of encouragement  
to the children of earth.

## WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BORN of the clouds and darkness,  
Of the frosts and early snow,  
When the summer blooms have faded,  
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow ;  
All through the budding springtime,  
All through the summer's heat,  
All through the autumn's glory,  
They hide their blossoms sweet ;  
But when the earth is lonely,  
And the bitter north winds blow,  
With a smile of cheer for the dear old year,  
The Christmas blossoms blow.

Sweet as a dream of summer,  
White as the drifting snow,  
When our hearts are filled with grieving,  
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow ;  
Not all the south wind's wooing  
Opens their secret heart, —  
Slender they grow, and stately,  
Guarding their life apart ;  
But when the earth is dreary,  
And the heavy clouds hang low,  
With their tender cheer for the way-worn year,  
The Christmas blossoms blow.

Sweetest of all consolers !  
Fairest of flowers that grow !  
When hopes and flowers have faded,  
The beautiful Christ-flowers blow ;  
Bright in the cottage window,  
Sweet in the darkened room,

Fair in the shortened sunlight,  
 Cheering the dusky gloom.  
 Oh, when our hearts are lonely,  
 And the clouds of care hang low,  
 With blessed cheer for our dying year,  
 The Christmas blossoms blow.

FANNY BEULAH BATES.

## December 24.

*The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.* — 1 SAM. xvi. 7.

OUR fellow-creatures can only judge of what we are from what we do; but, in the eye of our Maker, what we do is of no worth except as it flows from what we are.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Not what we *seem*, therefore, but what we *are*, is the important thing. Not the outward life, but the inward life, is our real being.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

## THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again;  
 And on my northern window-pane,  
 Outlined against the day's brief light,  
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
 The wayside travellers, as they pass,  
 Mark the gray disk of clouded glass,  
 And the dull blankness seems, perchance,  
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
 The perfect grace it hath for me;  
 For there the flower, whose fringes through  
 The frosty breath of Autumn blew,



Turns from without its face of bloom  
 To the warm tropic of my room,  
 As fair as when beside its brook  
 The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth  
 Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,  
 And offer to the careless glance  
 The clouding gray of circumstance.  
 They blossom best where hearth-fires burn, —  
 To loving eyes alone they turn  
 The flowers of inward grace, that hide  
 Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,  
 My half-immortal flower, from thee !  
 Man judges from a partial view ;  
 None ever yet his brother knew ;  
 The Eternal Eye, that sees the whole,  
 May better read the darkened soul,  
 And find, to outward sense denied,  
 The flower upon its inmost side.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## December 25.

*And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. — LUKE ii. 13, 14.*

THE life of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the earth was the working out and development of the song of the angels. It was "Glory to God." illustrated in His obedience, in His personal sacrifice, in His prayers and teachings, in His consecration and death. It was "peace" in all the utterances of His life, peace beaming from His gentle eye, peace spoken by His daily acts, peace in His bearing humbly and patiently the buffetings, and strokes, and insults, and injuries that were put upon Him. It was "good will to man," for every thought, word, and act of that blessed life was the translation of God's infinite love into forms visible to the mortal eyes that saw Him.

JOHN MCCLINTOCK.

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The Everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.  
For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His Heaven. .  
No ear may hear His coming;  
But, in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy  
Pray to the blessed Child;  
Where misery cries out to Thee,  
Son of the mother mild;  
Where Charity stands watching,  
And Faith holds wide the door,  
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,  
And Christmas comes once more.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## December 26.

*For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward. — MARK ix. 41.*

WHAT Christ is to us, we ought in our little human measure to be to others. Christmas means love. Christ came to our world to pour divine kindness on weary, needy, perishing human lives. The Christmas spirit truly in our hearts should send us out on the same mission. There is need everywhere for love's ministry. Hearts are breaking with sorrow, men are bowing under burdens too heavy for them, duty is too large, the battles are too hard. One of the saddest things about life is, that, with so much power to help others by kindness of word and kindness of act, many of us pass through the world in silence, or with folded hands.

J. R. MILLER.

## A DESIRE.

OH to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord shone bright!  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night!  
To have kissed the tender, wayworn feet  
Of the mother undefiled,  
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee;  
But that care may still be thine;  
For are there not little ones still to aid  
For the sake of the Child divine?  
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,  
To thy heart and thy home to take?  
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts  
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

Oh to have knelt at Jesus' feet,  
 And to have learnt His heavenly lore!  
 To have listened the gentle lessons He taught  
 On mountain, and sea, and shore!  
 While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,  
 To have meekly done His will! —  
 Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,  
 You can serve and love Him still.  
 Time cannot silence His mighty words,  
 And though ages have fled away,  
 His gentle accents of love divine  
 Speak to your soul to-day.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## December 27.

*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits  
 toward me? — Ps. cxvi. 12.*

*If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to  
 that a man hath, and not according to that he hath  
 not. — 2 COR. viii. 12.*

GOD accepts our homeliest, poorest gifts or services if they are indeed our best, and if true love to Him consecrates and sanctifies them. We need to care but for two things, — that we do always our best, and that we do what we do through love for Christ.

J. R. MILLER.

God's treasury, where He keeps his children's gifts, will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.

FÉNELON.

## CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

. . . . .  
 O WONDERFUL gift, in goodness given,  
 Each hour anew our eyes to greet  
 An earth so fair, — so close to Heaven. —  
 'T was trodden by the Master's feet.

And we, — what bring we in return?  
 Only these broken lives, and lift  
 Them up to meet His pitying scorn,  
 As some poor child its foolish gift, —

As some poor child on Christmas day  
 Its broken toy in love might bring;  
 You could not break his heart, and say  
 You cared not for the worthless thing.

Ah, word of trust, His child! That Child  
 Who brought to earth the life divine  
 Tells me the Father's pity mild  
 Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air  
 I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;  
 The angels' song rings everywhere,  
 And all the earth is Holy Land.

EDWARD R. SILL.

## December 28.

*The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory  
 of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. — HAB. ii. 14.*

WHEN I know that infinite power, love, and wisdom,  
 — this marvellous trinity of attributes, — are  
 linked to a glorious constellation of world-wide promises,  
 and when I look up and see a crucified Saviour on the  
 throne, how can I doubt that the world shall be re-  
 deemed? . . . He who once stooped from the heights  
 of His Heaven, to the depths of this world, will yet raise  
 the world to the heights of His Heaven. It is for this  
 He lives and reigns.

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH.

## HYMN.

THY kingdom come, — on bended knee  
 The passing ages pray,  
 And faithful souls have yearned to see  
 On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong;  
And for the everlasting Right  
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near, —

The day in whose clear shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed;  
When justice shall be throned in might,  
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,  
Shall walk the earth abroad, —  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

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## December 29.

*According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. — I COR. iii. 10.*

IT is fitting that we should recognize the comforting fact that each one leaves his own little bit of work on the great edifice which God is rearing through the centuries, and which is to be at last for his own habitation through the Spirit . . . In the words of the appropriate inscription on the monument to the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey, "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." When Moses dies, God has Joshua fully trained to take his place; when Elijah steps into the chariot that is to take him to glory, God has Elisha there in readiness to receive his falling mantle; when Stephen is stoned to death, Paul is prepared by God to take up his mission. Thus, though the man disappears, his work is carried forward, and is, through the energizing influence of God's spirit, made operative all through the ages.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

## ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

OTHERS shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word is said,  
And life the sweeter made !

Hail to the coming singers!  
Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
Forward I reach, and share  
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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December 30.

*He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar-frost  
like ashes. — Ps. cxlvii. 16.*

IN midwinter, the snow-wrapped zones turn themselves to the sun for closer warmth, and his great, friendly presence seems to draw nearer, responding to the world's need. He looks in at the windows of human habitations with the lingering gaze of a guest who knows that he has been welcome, and regrets that the day's visit must be so short. The winter's sunshine has a tenderness unknown to that which blazes down from the zenith at midsummer ; and in the pink suffusions of sunset, our spotless earth glows like a large, white lily, that leans so near Heaven as to catch the tint of its invisible roses. And it is by no accident that Christmas comes to us in winter, with its heart-warming suggestions of the Divine

Love that enters these earthly homes of ours, to make them glorious with the light of immortal life. Gifts pass from friend to friend, — gifts that gather their true meaning and value from the thought of Him who gave and gives Himself to us, — who is the illumination of earth, because He is the revelation of the inmost heart of Heaven, — the Sun that penetrates the human spirit, and makes it glow with all tender affections. . . . Beautiful is the year in its coming, and in its going, — most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

LUCY LARCOM.

### MIDWINTER.

SWEET is the sunshine, virginal the wood  
 Snow-mantled, — keen the tingle of the cold;  
 Here is a sense of stainlessness, — a mood  
 Of peace, and yet of courage, — morning-bold.

Walk bravely down the day, nor drop from mind  
 Midwinter's lesson : how the storms of night  
 Leave only loveliness and joy behind,  
 Making the old year new, — the new year white.

RICHARD BURTON.

### December 31.

*He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.* — JOHN xiv. 21.

*I love thy commandments above gold ; yea, above fine gold.* — PS. cxix. 127.

THE Christian love begins in conscious obedience to Christ ; but conscious obedience soon rises into sweet and rich companionship.

As there is no end, so is there no beginning to " forever." We need not wait for death to open the door to everlasting blessedness, for it swings wide before us here and now. What does Faber say? " There is nothing in life half so sweet to think of as God. The



hand feels after Him in the dark, grasps a thousand things, and relinquishes them instantly, for they are not what it seeks ; they are not God. The eye wanders over a multitude of objects, restless and dissatisfied ; but when it lights on God, it has found its peace, and the vision of its joy. God is the home both of the mind and the heart ; and when His will has, of a truth, *in act as well as in desire*, become the home of the will, then it is Heaven already."

### THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,  
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet ;  
I asked, and paused ; he answered soft and low :  
" God's will to know."

" Will knowledge then suffice, New Year ? " I cried ;  
And, ere the question into silence died,  
The answer came : " Nay, but remember, too,  
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, " Is there no more to tell ? "  
And once again the answer sweetly fell :  
" Yes ! this one thing, all other things above,  
God's will to love."



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